

SMASH

APRIL
No. 42

COMICS



10¢



*MIDNIGHT:
Whoever
dares solve
this murder
will die before
morning...*

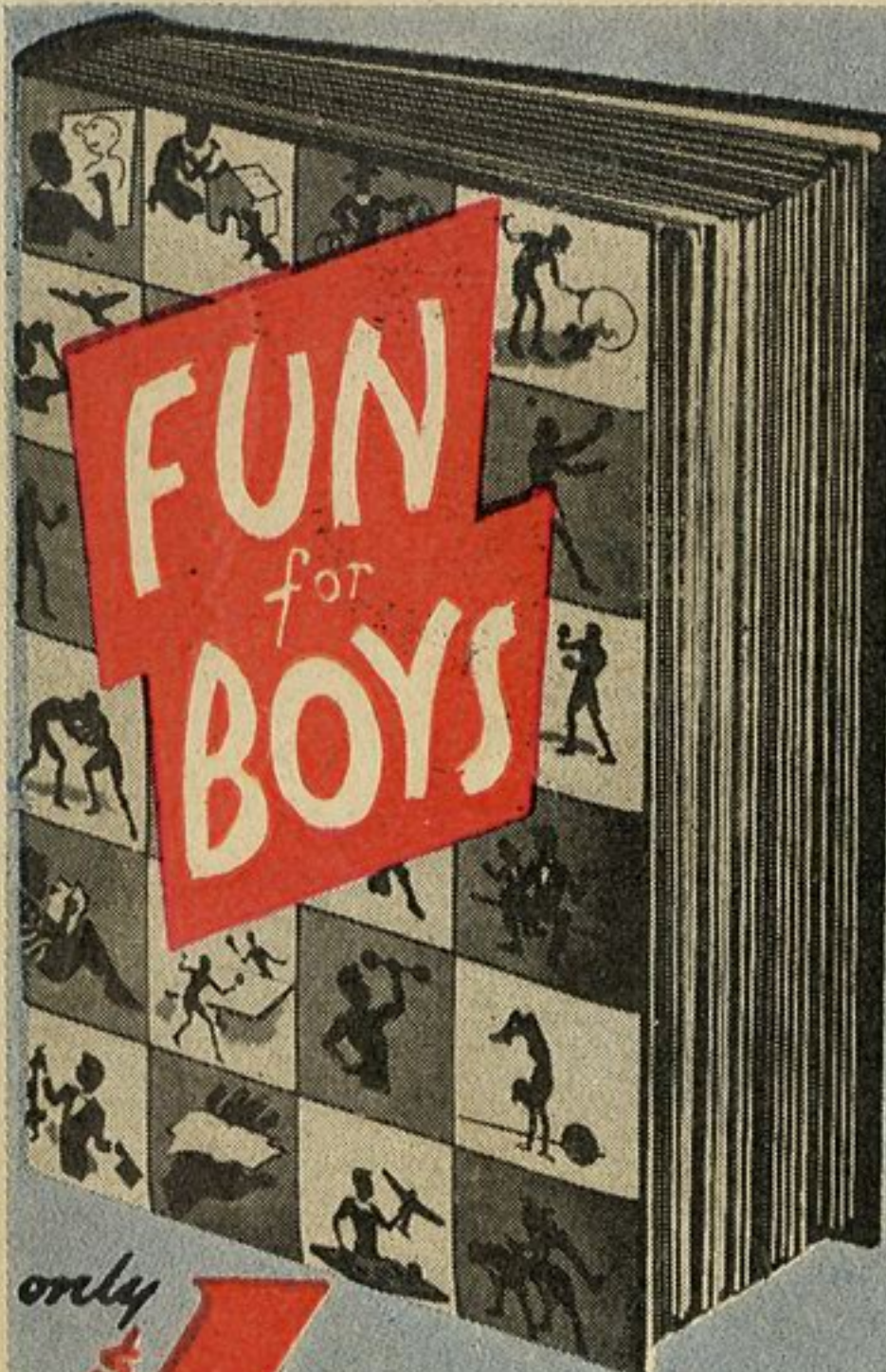




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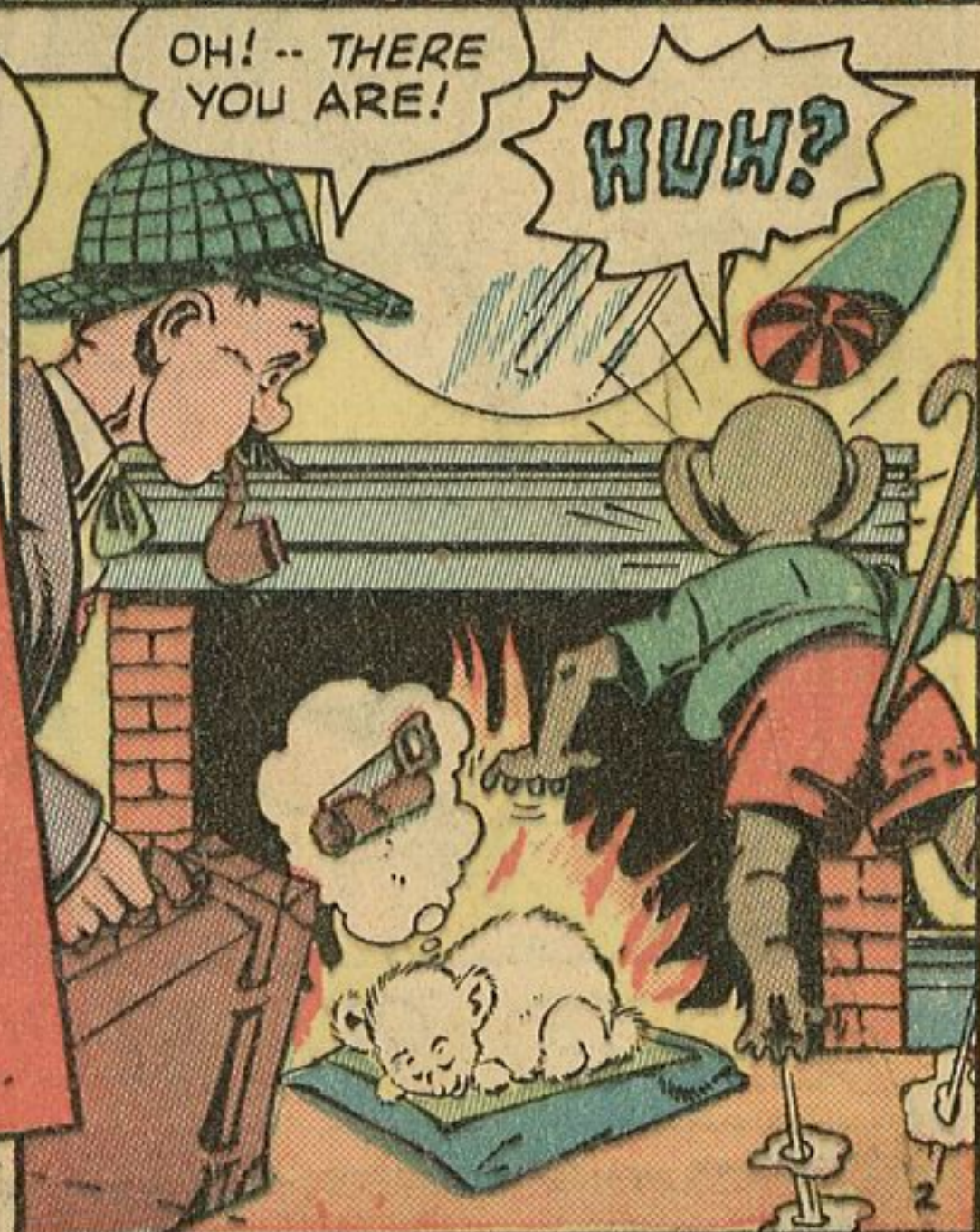
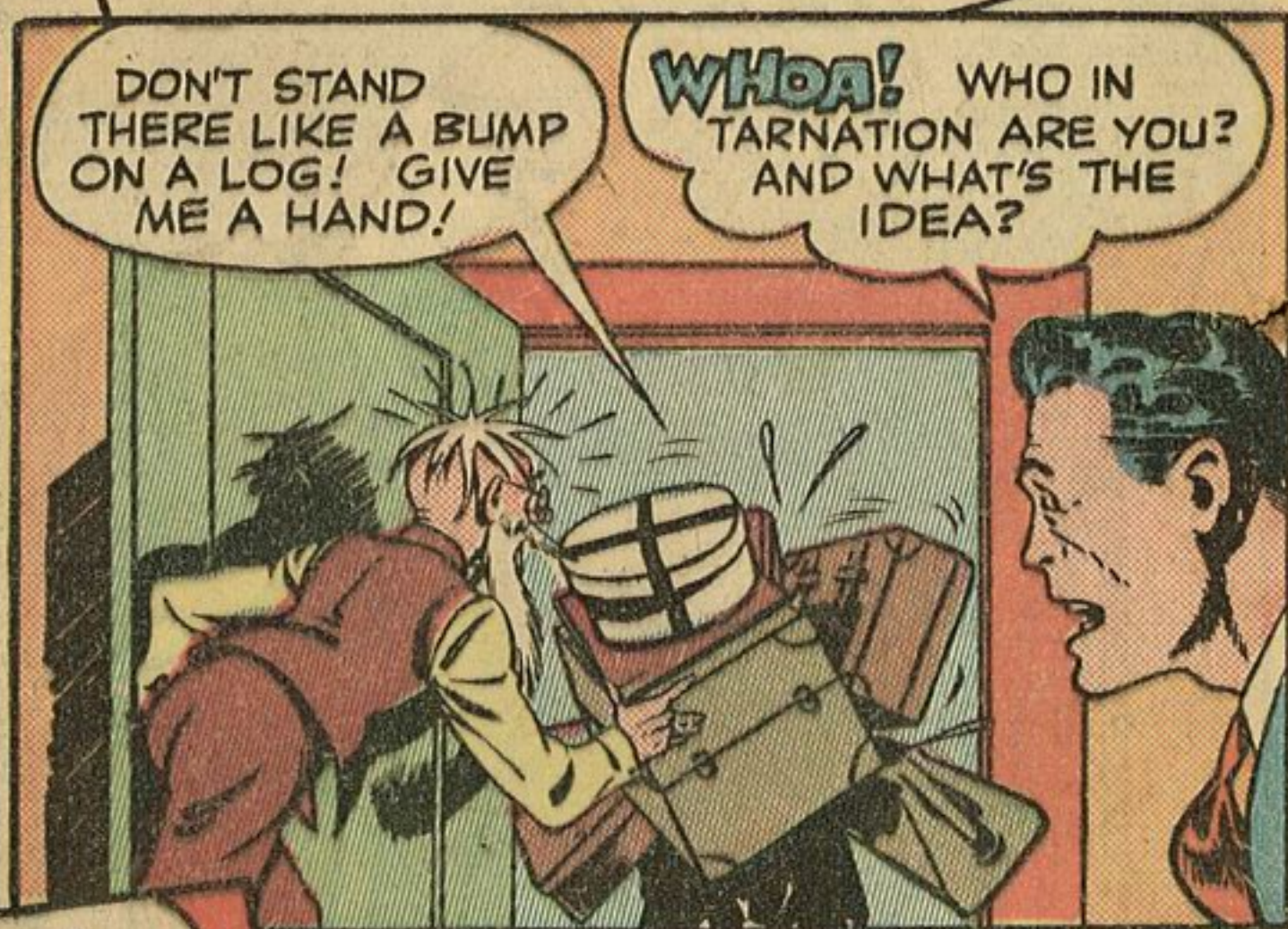
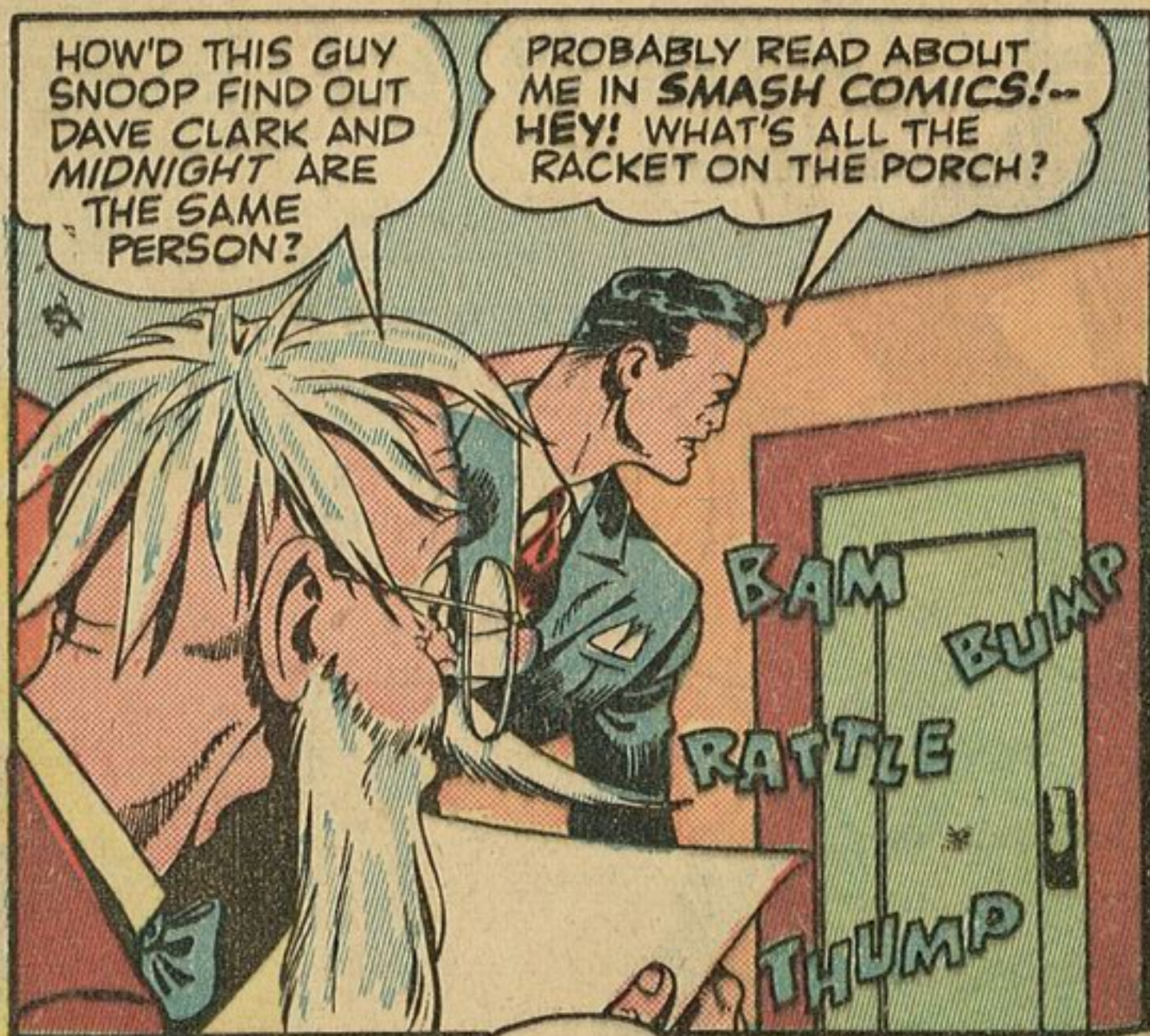
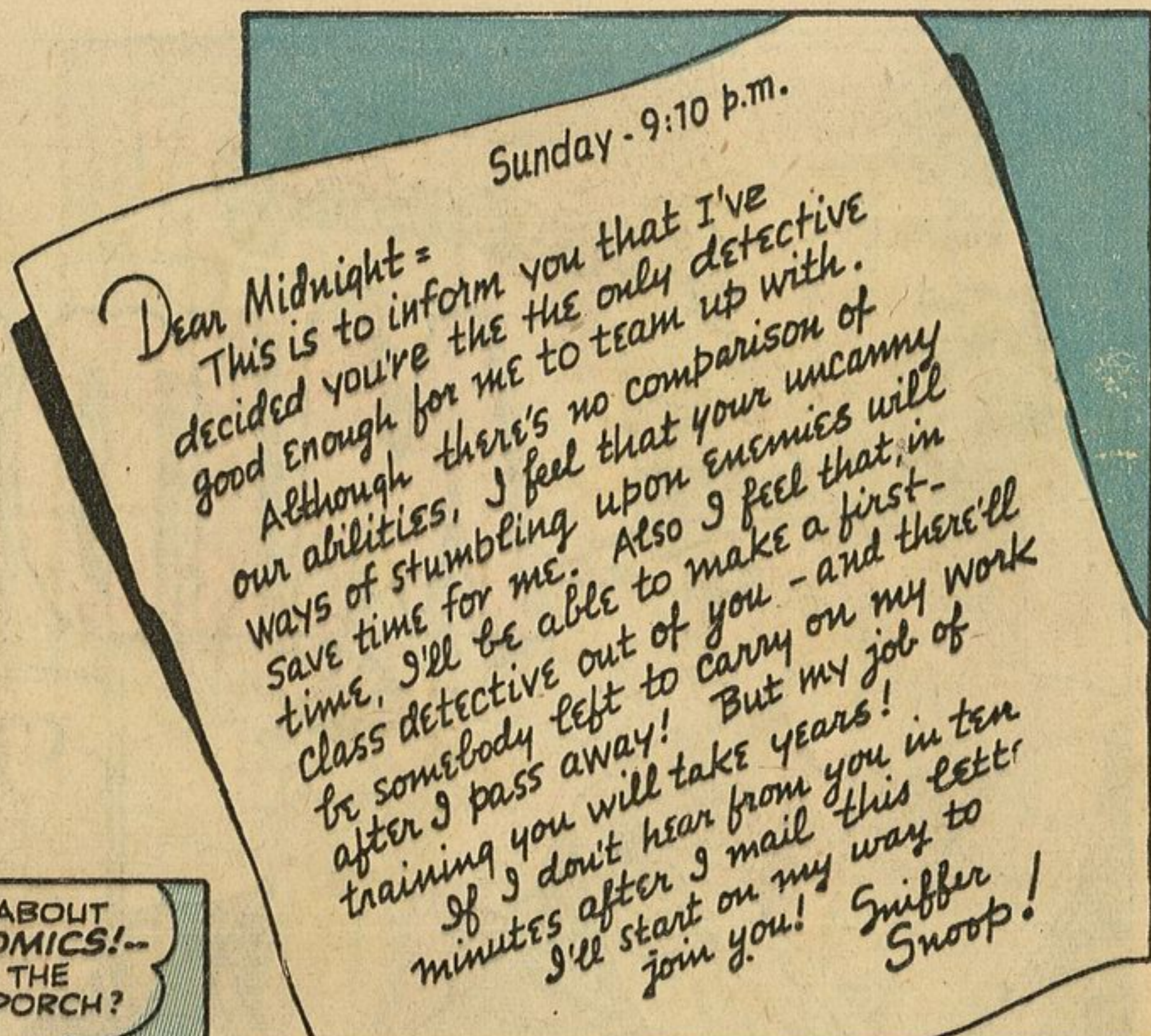
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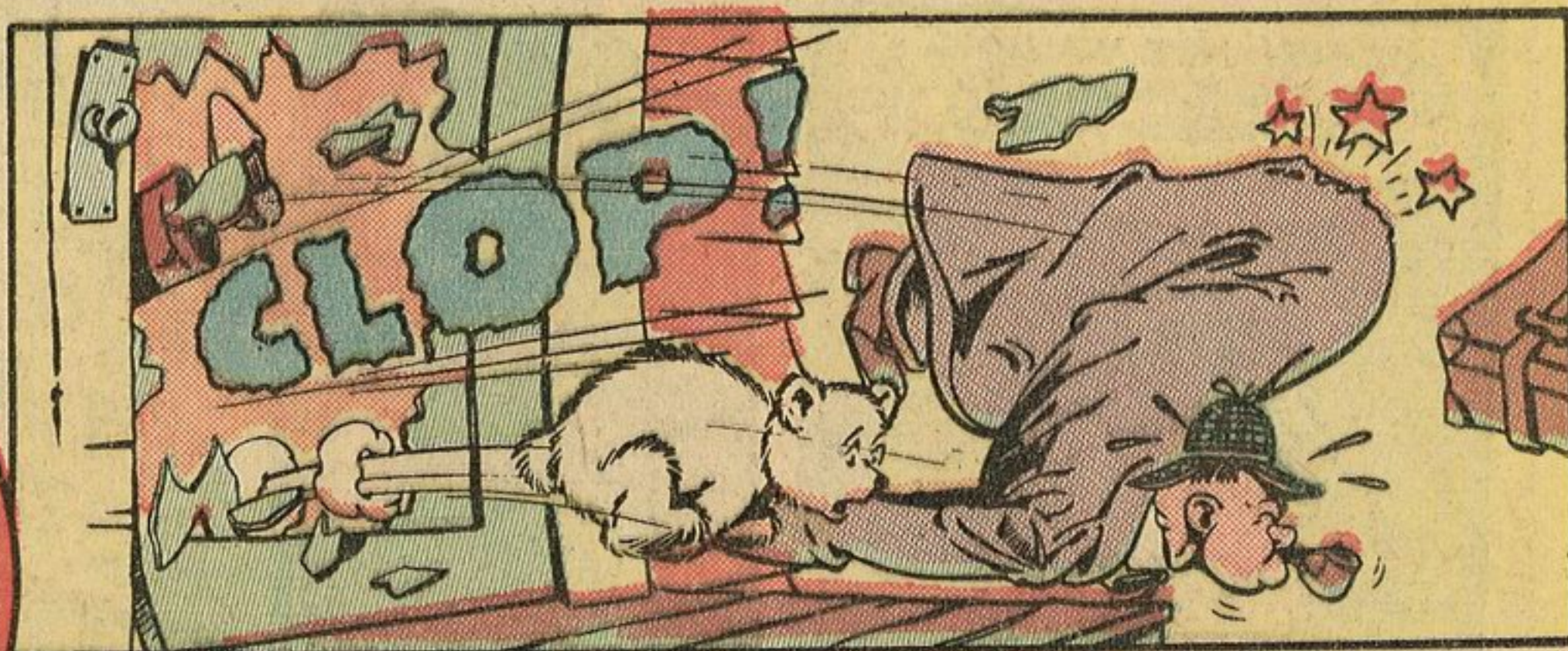
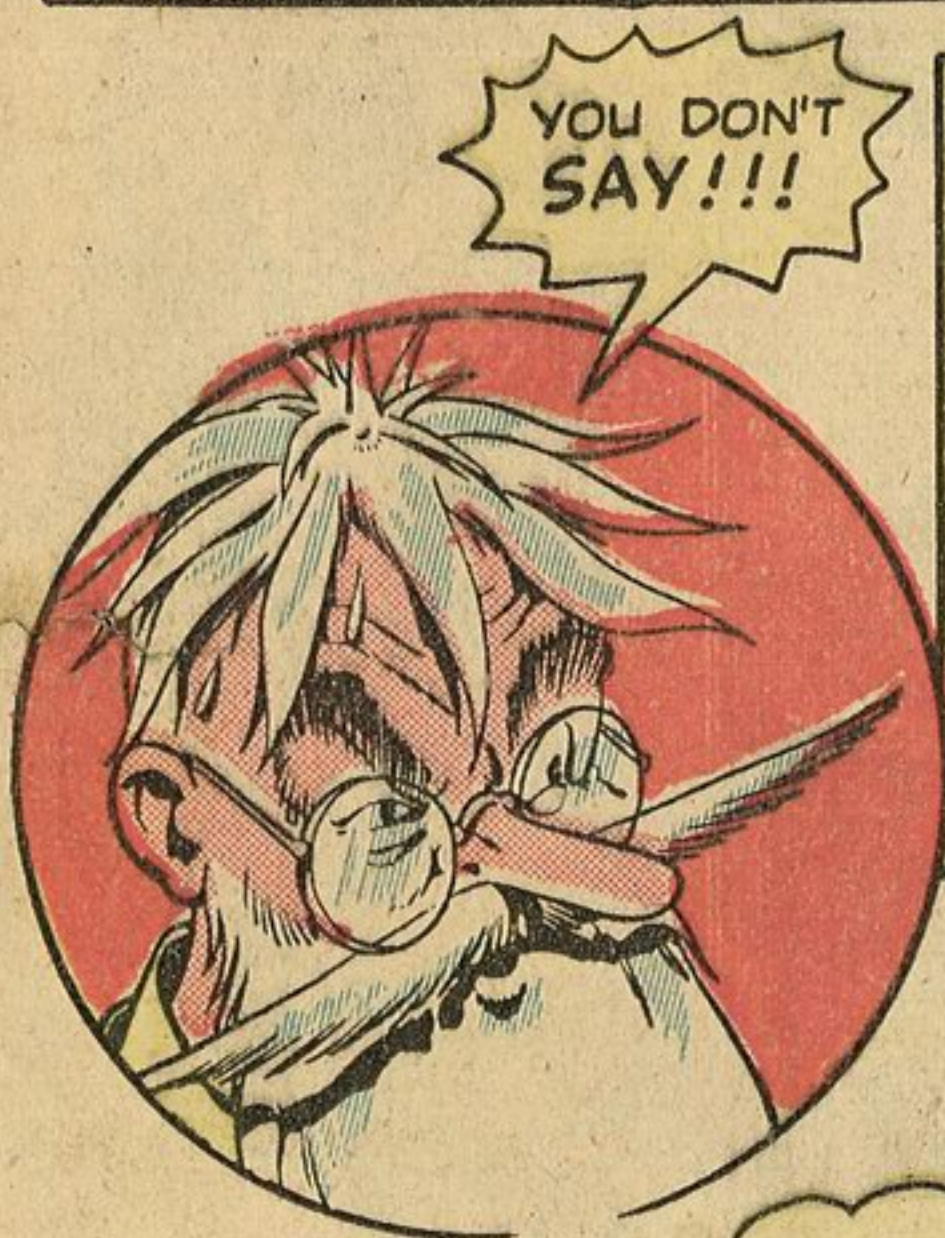
MIDNIGHT

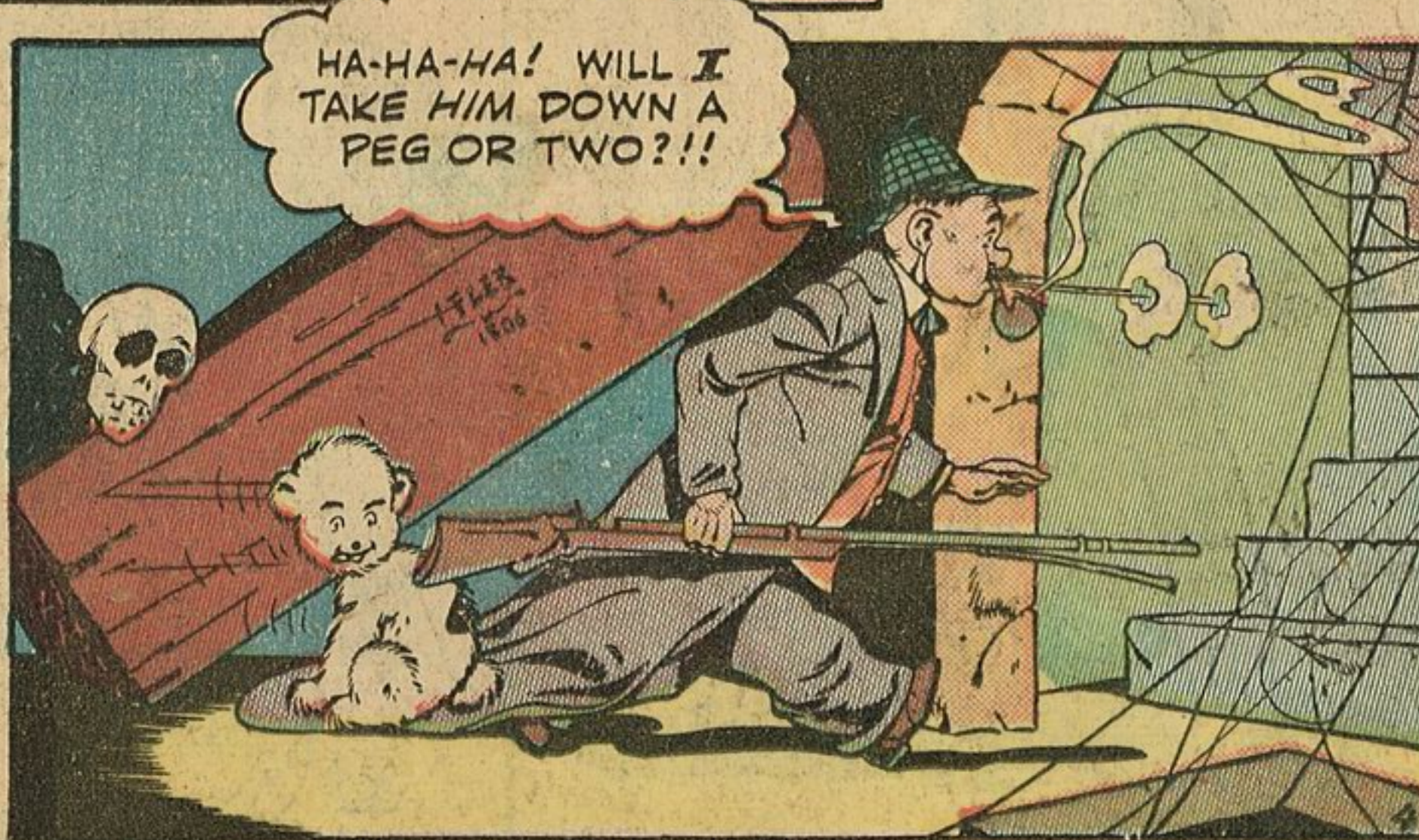
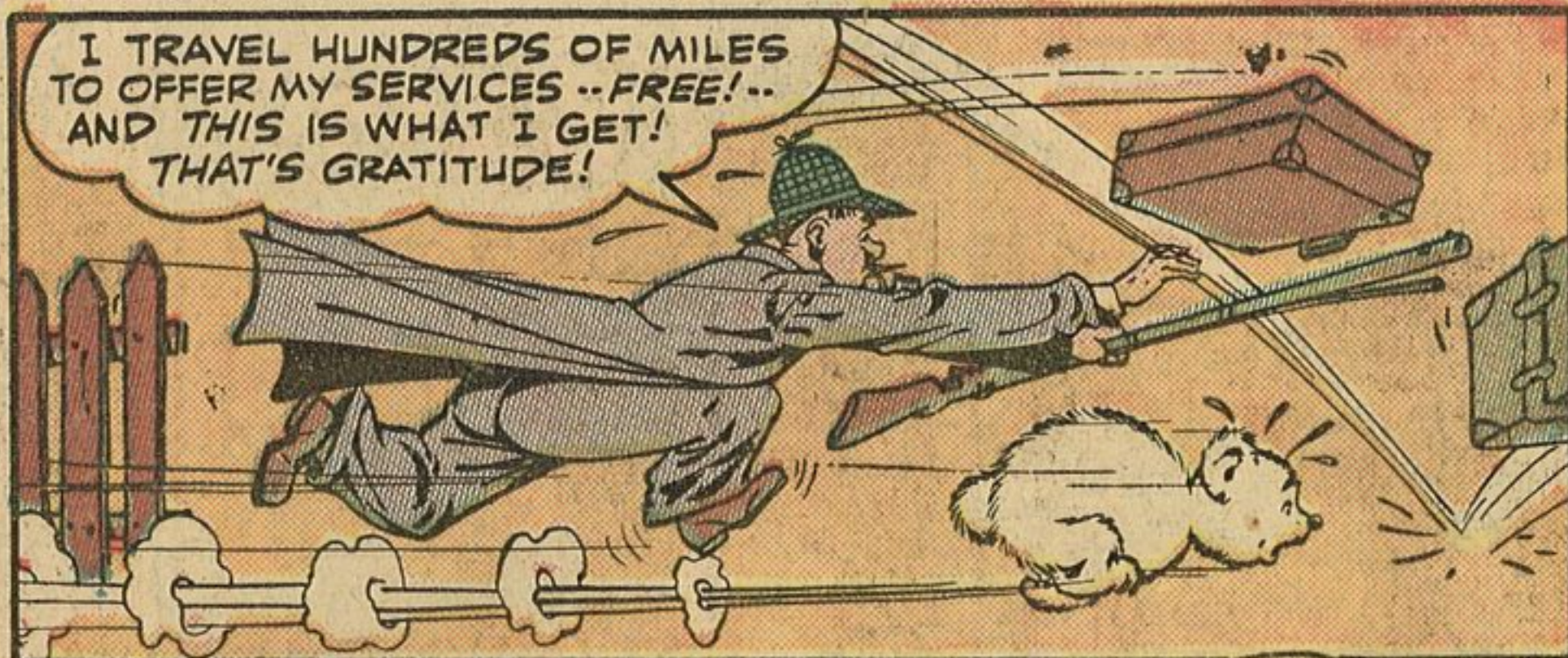
*The World's
Greatest
Detective!*

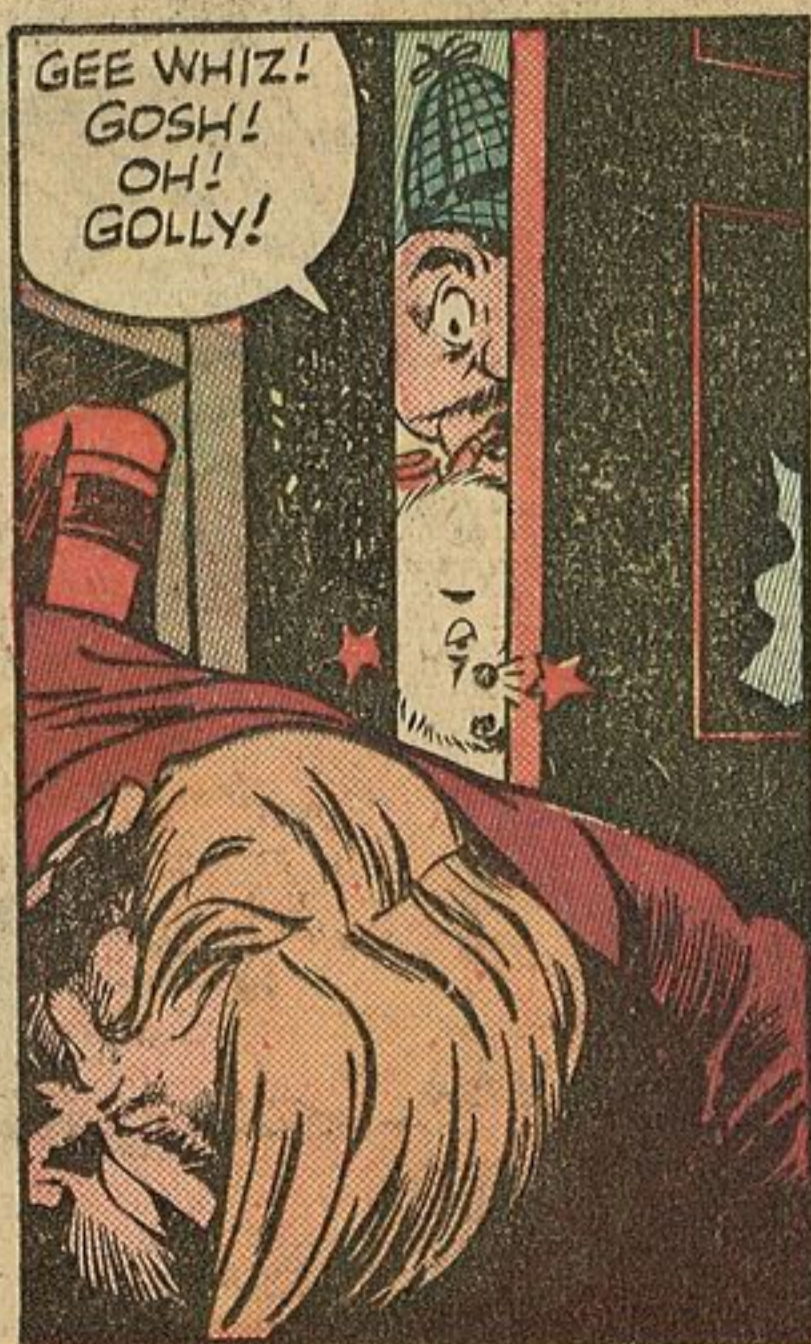
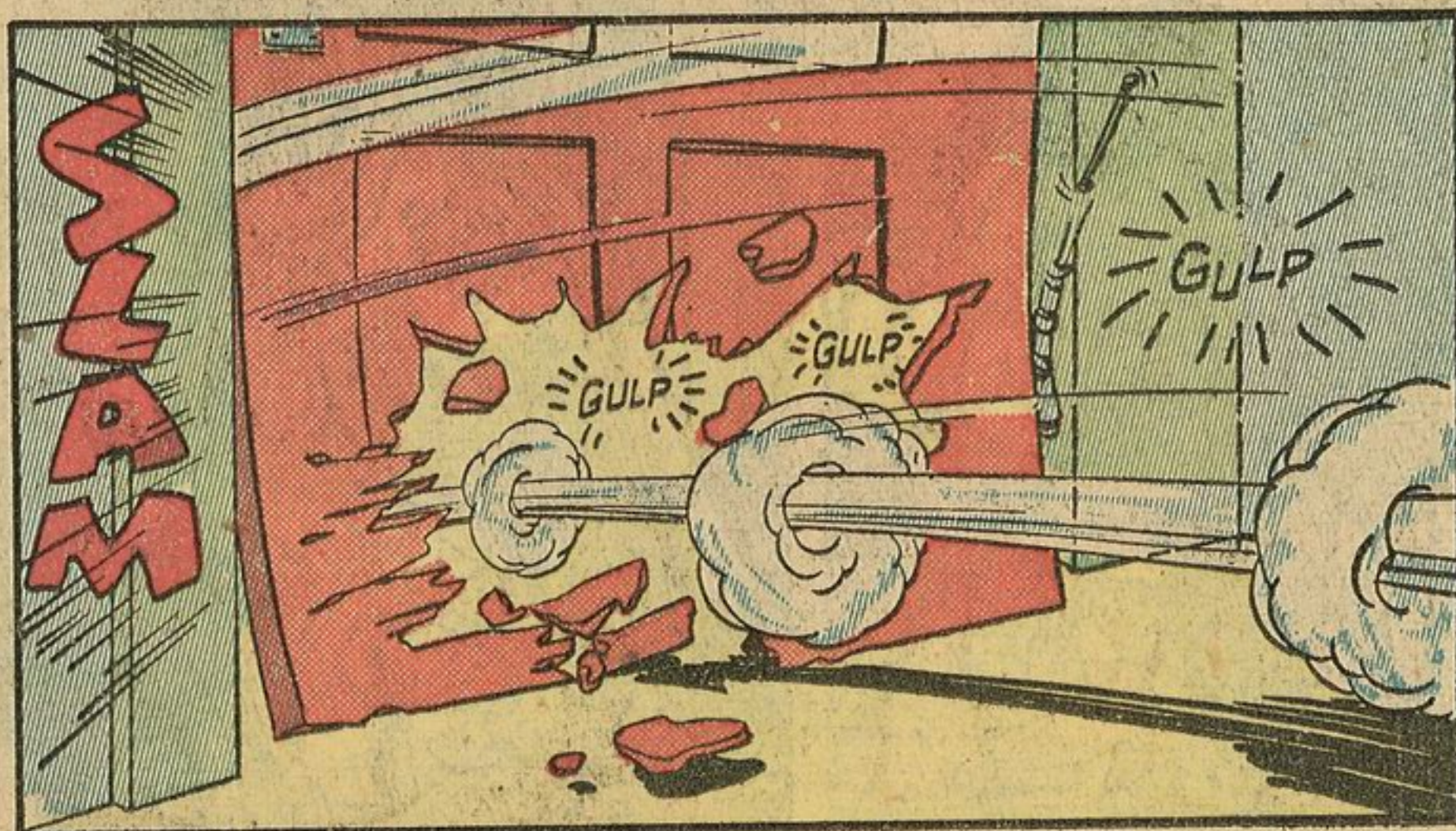
AHH-HH!
I'LL DETECTIVE HIM
ALL OVER THE PLACE!
I'LL MAKE A
SECOND-RATE
FLATFOOT OUT
OF HIM IN NO
TIME AT
ALL!

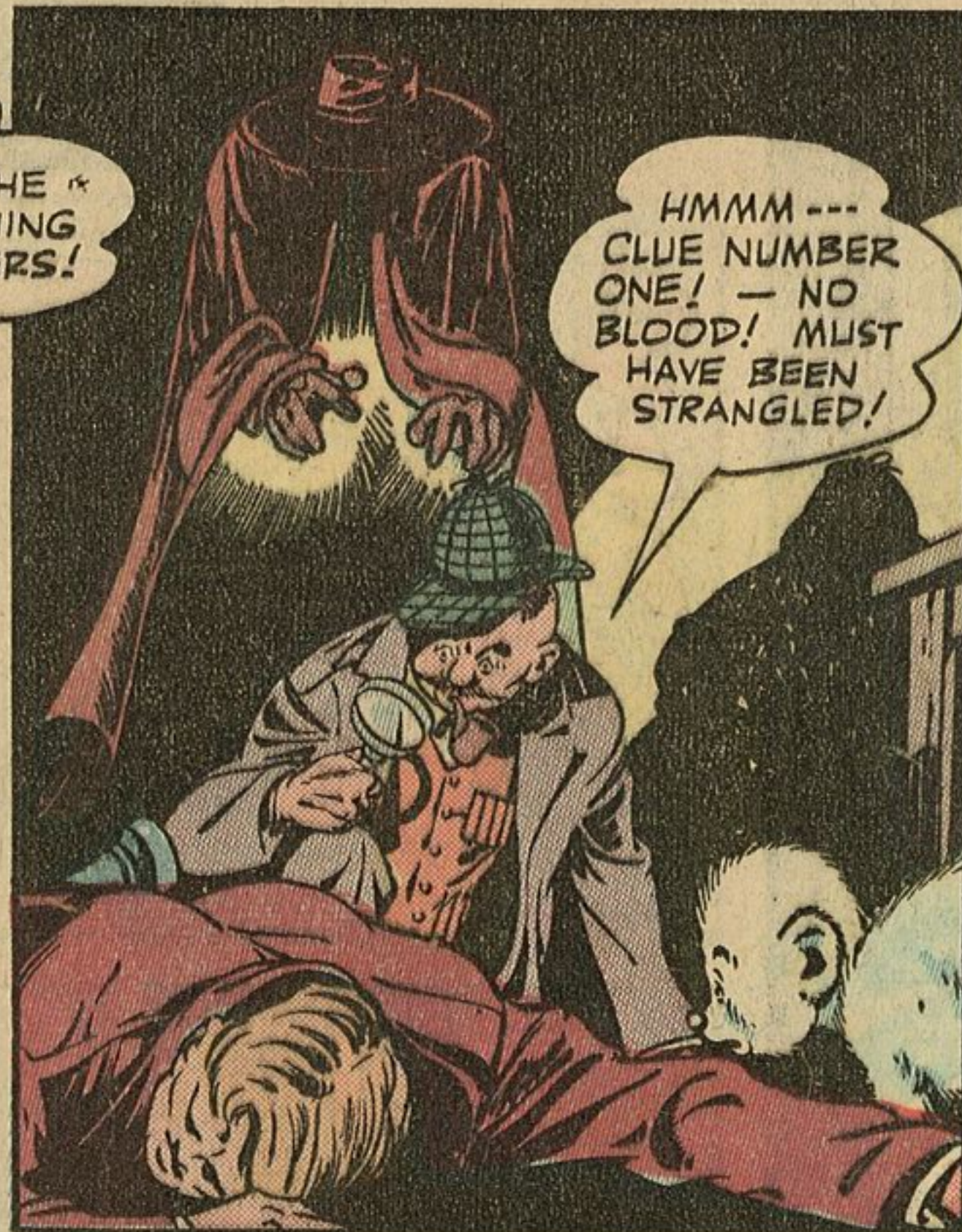
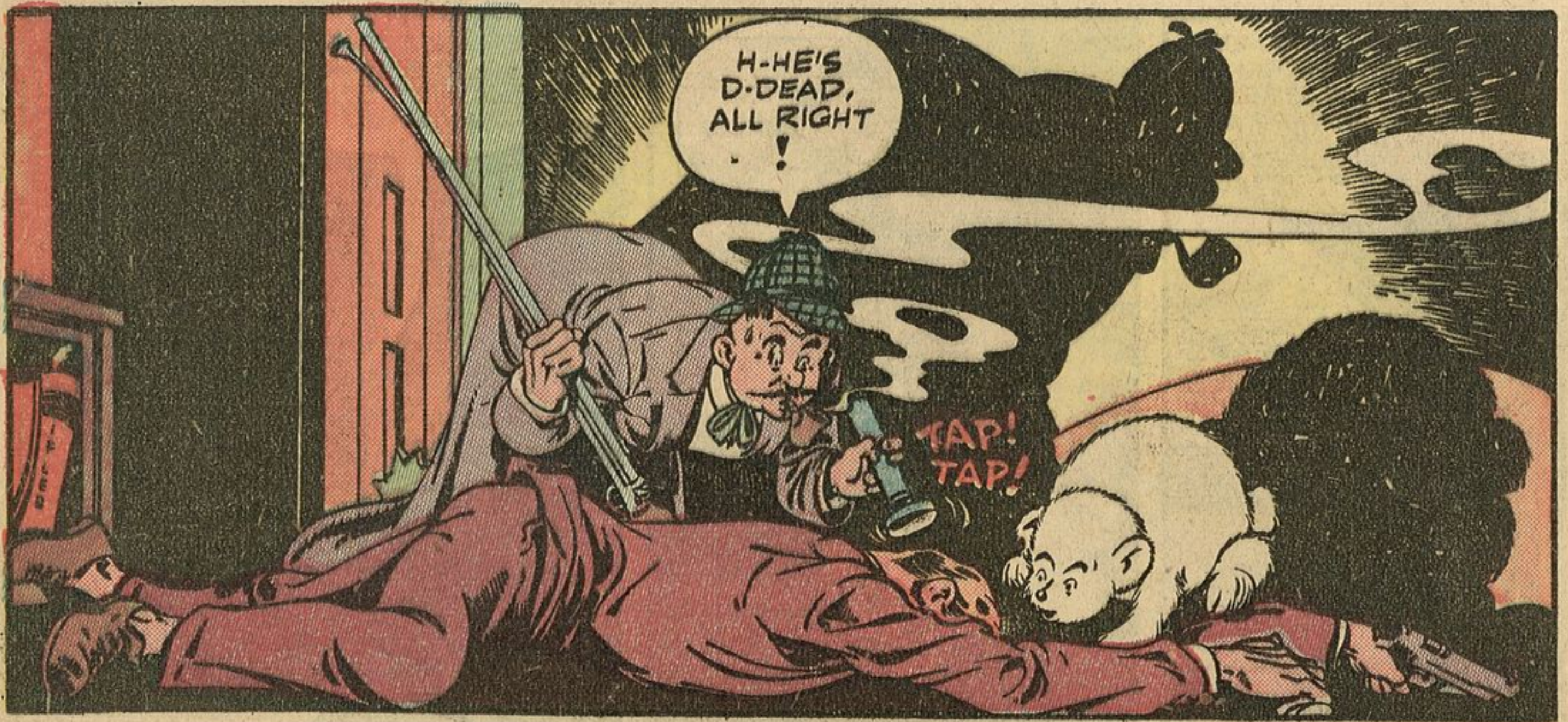
AND The SECOND Best ... **SNIFFER SNOOP!**



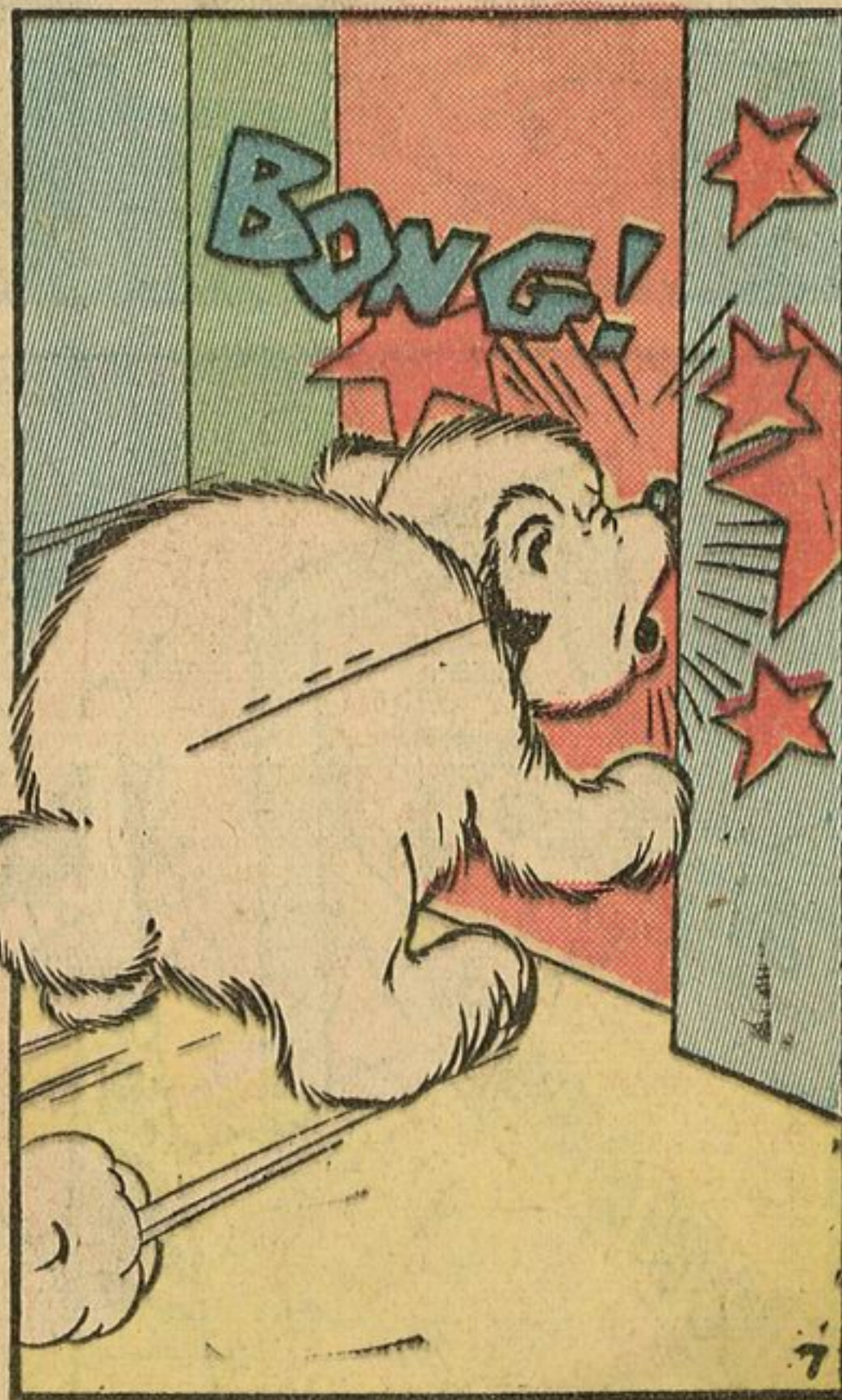
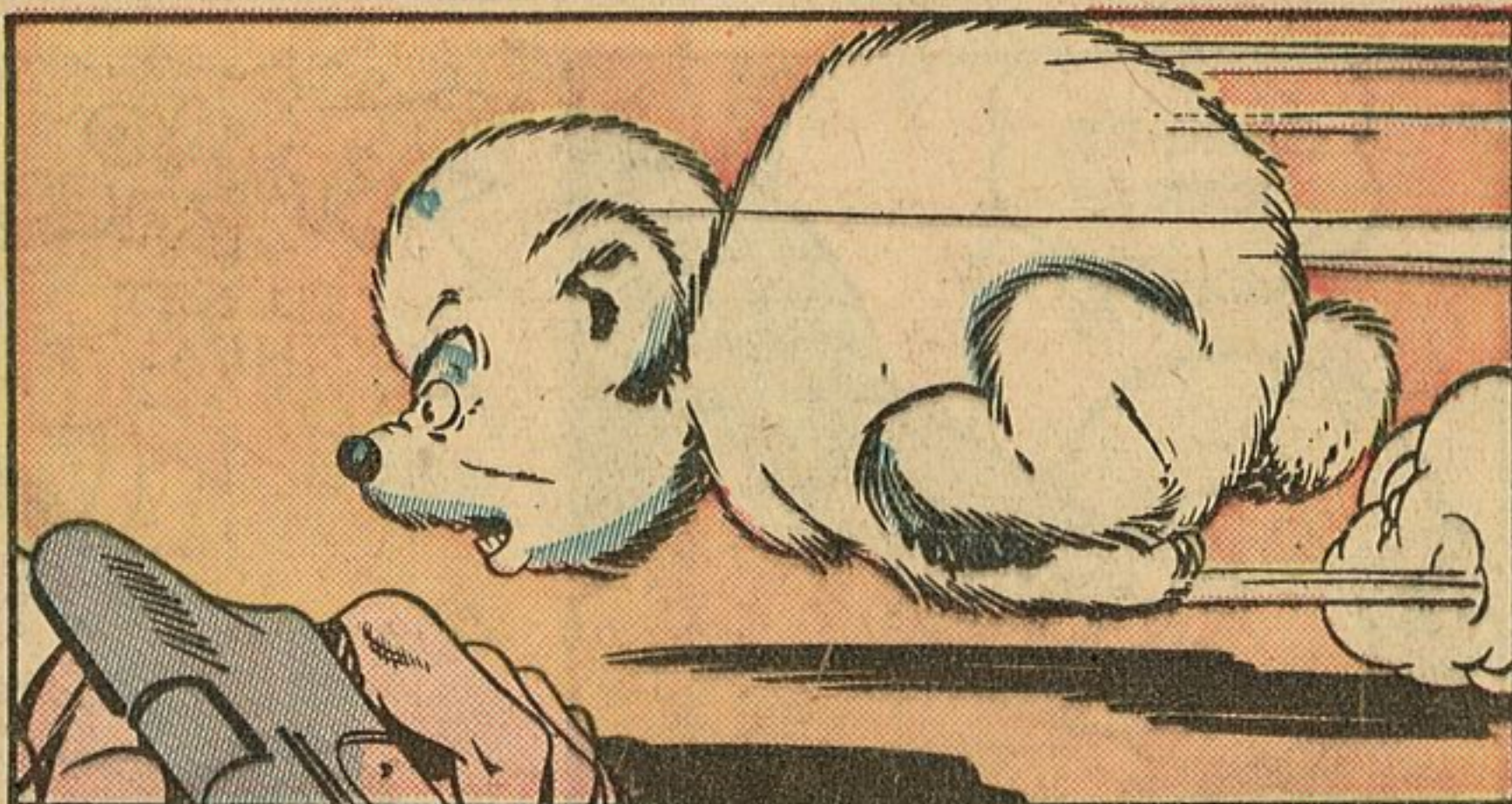
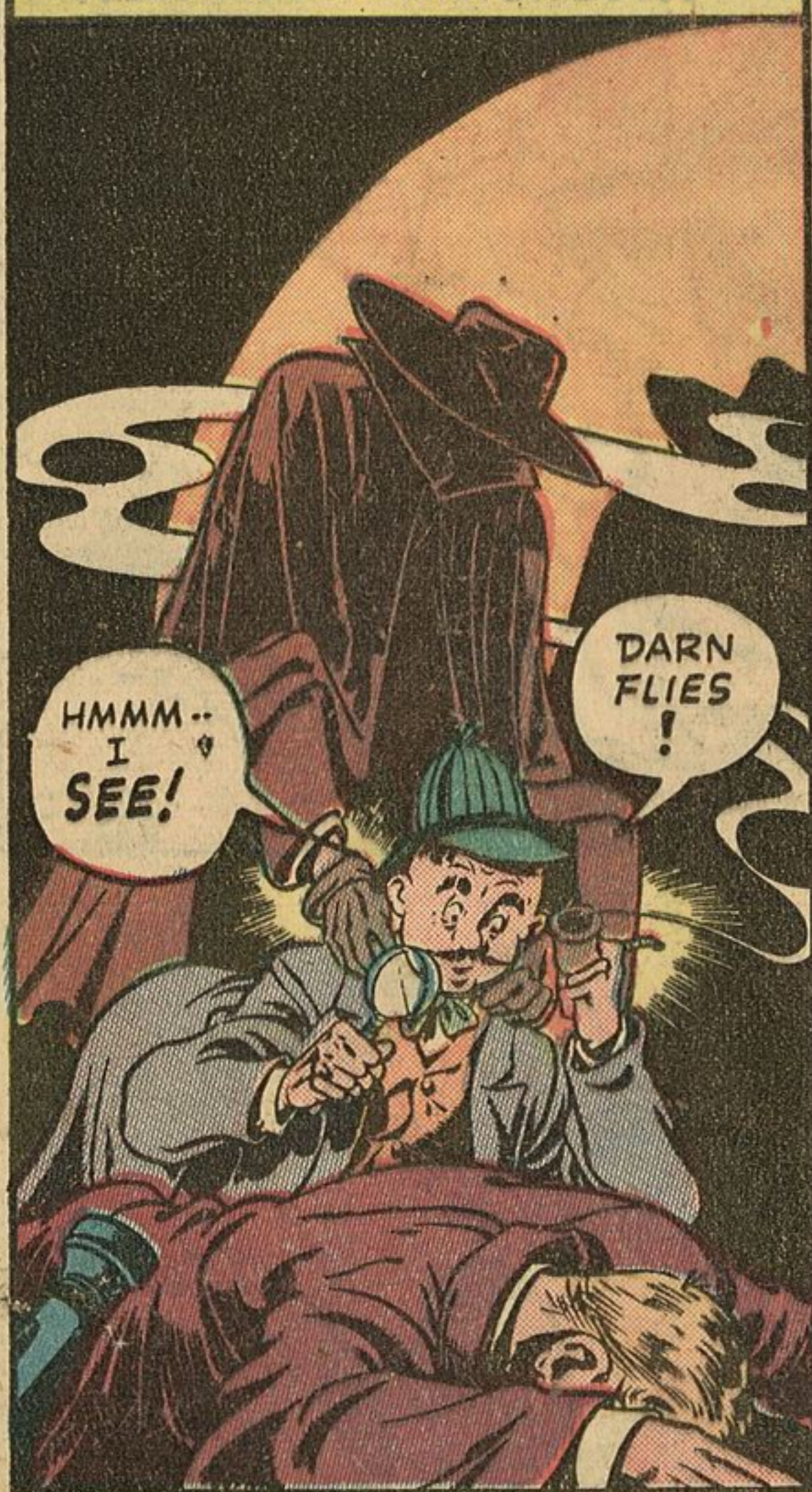


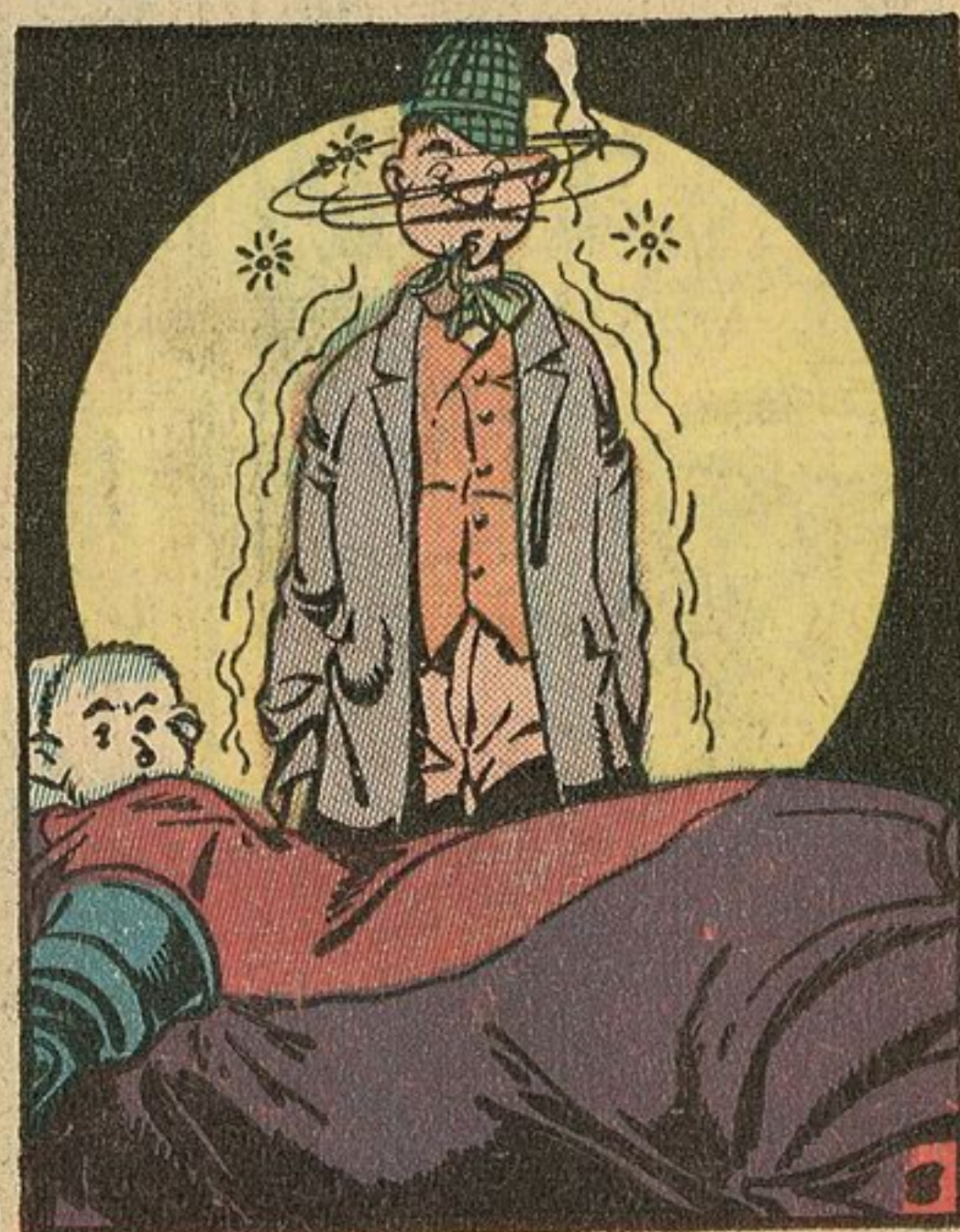
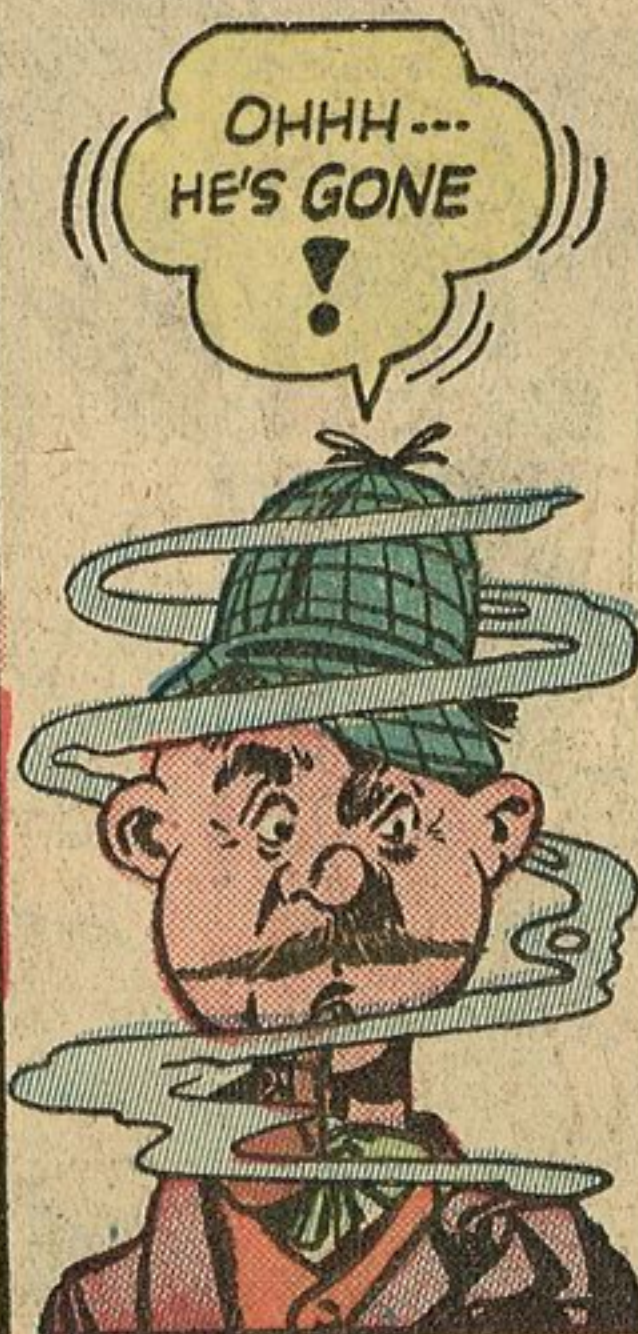
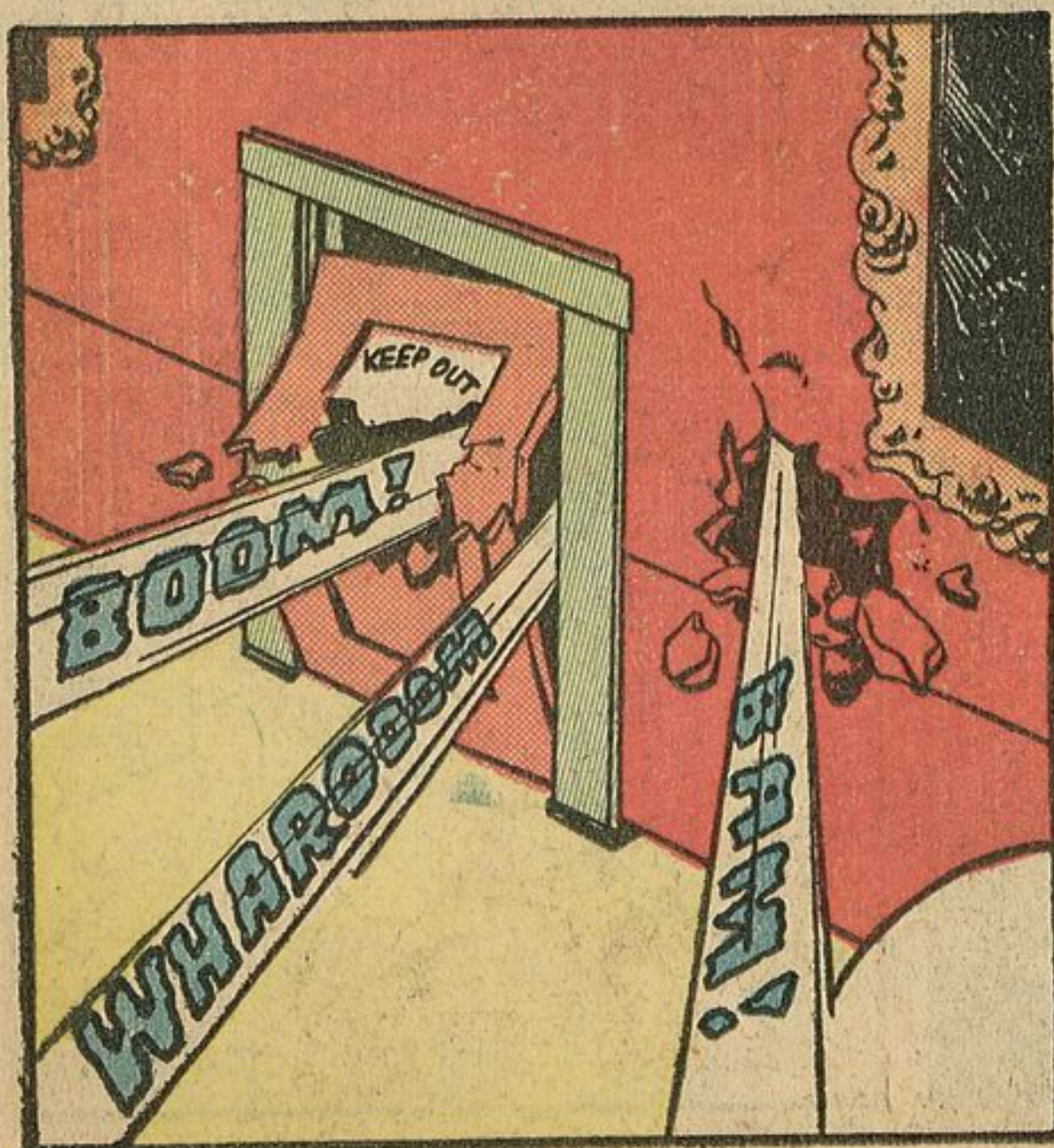
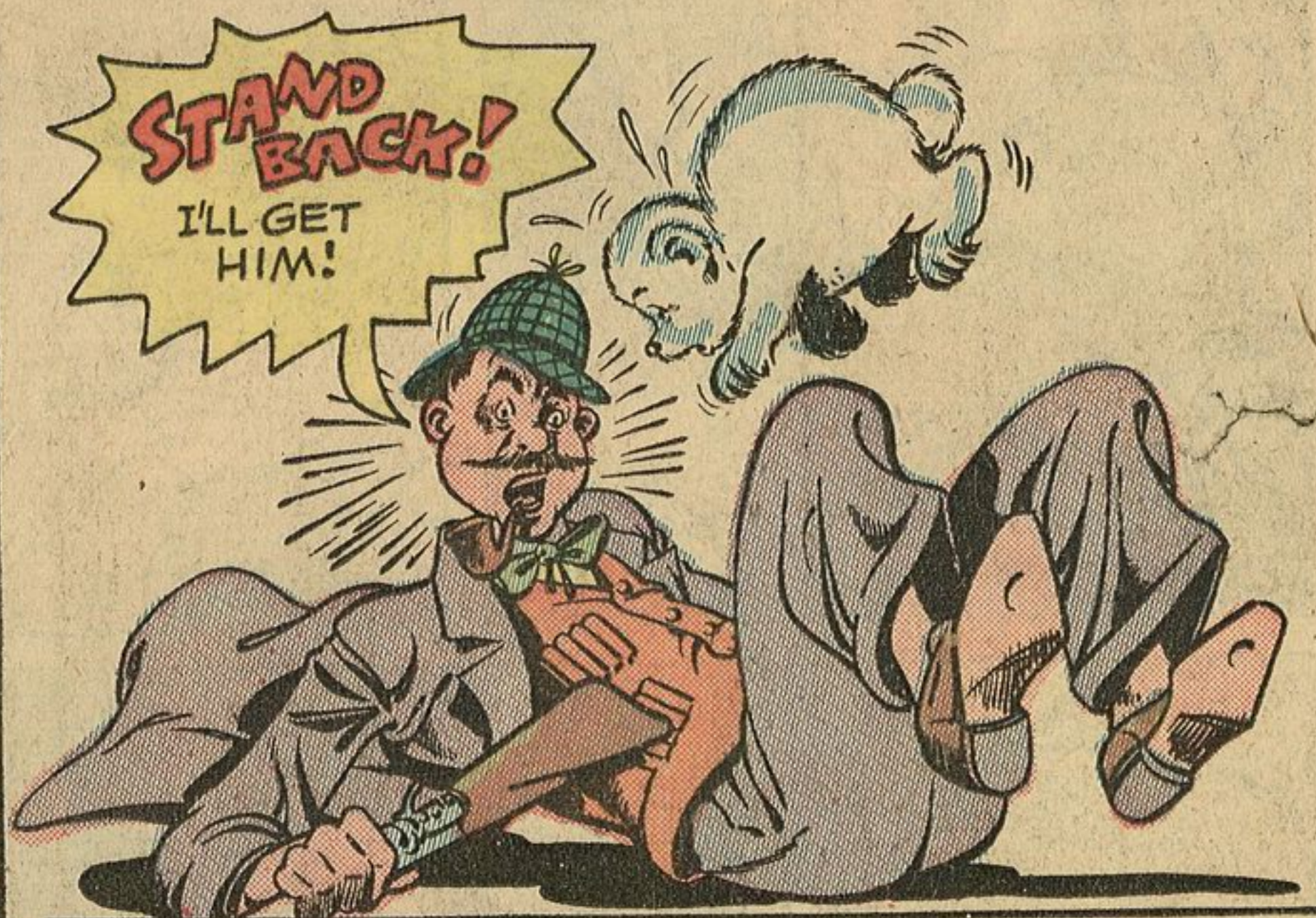
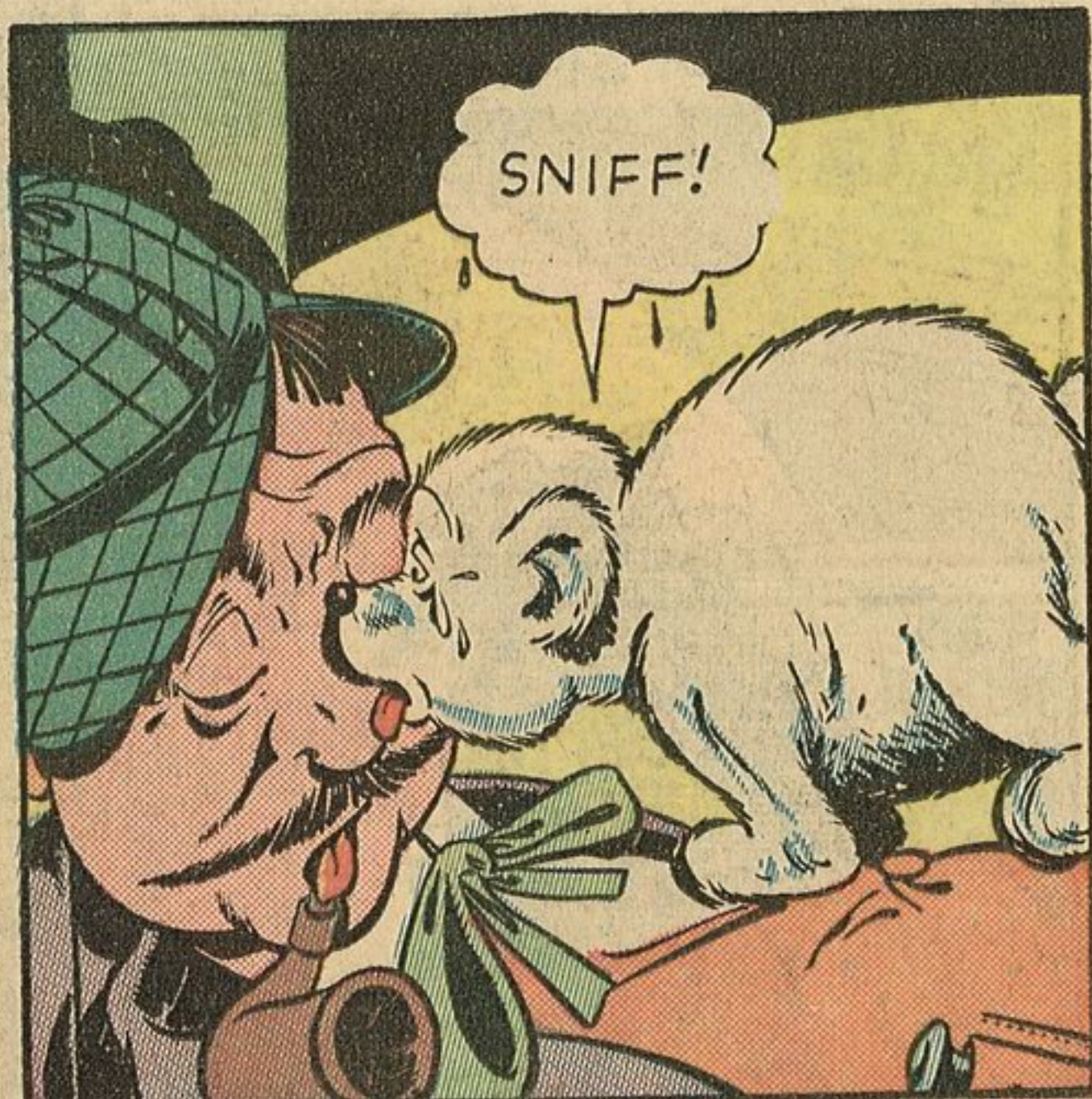
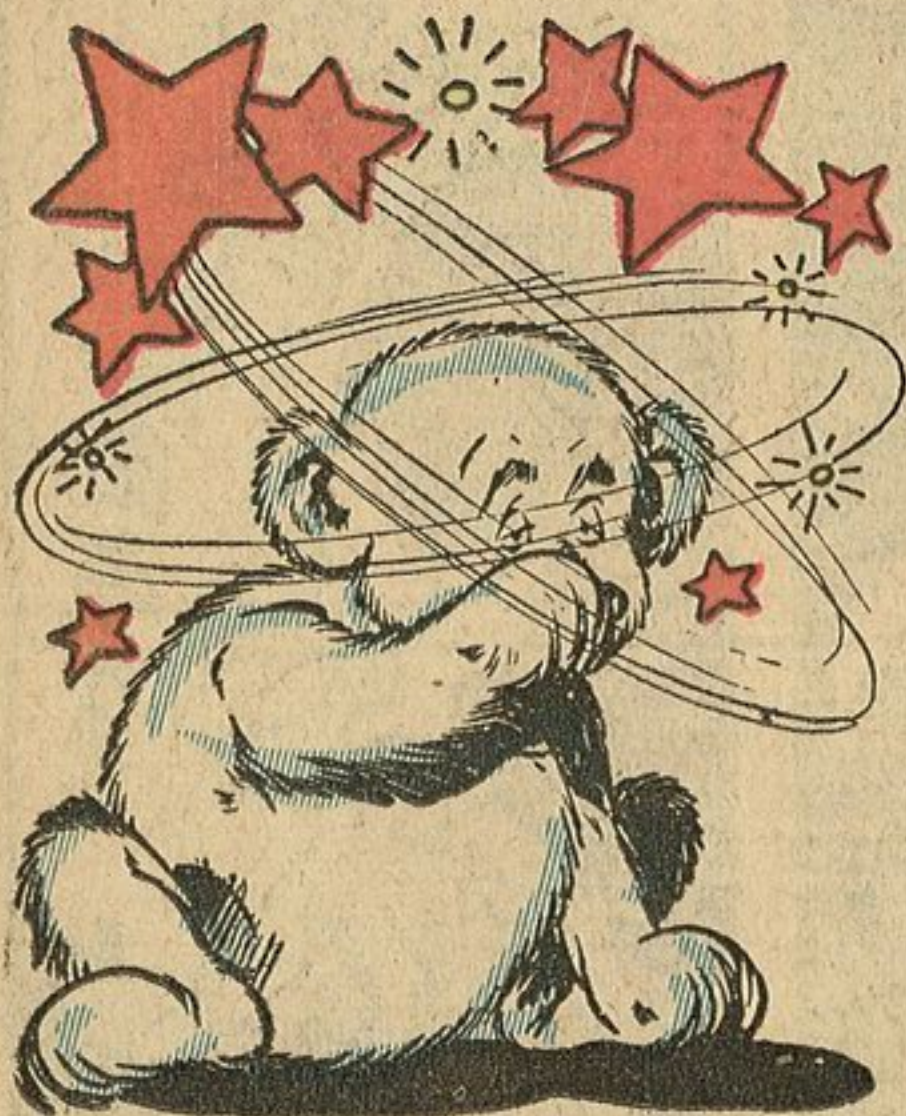


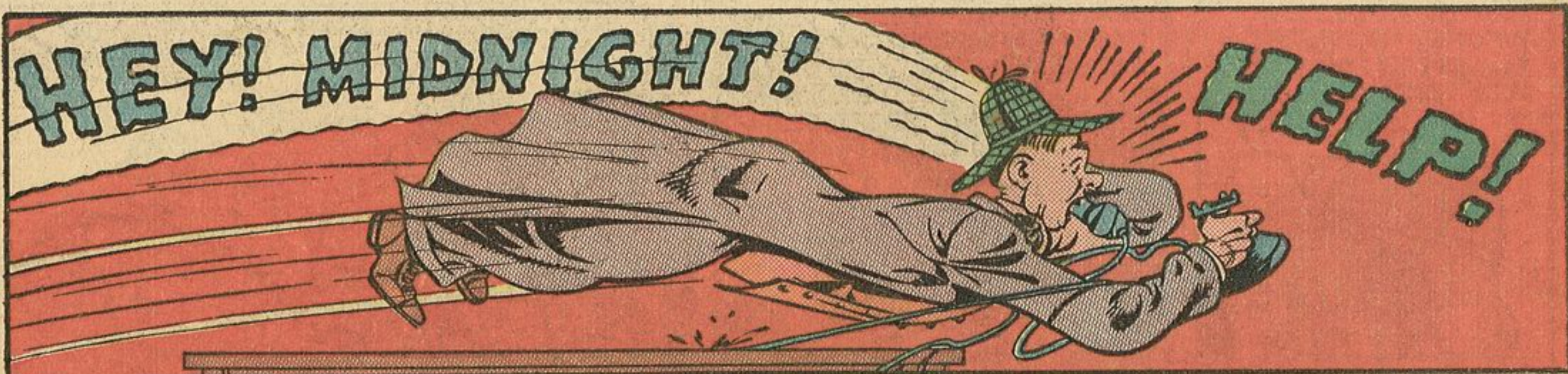




SUDDENLY OUR FRIEND SNIFFER
FEELS AN ICY EMBRACE!...





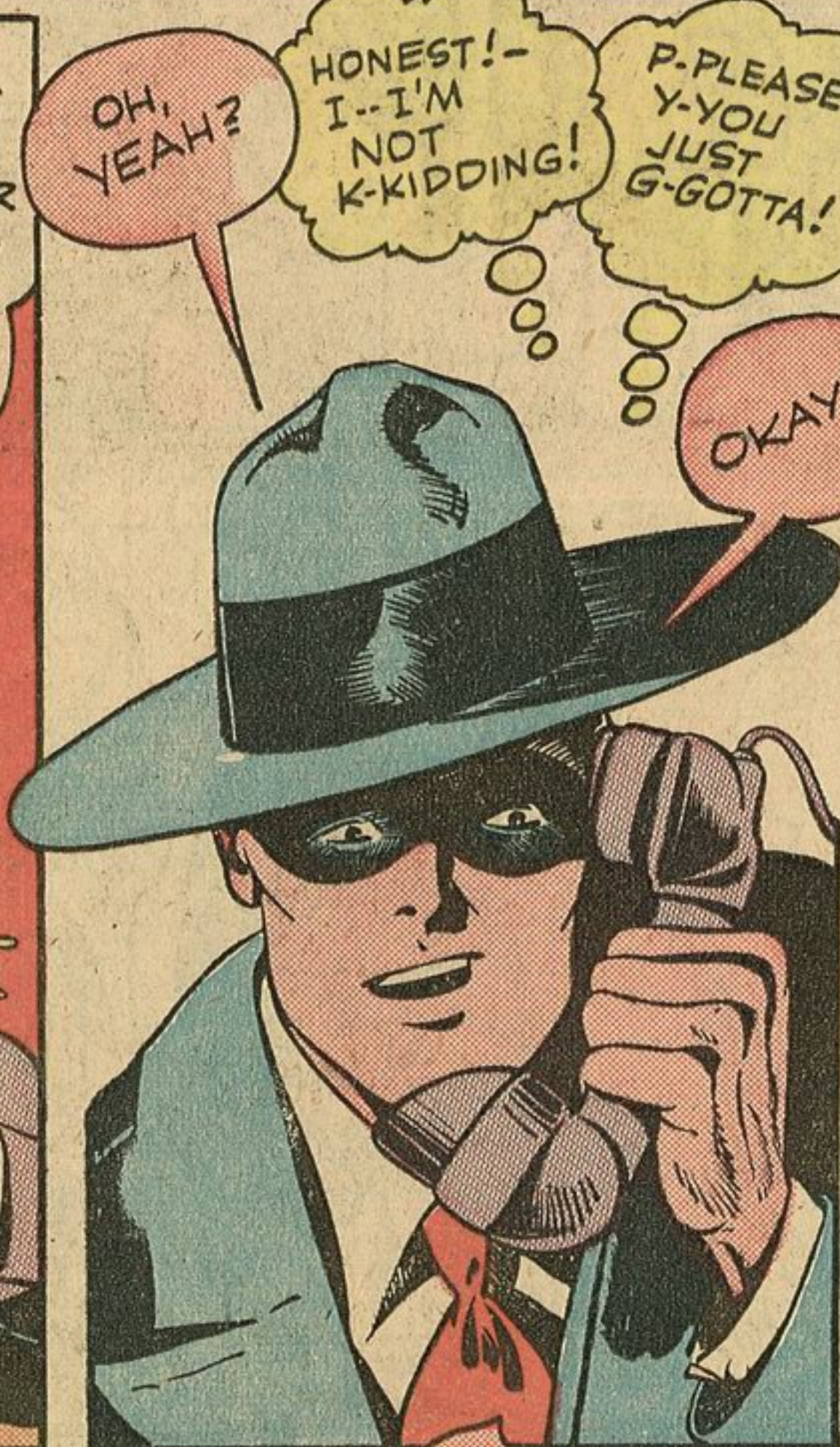


HEY! MIDNIGHT!

HELP!



M-M-MIDNIGHT??
TH-THANK G-GODDNESS
I FINALLY GOT YOU!
TH-THERE'S A STRANGLER
LOOSE IN THE MUSEUM...
HE'S FINISHED ONE GUY
AN'-AN'-AND ALMOST
G-GOT ME T-TOO!
Y-YOU G-GOTTA COME
HERE QUICK-IN
A H-HURRY



OH,
YEAH?

HONEST!-
I-I-I'M
NOT
K-KIDDING!

P-PLEASE!
Y-YOU
JUST
G-GOTTA!

OKAY!



WELL-I WAS GOING
OUT, ANYWAY! C'MON,
GABBY! OH-WHERE'S
DOC? HE MAY
WANT TO COME
ALONG, TOO!

ER---
DOC?
OH, YOU MEAN
DOC WACKY?
WHY, ER---
I DUNNO!



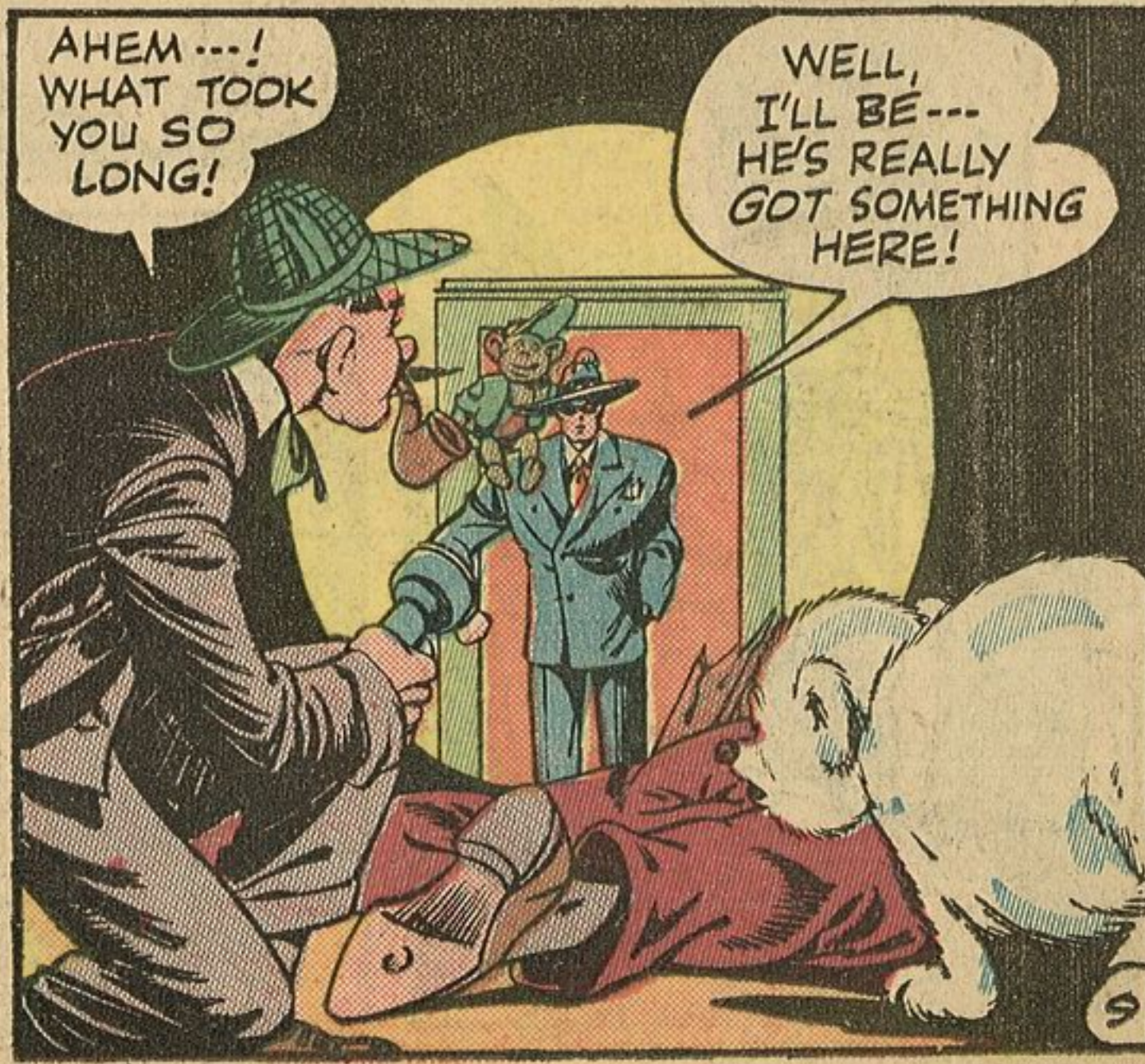
WHAT'S
EATING
YOU?

OH--
NOTHING!



LATER... AT
THE MUSEUM...

THIS
MUST BE
THE ROOM,
GABBY!



AHEM...!
WHAT TOOK
YOU SO
LONG!

WELL,
I'LL BE---
HE'S REALLY
GOT SOMETHING
HERE!



NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG, MIDNIGHT! I JUST CALLED YOU IN FOR YOUR BRAUN - NOT BRAINS!



OKAY, PUNK! WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND AS EVIDENCE?

PLENTY! PLENTY! - BUT I'M KEEPING IT TO MYSELF UNTIL I HAVE THE KILLER UNDER MY THUMB!



HEY, WHIZZ! HAS THIS NOTE IN THE VICTIM'S HAND GOT HYDROPHOBIA?

THAT!? HUMPF! YOU DON'T CALL THAT A CLUE, DO YOU? - ENTIRELY OBVIOUS!



"MIDNIGHT: WHOEVER DARES SOLVE THIS MURDER WILL DIE BEFORE MORNING!"



VERY INTERESTING --! VERY INTERESTING! ISN'T IT, GABBY?



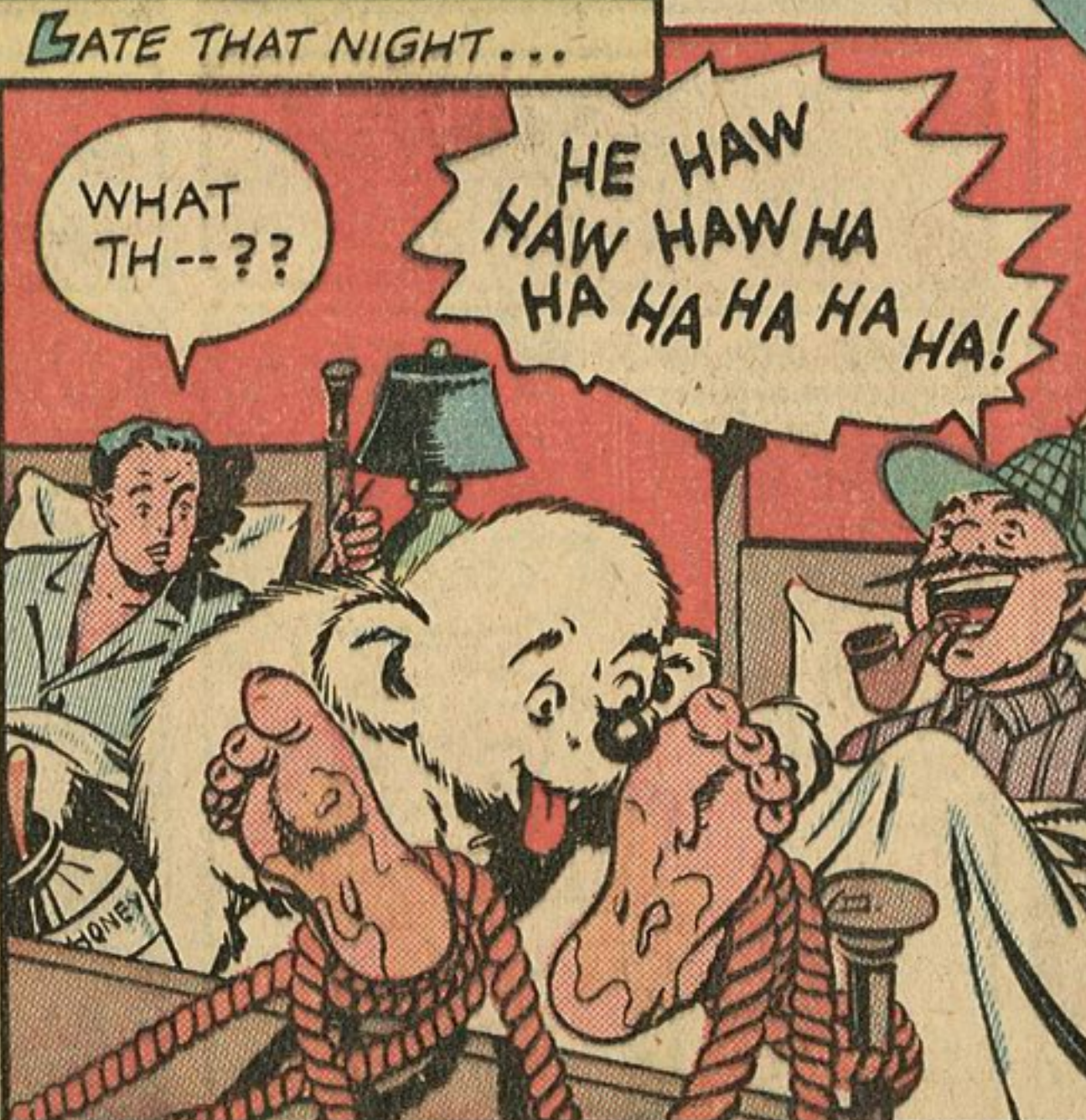
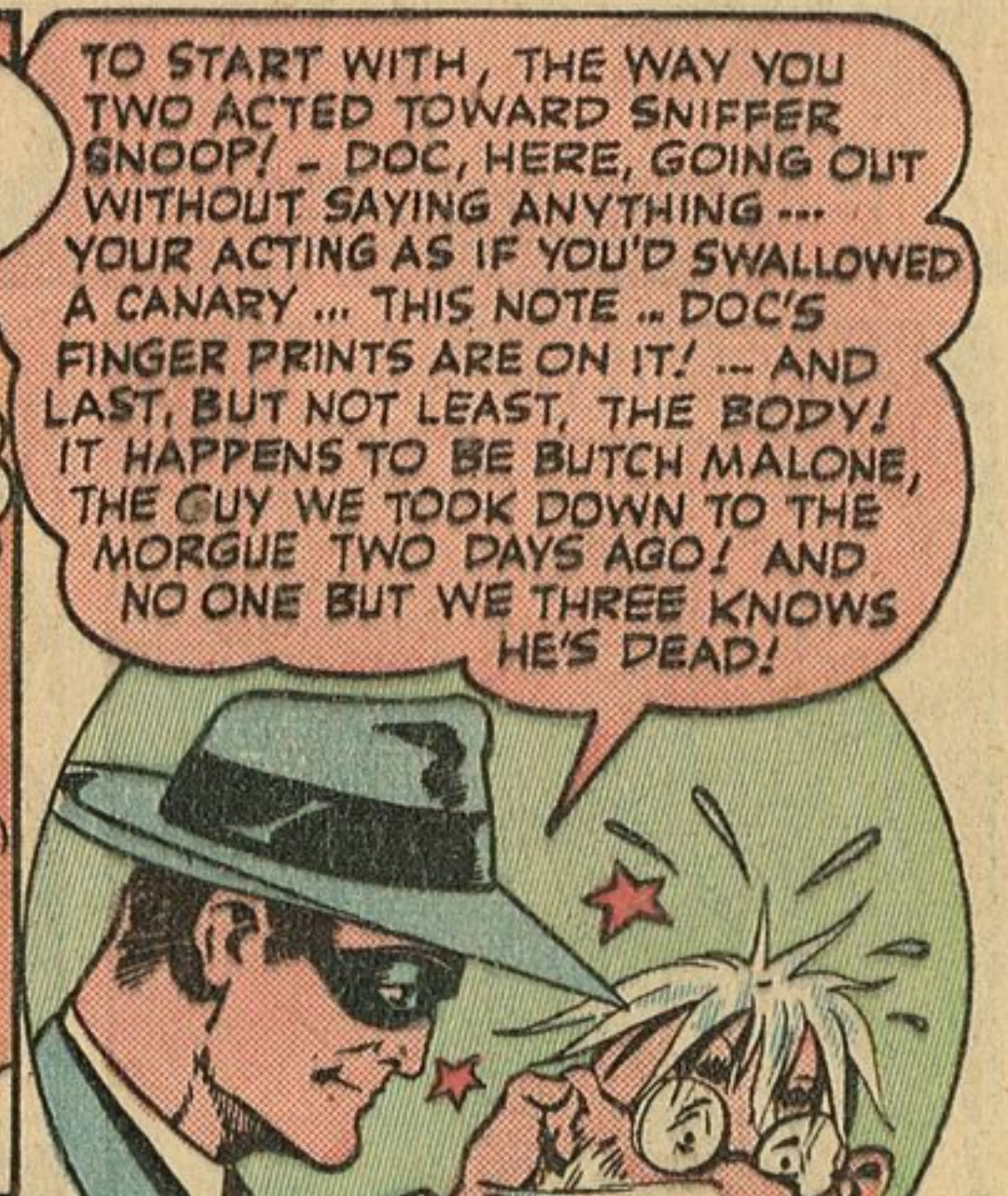
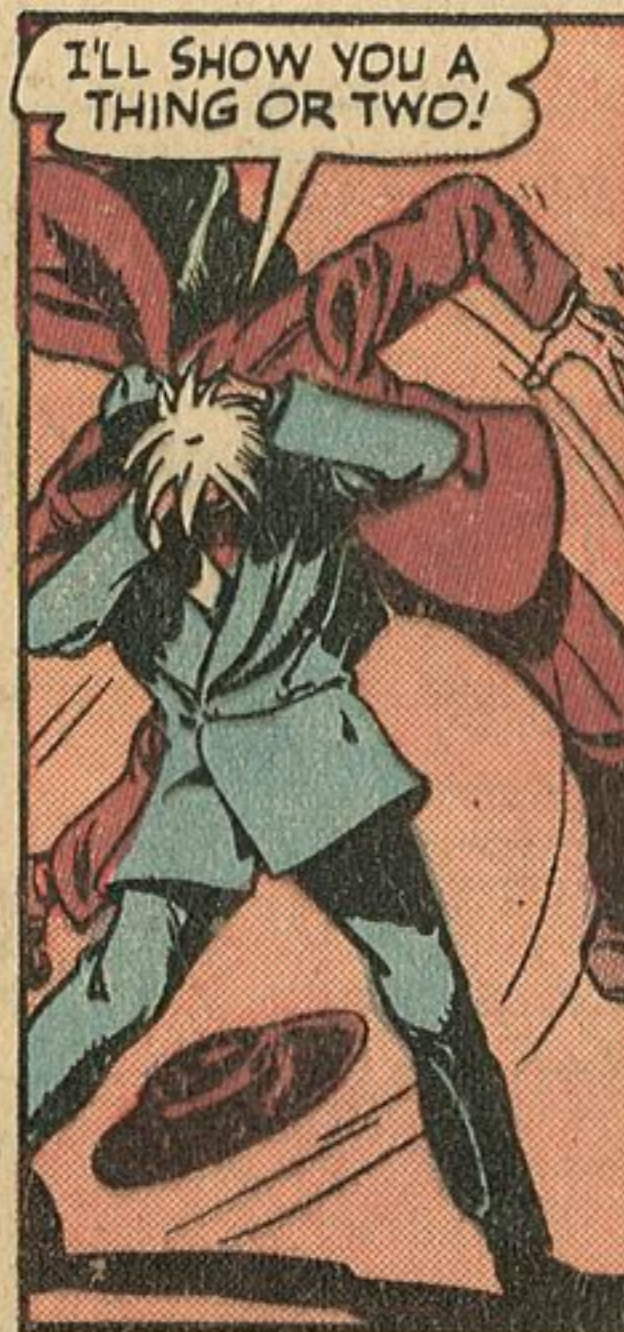
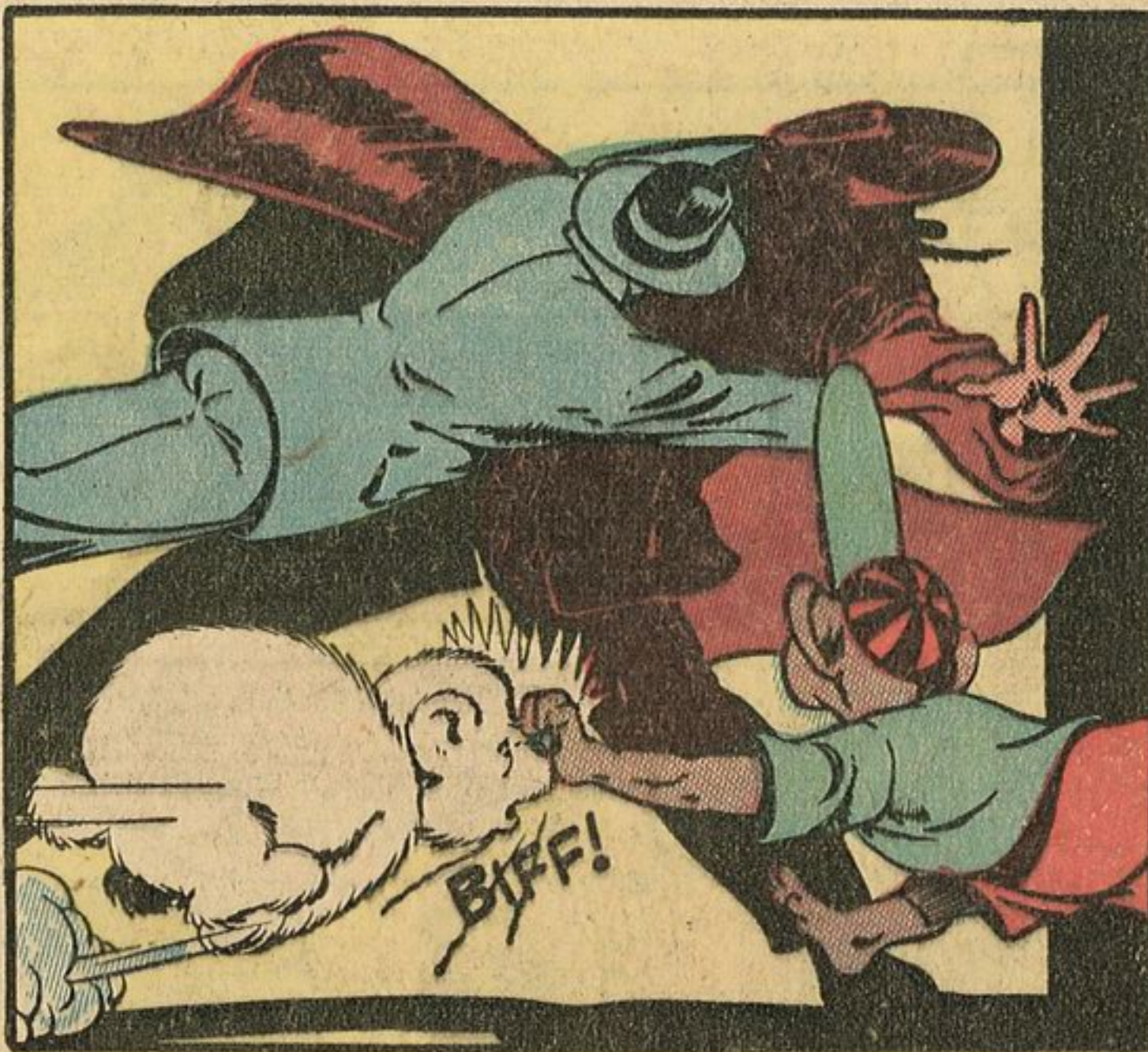
SO THE MURDERER'S STILL AROUND HERE! WELL, BOYS - IF I'M NOT TOO WRONG, I'VE SOLVED THIS CASE!

HMM-M-M I SMELL IODINE!



AHA! THE MURDERER HAS RETURNED!

G-GO EASY! HE MAY BE DANGEROUS, MIDNIGHT!



TWO LIVES ARE LED BY BRENDA BANKS, SOCIETY GIRL... ONE AS AN IDLE HEIRESS... THE OTHER AS THE ELUSIVE ENEMY OF CRIME, KNOWN AS LADY LUCK..

LADY LUCK

MR. FATNING IS IN HIS OFFICE..

WOW! SOME CROWD WE GOT TONIGHT!

YEAH.. IF THE BOSS DIDN'T GAMBLE ALL HIS DOUGH, THIS JOINT MIGHT BE OUTA THE RED..

STOP YER BELLY-ACHIN'.. YER STILL GETTIN' PAID, AIN'CHA?



CLUB



7
1
1



By Klaus Nordling

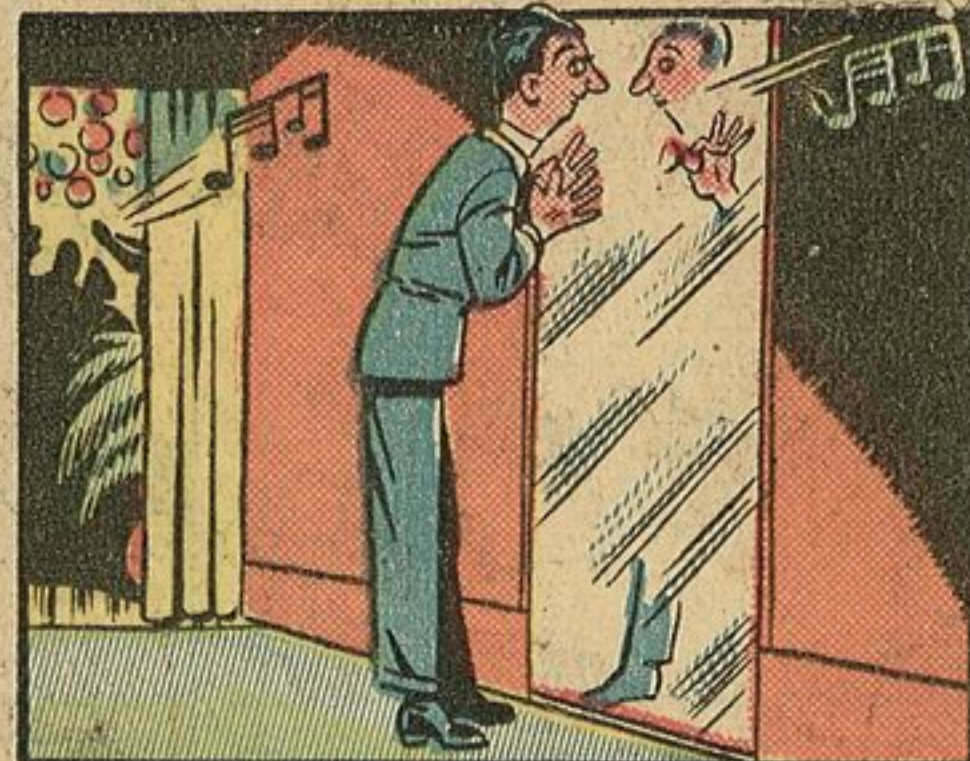
BEG PAWDON!

MR. FATNING
MANAGER

WHO WAS THE LILY, BOSS?

BOYS, THAT BABY JUST GIVE ME THE BRIGHTEST IDEA! LISSSEN...

"COUNT DECHANGE.. THAT'S HIS HANDLE.. ACCOUNT'A THE WAR, HE'S BROKE, SEE?"



"SO-O-O.. THE USUAL ANGLE.. MARRY AN HEIRESS! THAT'S WHERE BRENDA BANKS COMES IN! WELL, NOW, HE WANTS'A IMPRESS HER WOT A GREAT GUY HE IS, SEE?"

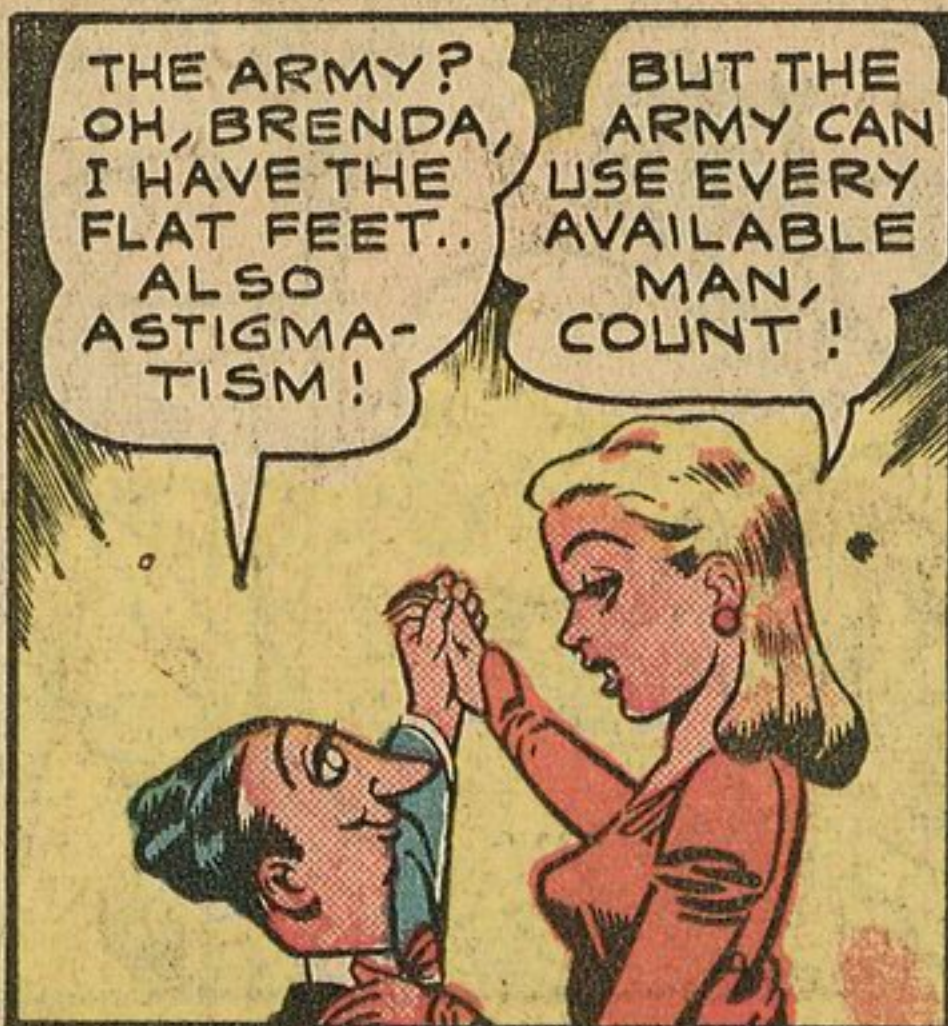
"SO HE PROPOSITIONS ME T' STAGE A PHONY FIGHT OUTSIDE SO'S HE CAN MAKE LIKE A KNIGHT IN ARMOR..

"FOR WHICH HE THEN PROMISES ME A NEAT RAKE-OFF, WHEN HE MARRIES THE GIRL... NICE GUY, HUH?"



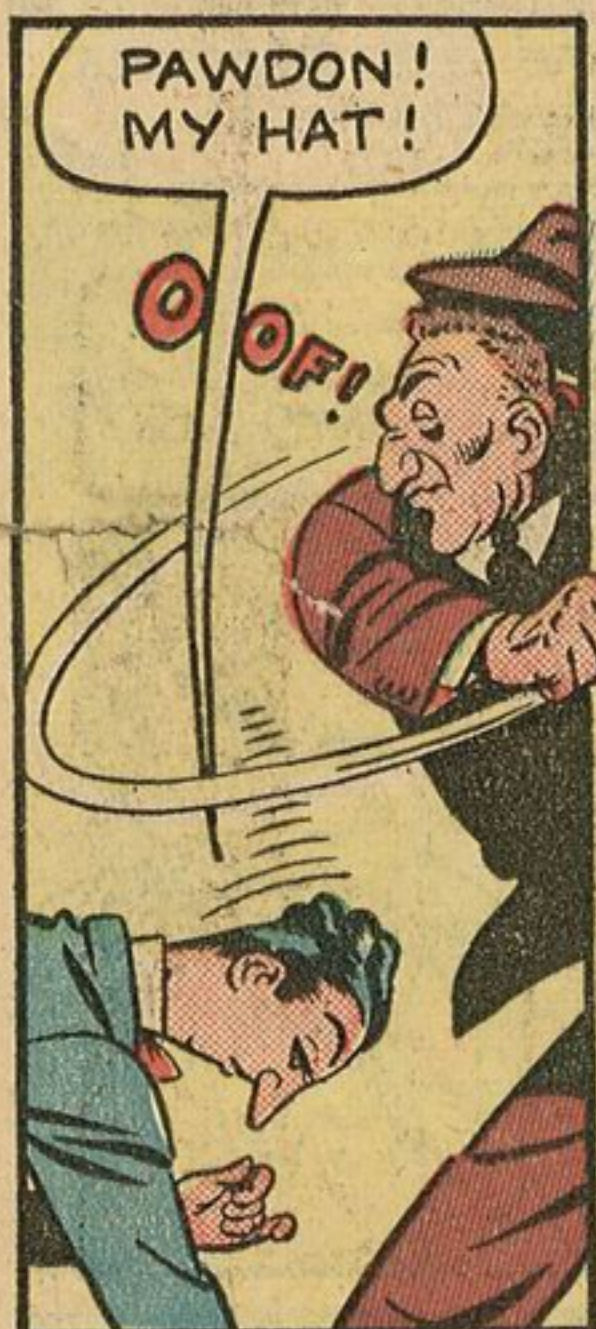
THE ARMY? OH, BRENDA, I HAVE THE FLAT FEET.. ALSO ASTIGMA-TISM!

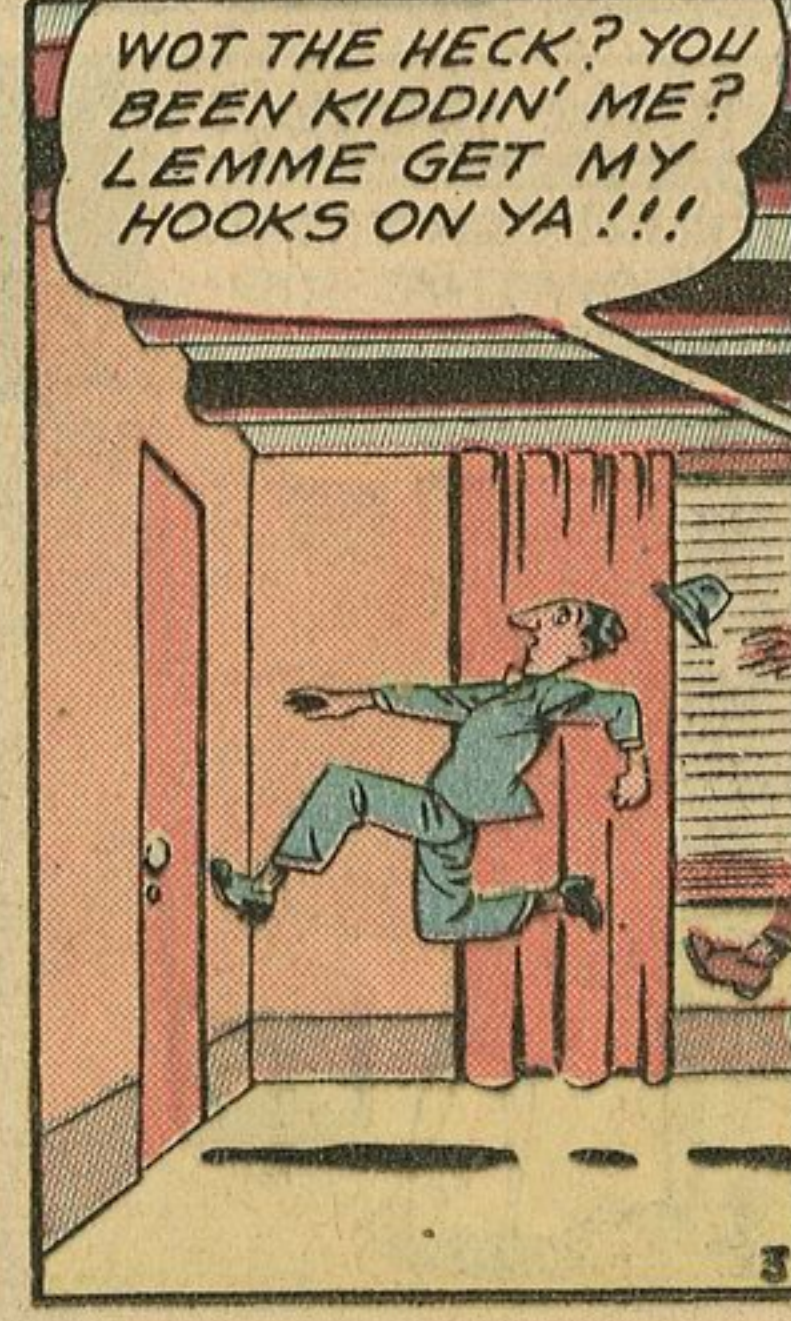
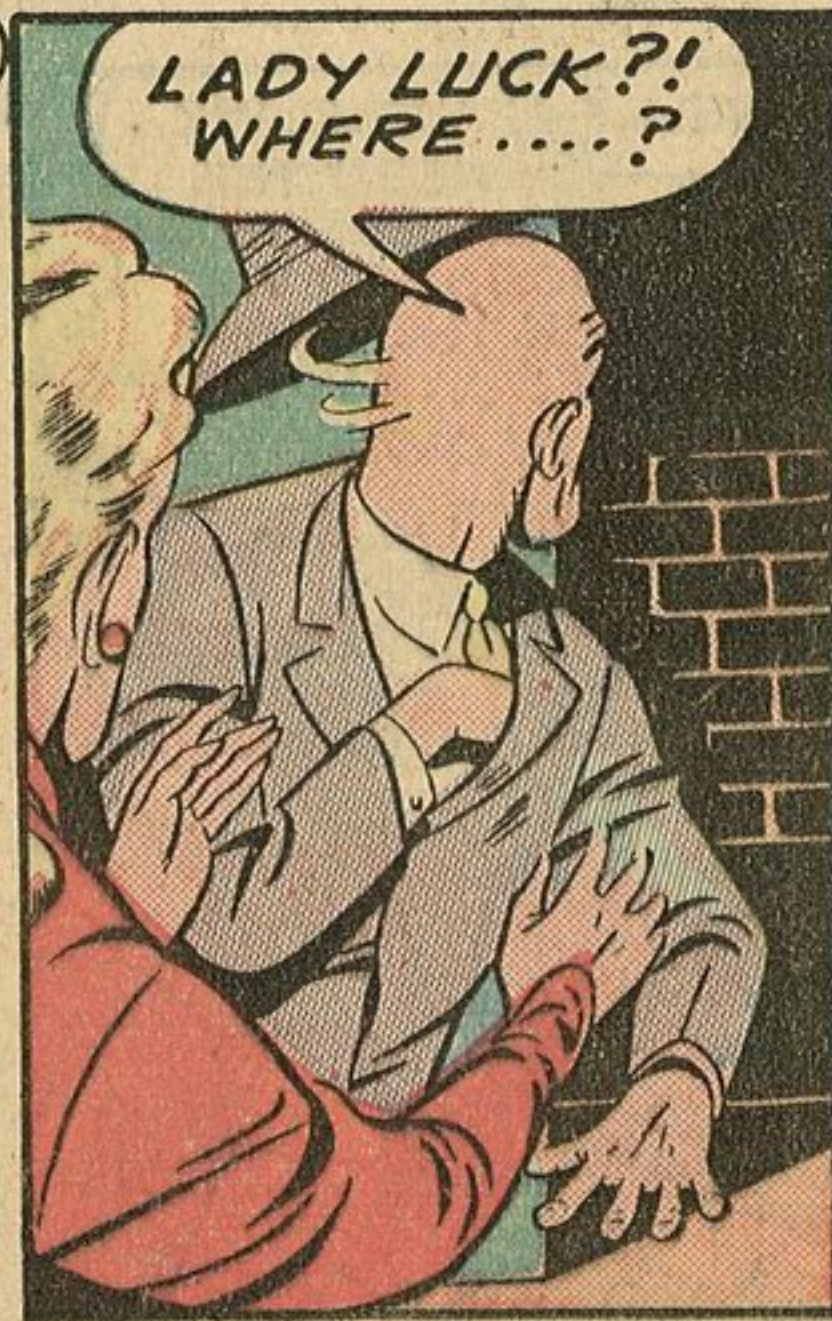
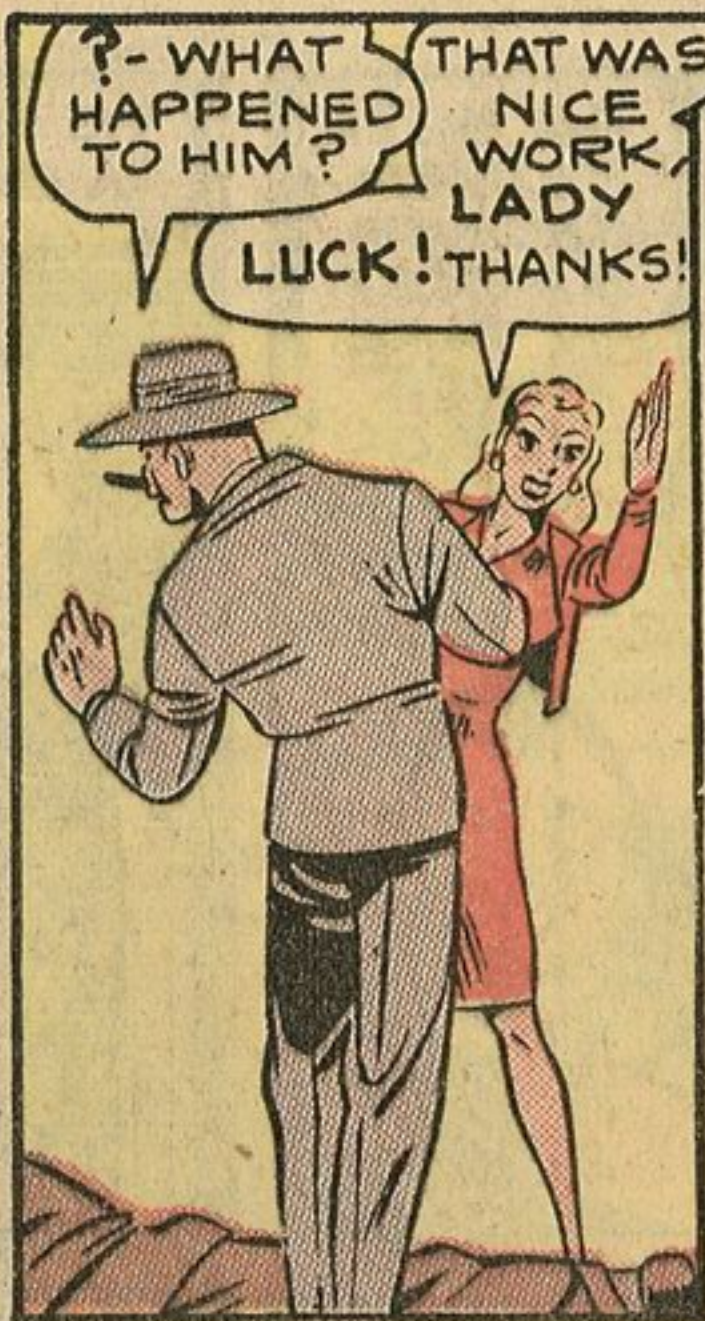
BUT THE ARMY CAN USE EVERY AVAILABLE MAN, COUNT!

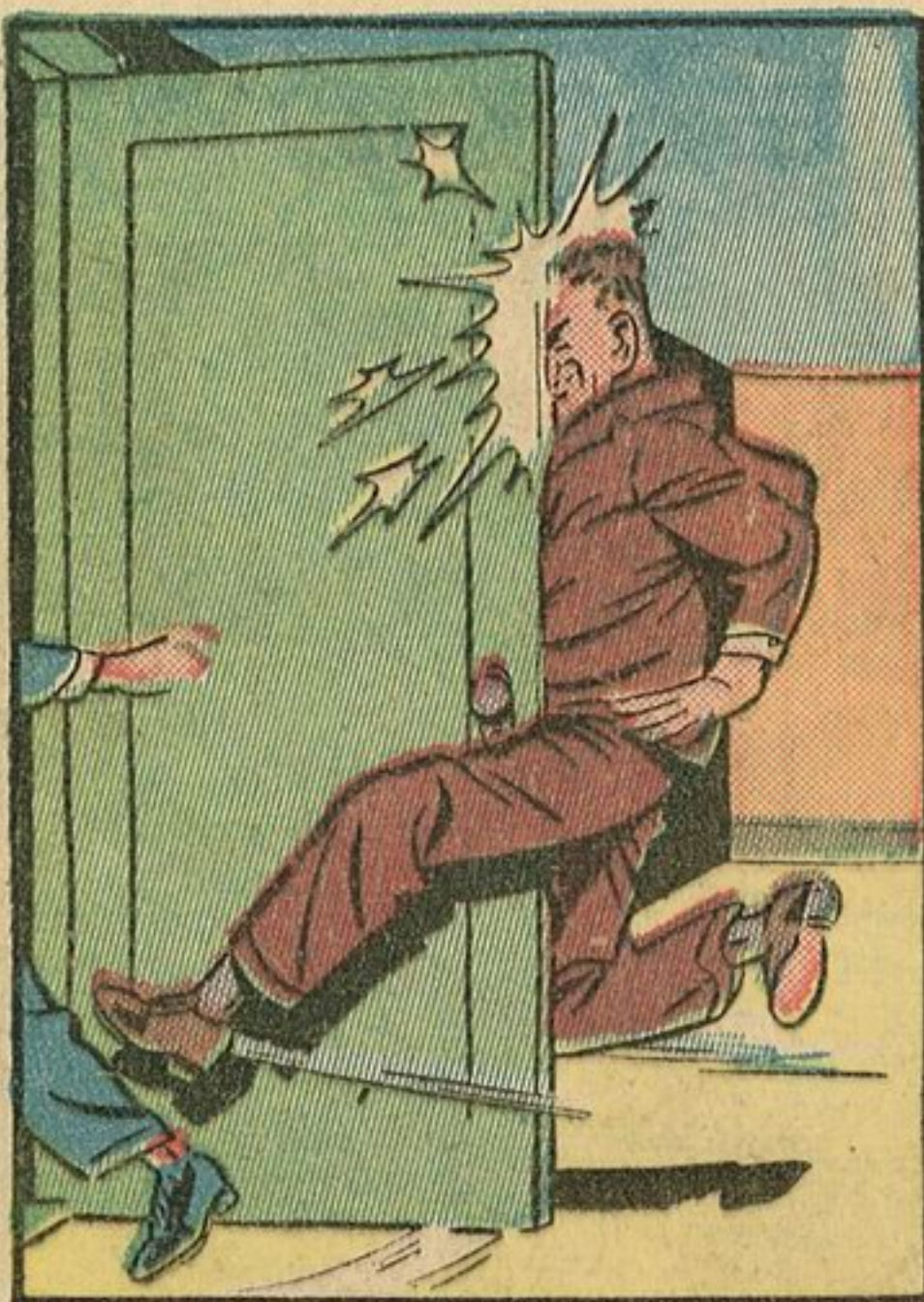


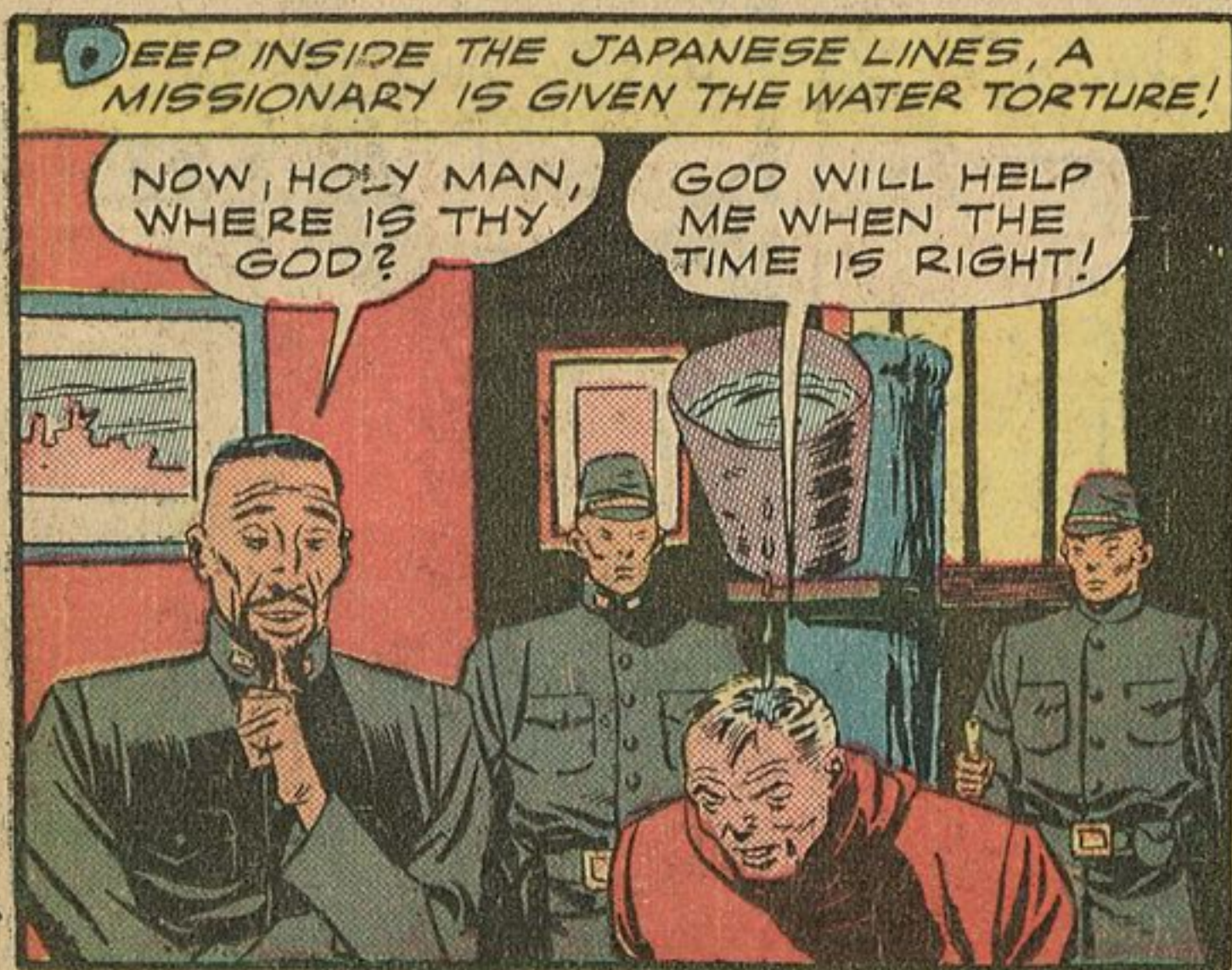
AH, TRUE! THEREFORE, TO MARRY YOU WOULD GIVE ME THE DEPENDENT... DEFER ME.. AND ON YOUR WEALTH IT WILL BE EASY TO SUPPORT YOU.. NO?

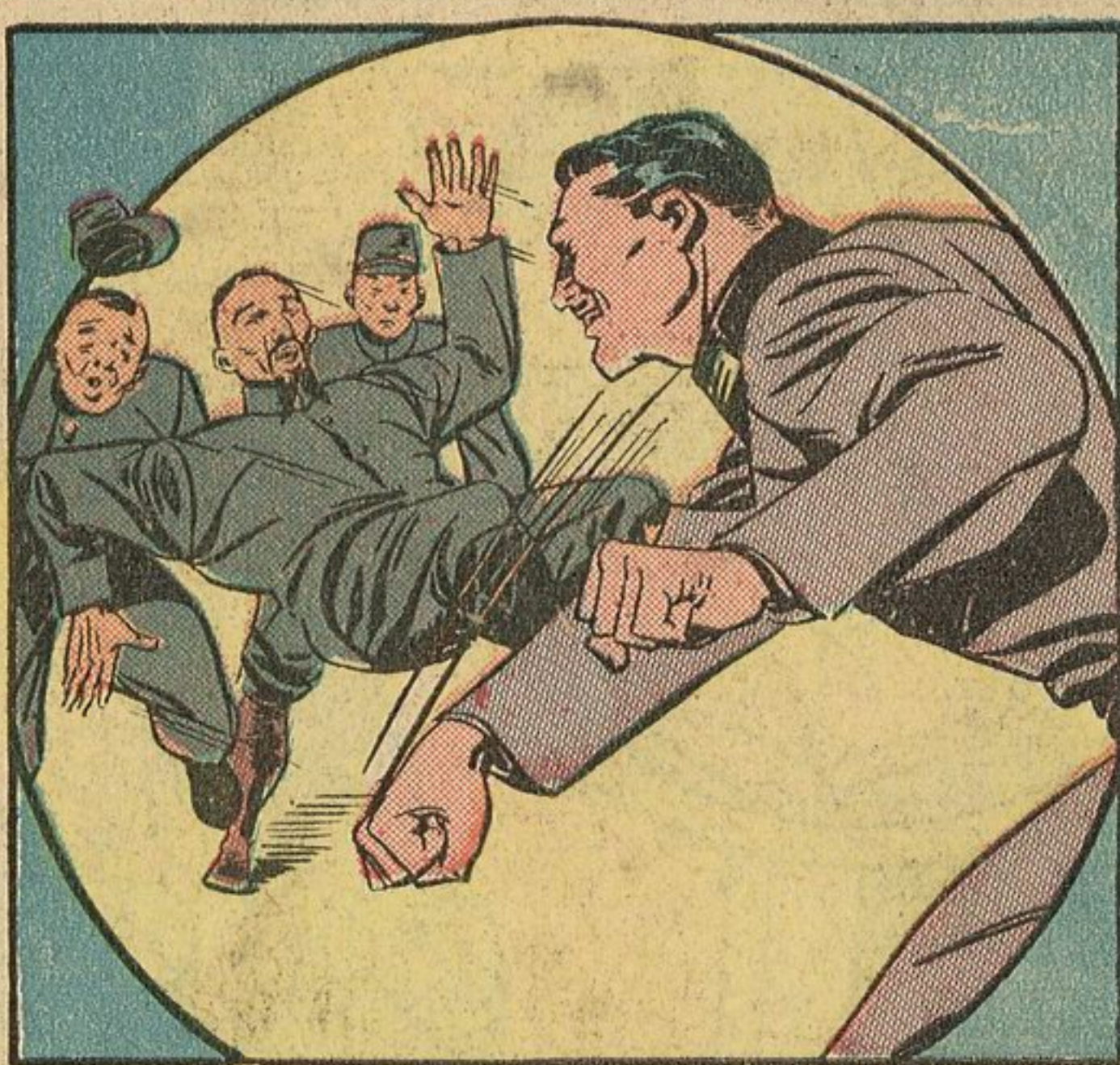














HEAVEN
SENT
YOU!

IN A WAY...I CAME BY
PLANE! WE'D BETTER
GET BACK TO IT
QUICKLY!

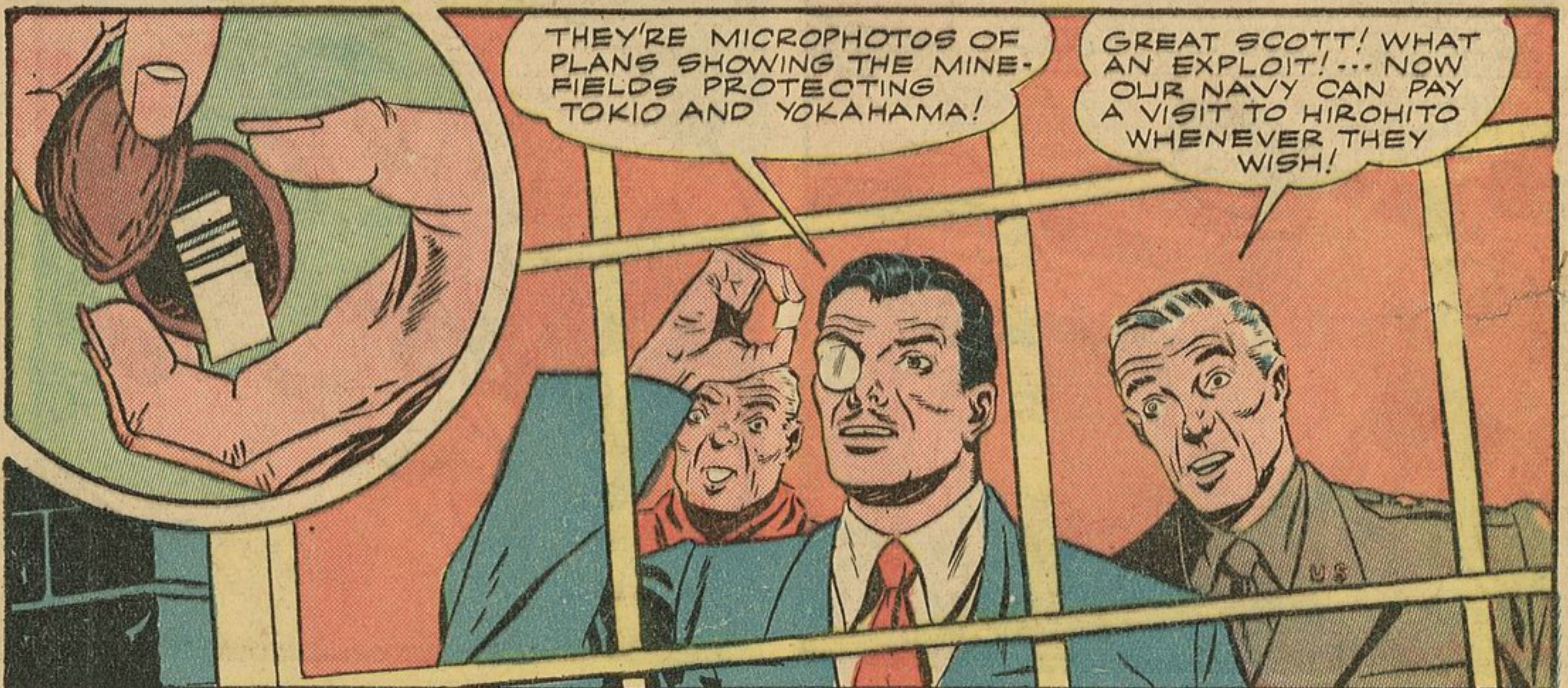


At A SECRET UNITED NATIONS BASE,
GENERAL STRICKLAND AND BLACK X
QUESTION THE MISSIONARY!

HE KEPT ON
SAYING, "GIMME
PICTURES AND
YOU GO FLEE!"

AND YOU DIDN'T HAVE
ANY PICTURES TO
GIVE?

OH, YES...
ONLY I HAD
PROMISED A
DYING MAN TO
BRING THEM TO
YOU! HERE
THEY ARE!



THEY'RE MICROPHOTOS OF
PLANS SHOWING THE MINE-
FIELDS PROTECTING
TOKIO AND YOKAHAMA!

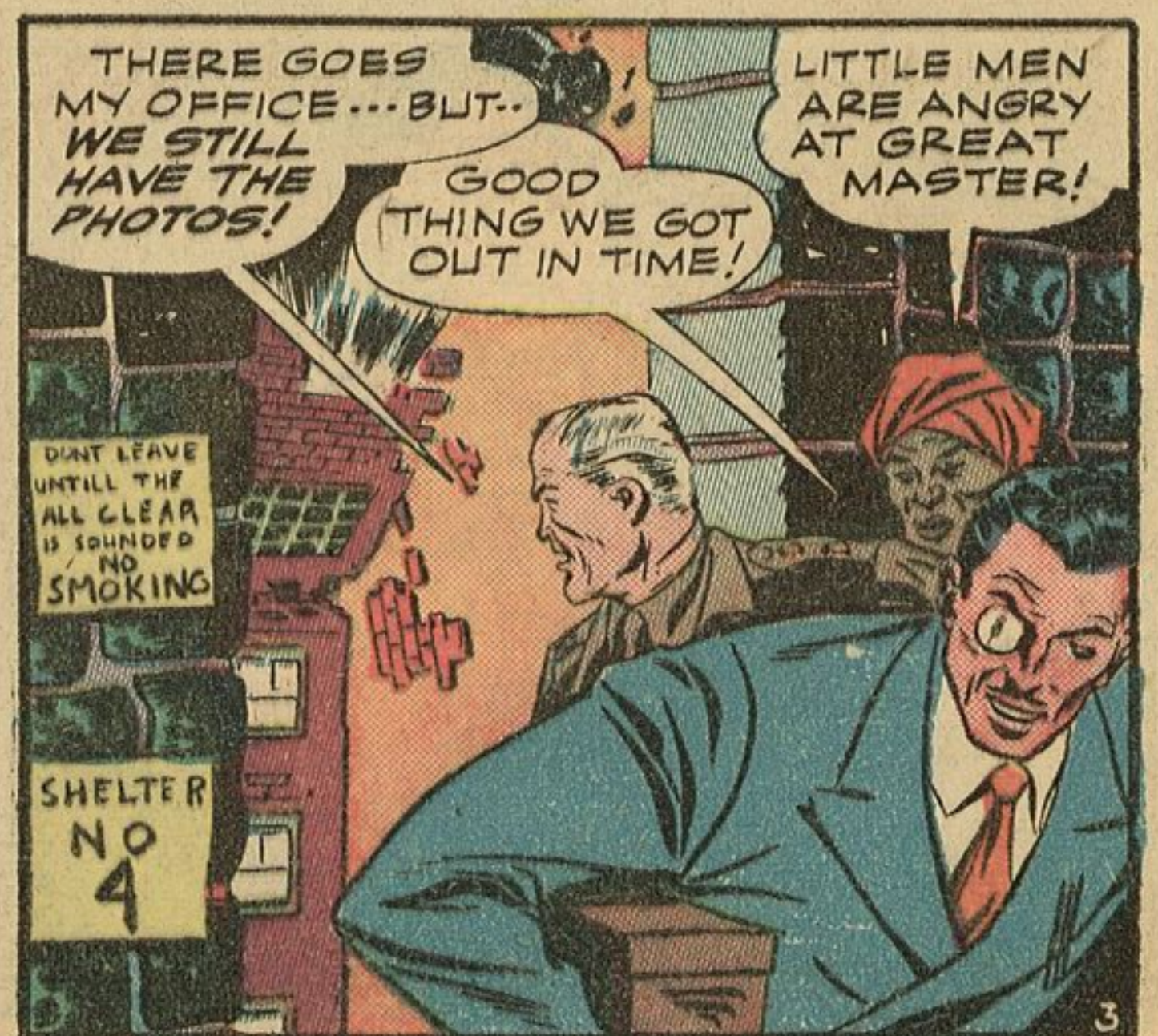
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT
AN EXPLOIT!... NOW
OUR NAVY CAN PAY
A VISIT TO HIROHITO
WHENEVER THEY
WISH!



AIR RAID!

SAY...I WONDER IF THEY TRAILED
YOU HERE... COME ON... LET'S
GET TO THE SHELTER!

RIGHTO!...
THESE FILMS
MUST NOT
BE LOST!



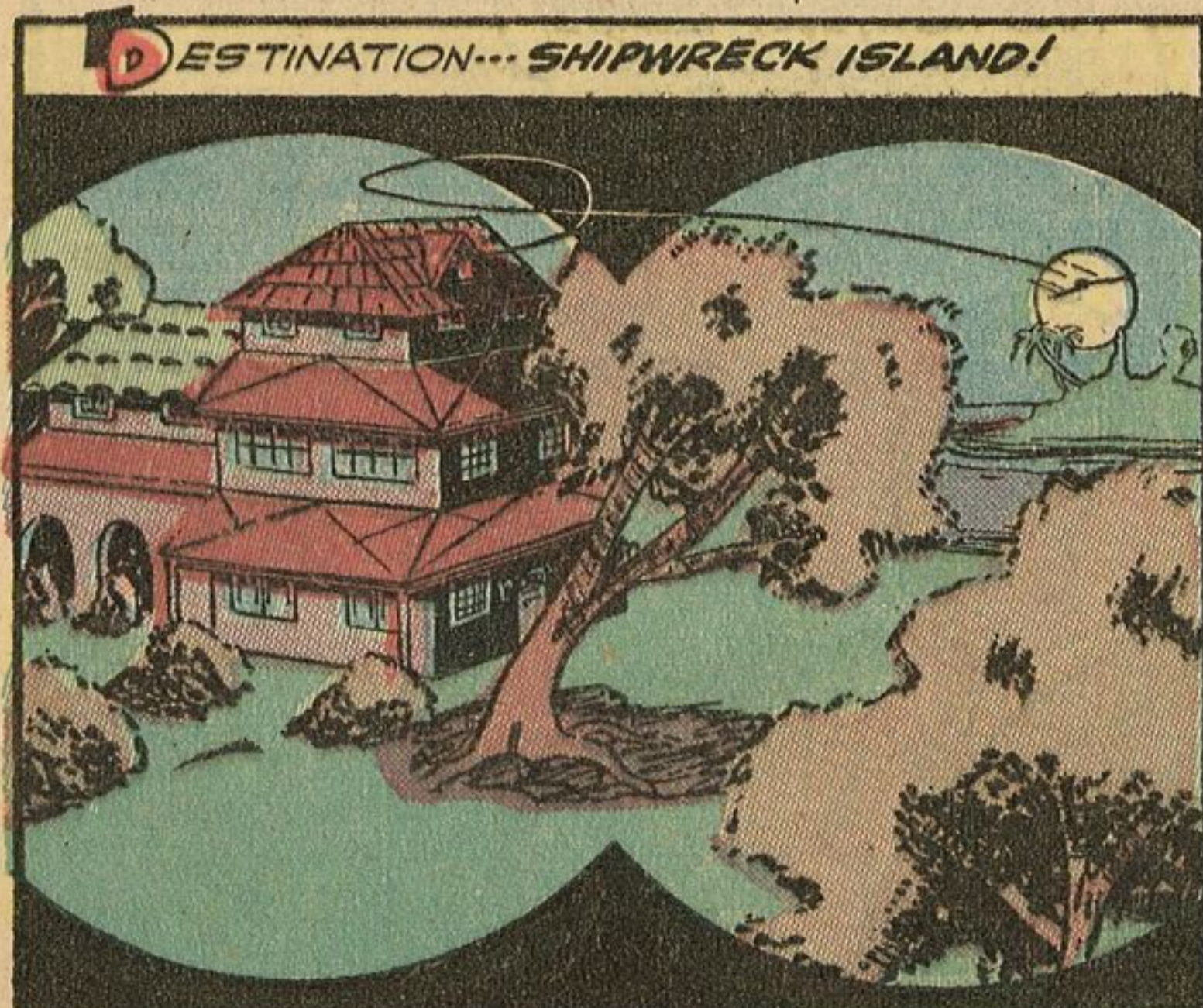
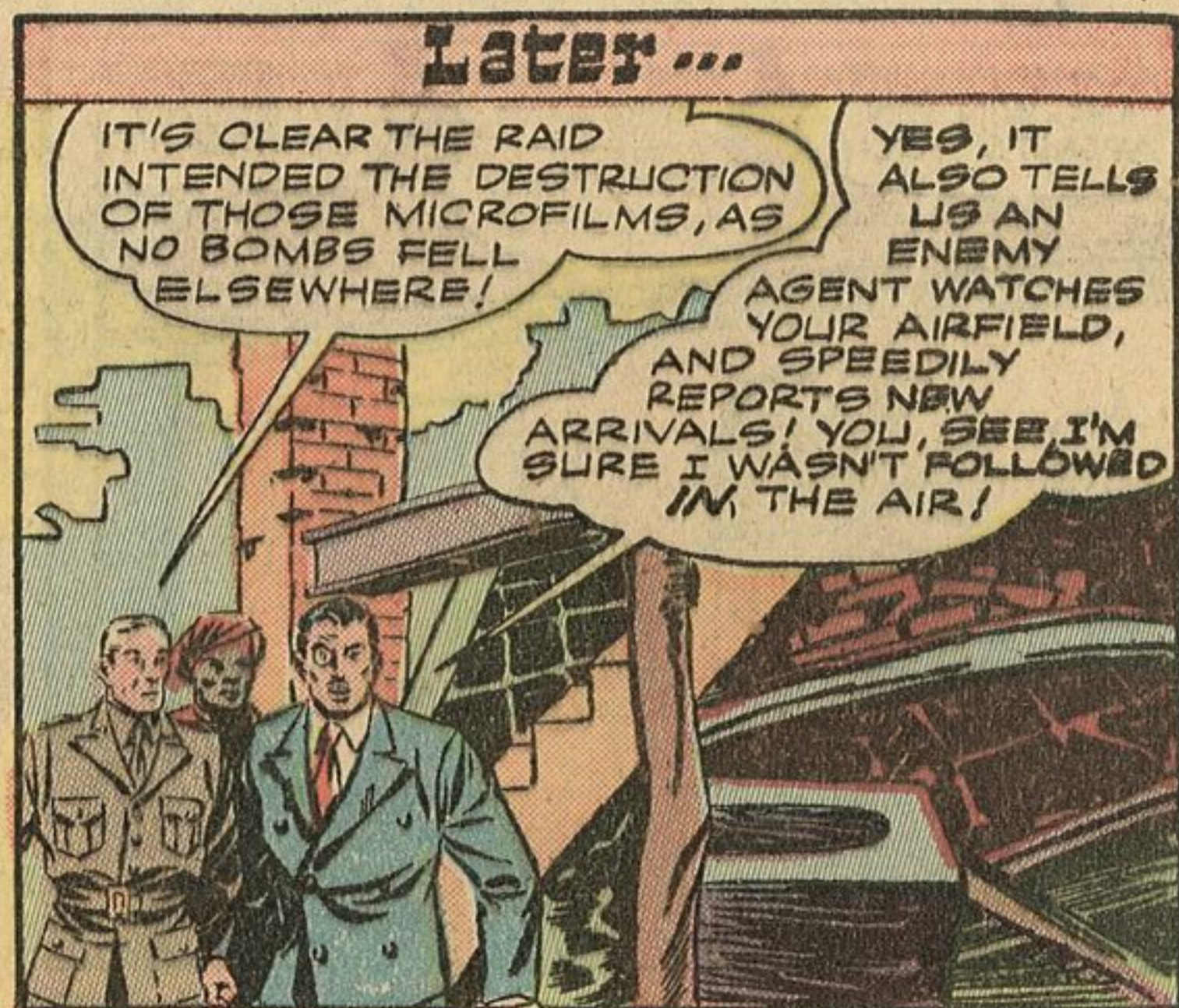
THERE GOES
MY OFFICE... BUT..
WE STILL
HAVE THE
PHOTOS!

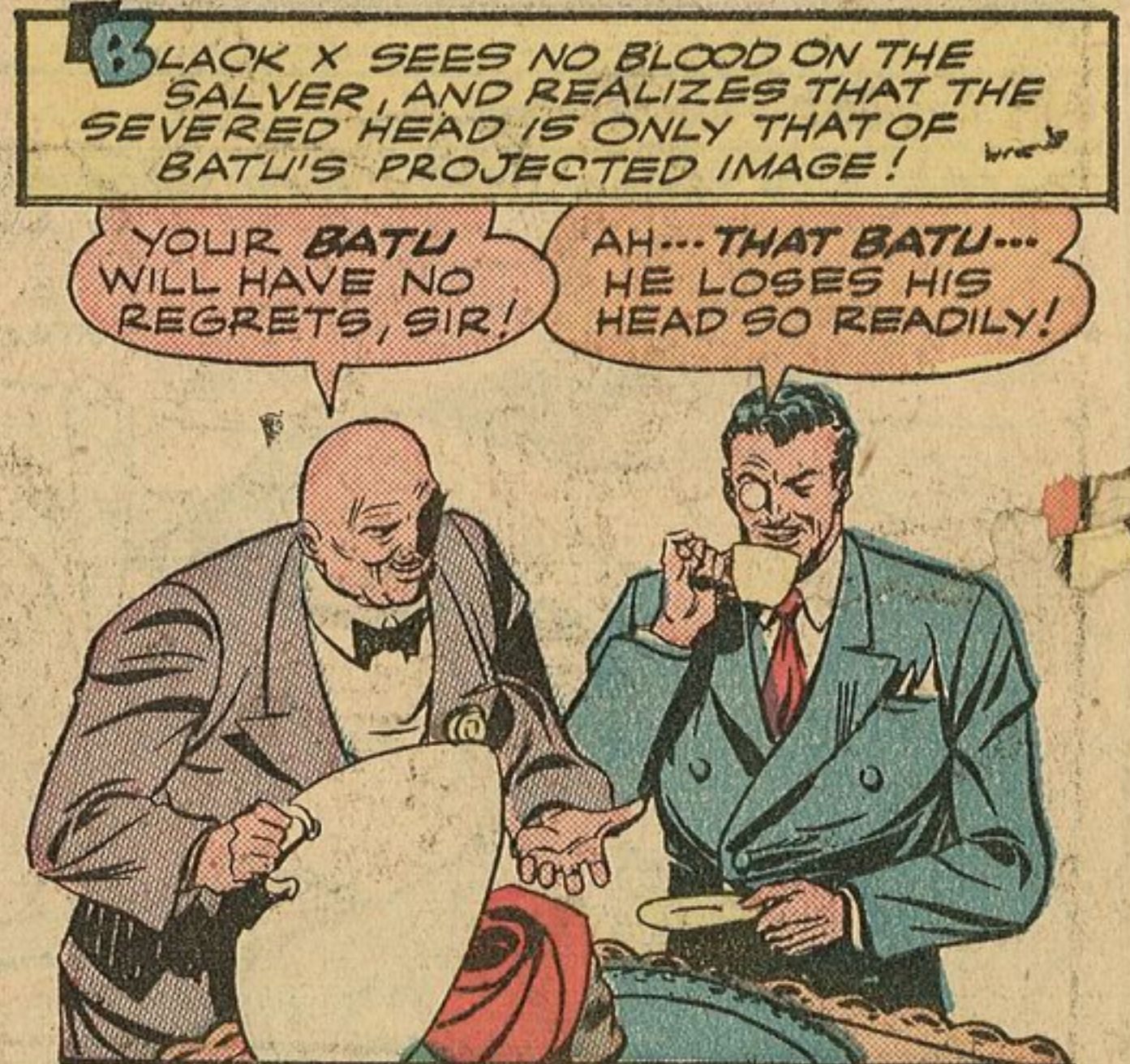
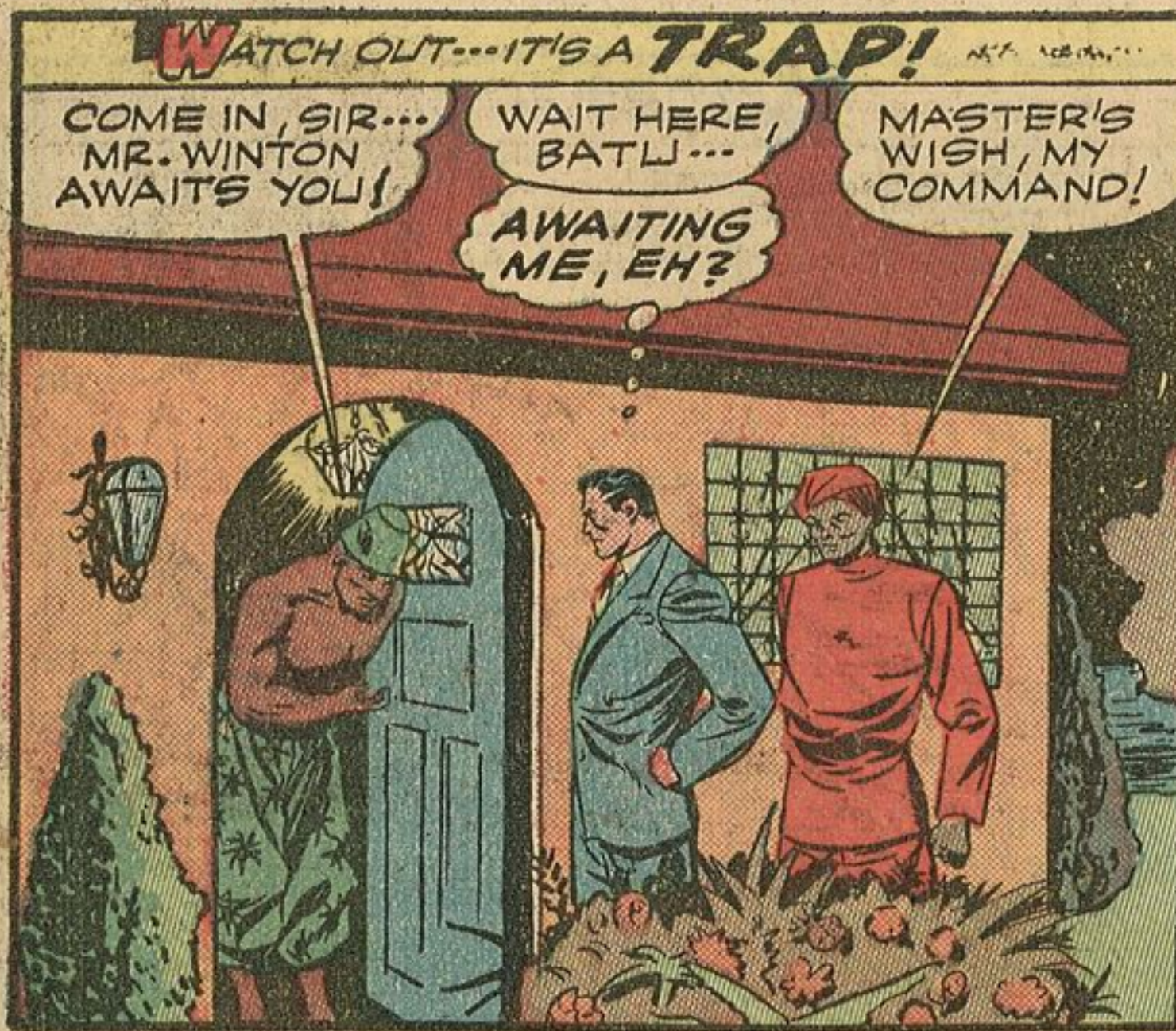
GOOD
THING WE GOT
OUT IN TIME!

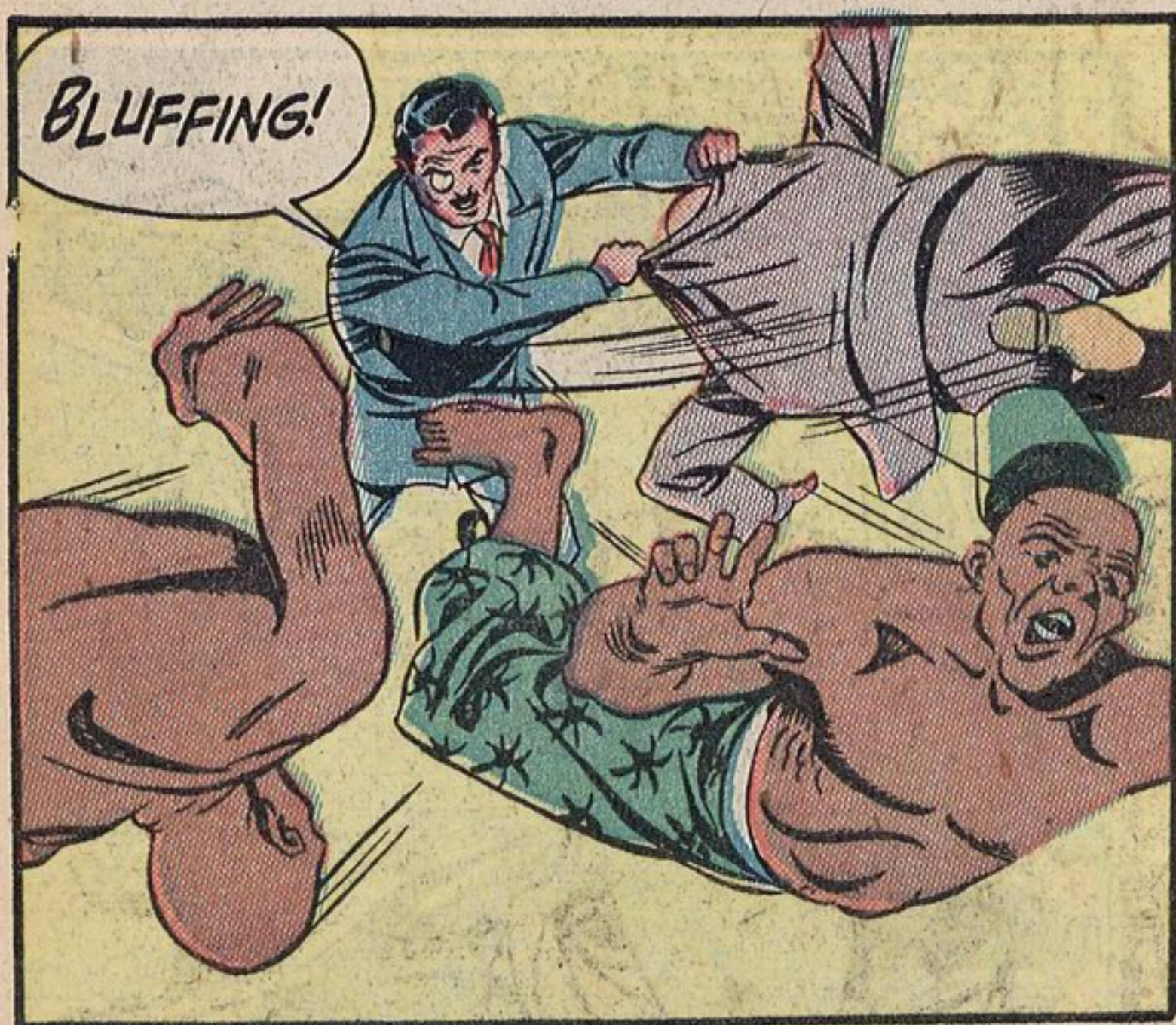
LITTLE MEN
ARE ANGRY
AT GREAT
MASTER!

DONT LEAVE
UNTILL THE
ALL CLEAR
IS SOUNDED
NO
SMOKING

SHELTER
NO
4

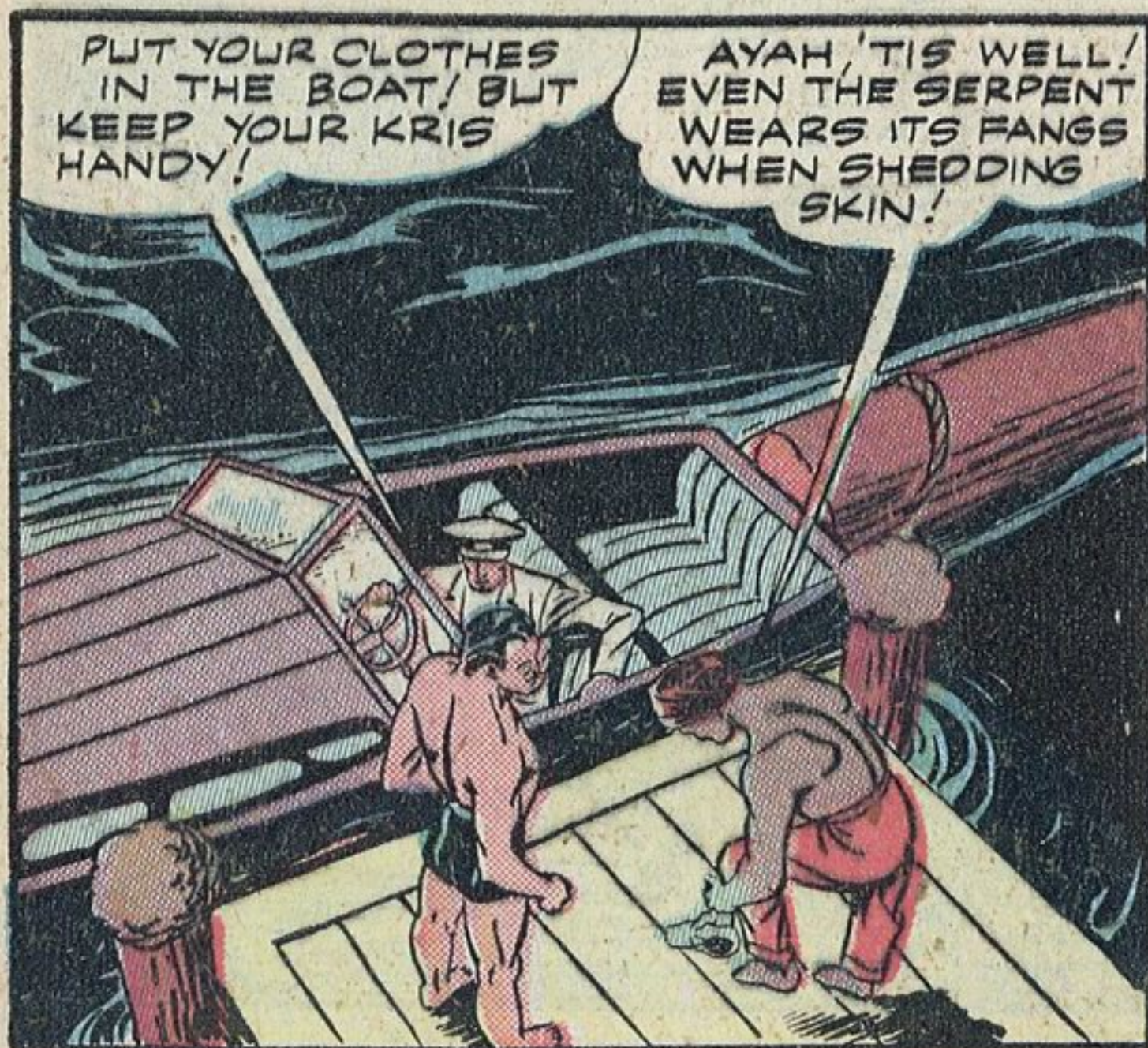






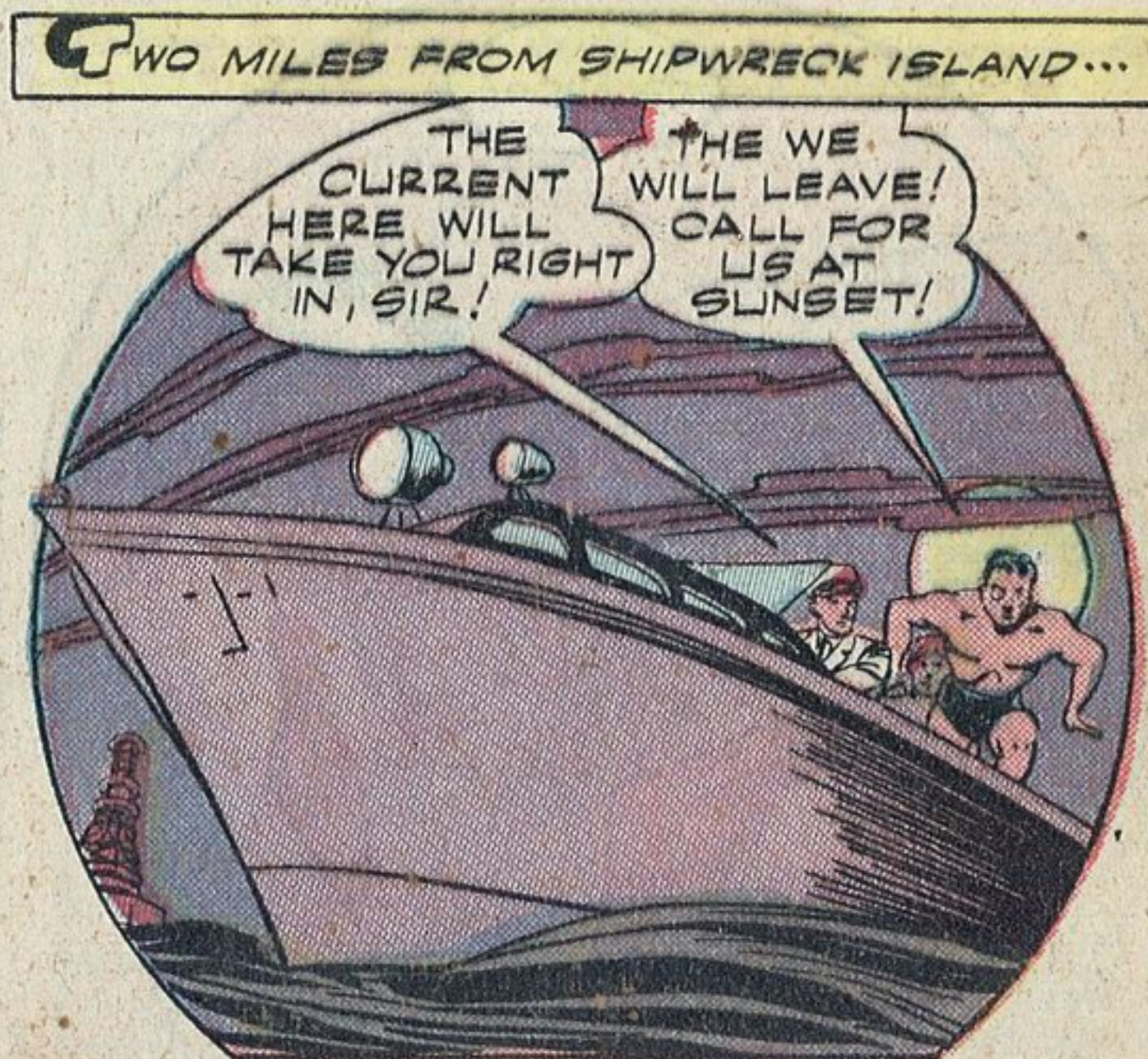
AH...GREETINGS! BATU, TIE UP THE BLASTED FOOLS WHILE I PHONE THE GENERAL!





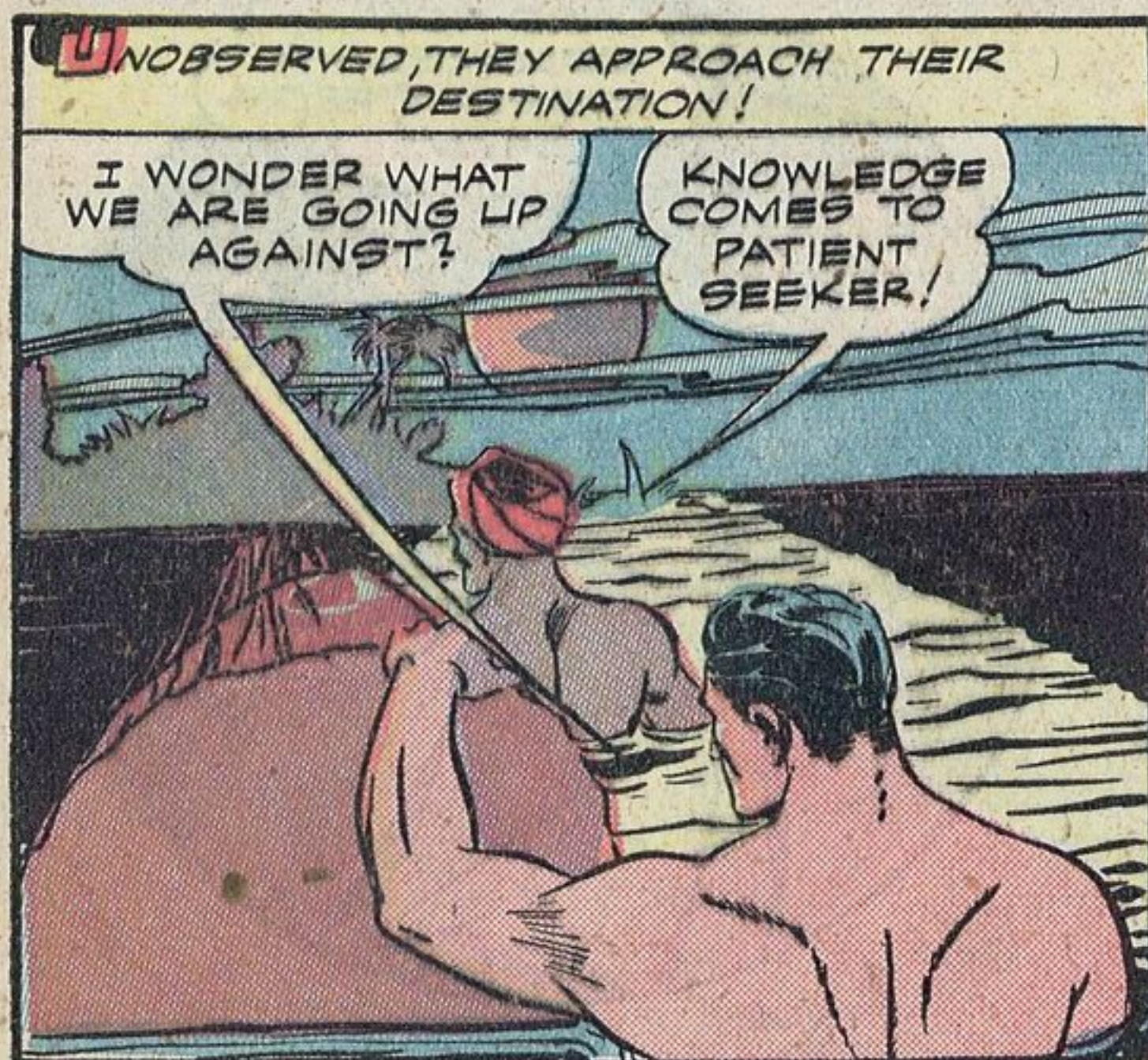
PUT YOUR CLOTHES
IN THE BOAT! BUT
KEEP YOUR KRIS
HANDY!

AYAH, 'TIS WELL!
EVEN THE SERPENT
WEARS ITS FANGS
WHEN SHEDDING
SKIN!



THE
CURRENT
HERE WILL
TAKE YOU RIGHT
IN, SIR!

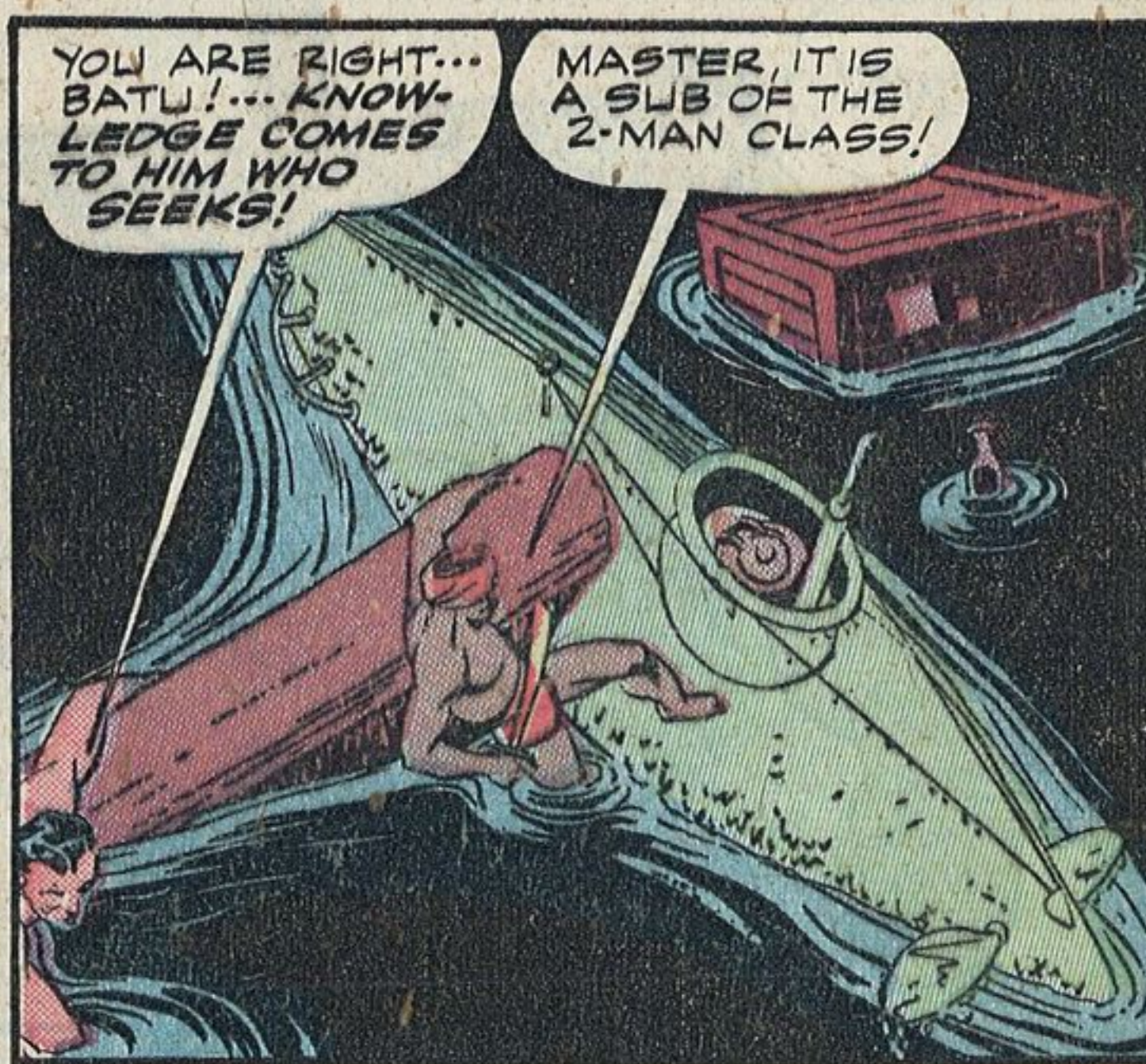
THE WE
WILL LEAVE!
CALL FOR
US AT
SUNSET!



UNOBSERVED, THEY APPROACH THEIR
DESTINATION!

I WONDER WHAT
WE ARE GOING UP
AGAINST?

KNOWLEDGE
COMES TO
PATIENT
SEEKER!



YOU ARE RIGHT...
BATU!... KNOW-
LEDGE COMES
TO HIM WHO
SEEKS!

MASTER, IT IS
A SUB OF THE
2-MAN CLASS!



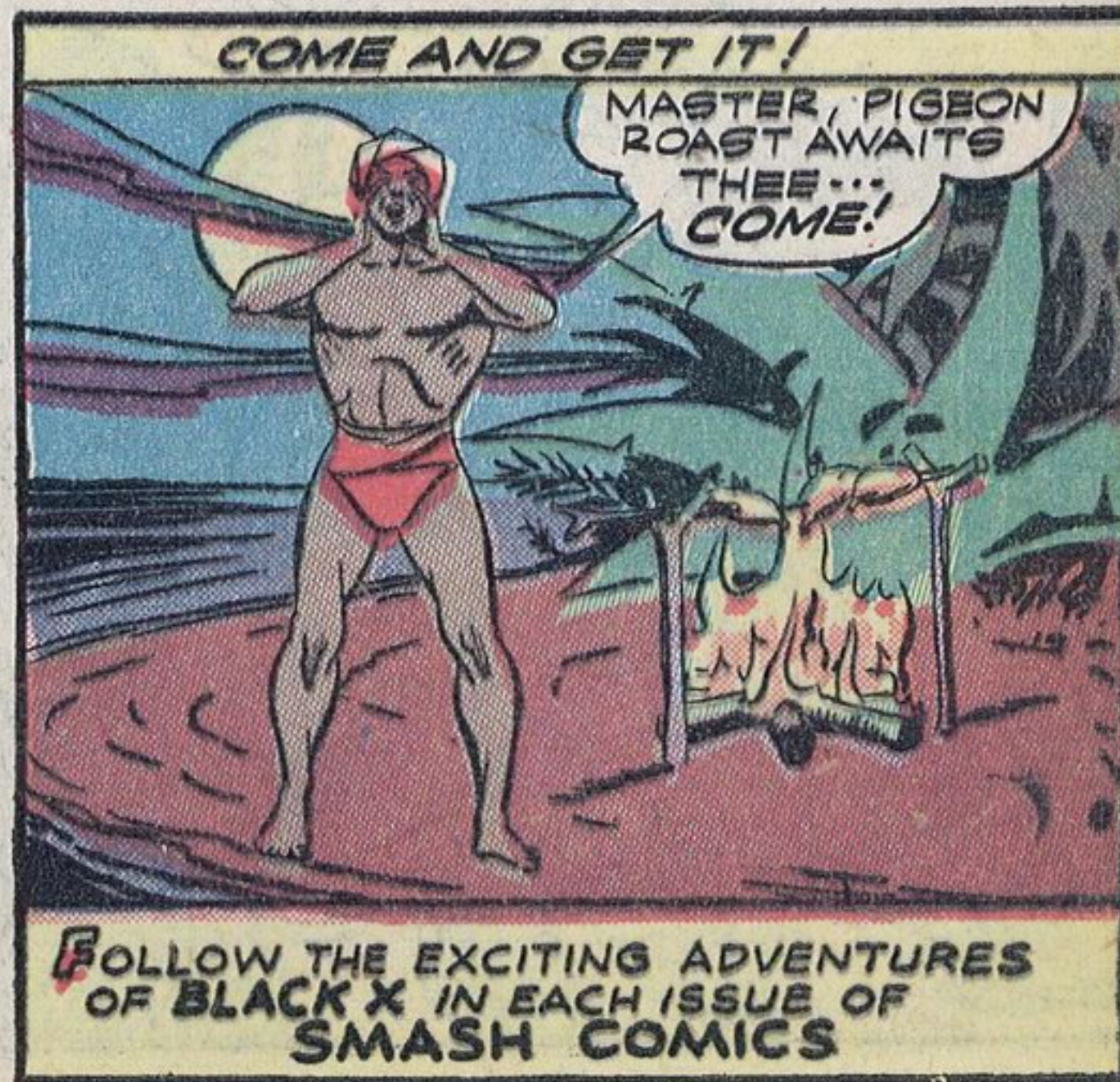
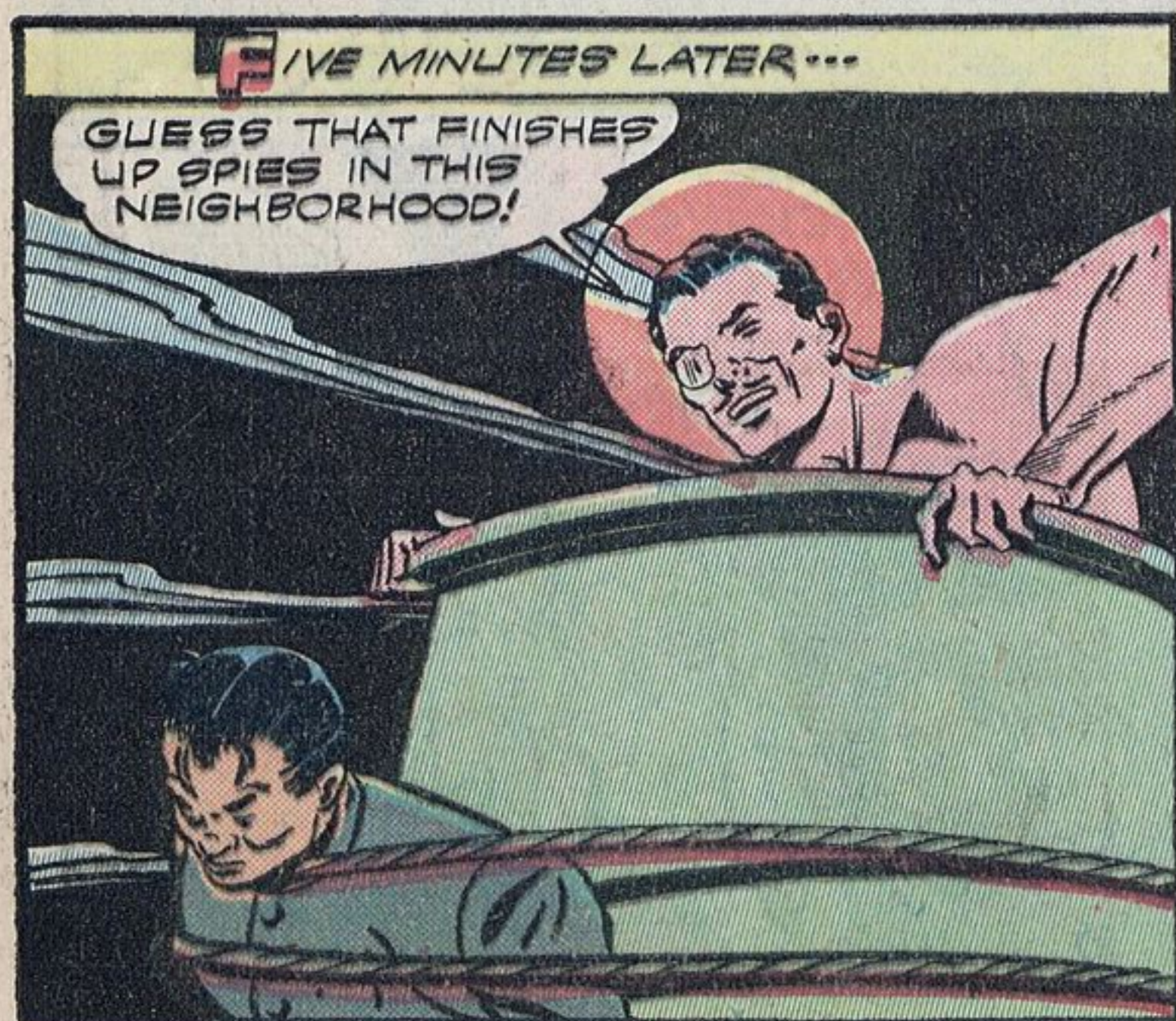
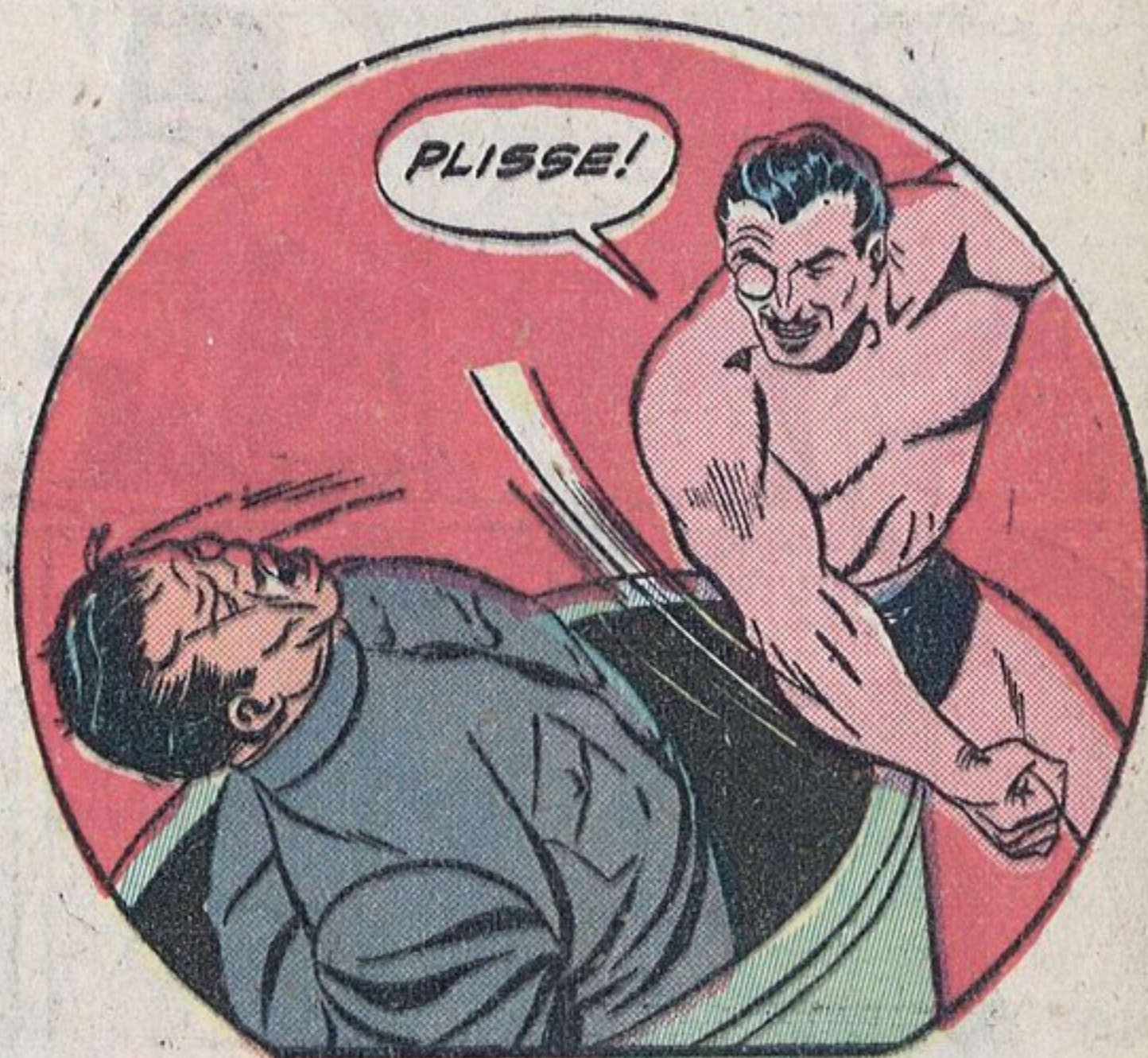
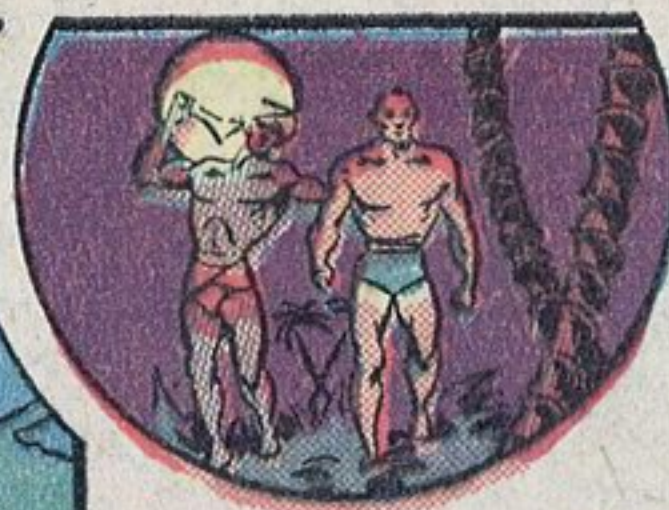
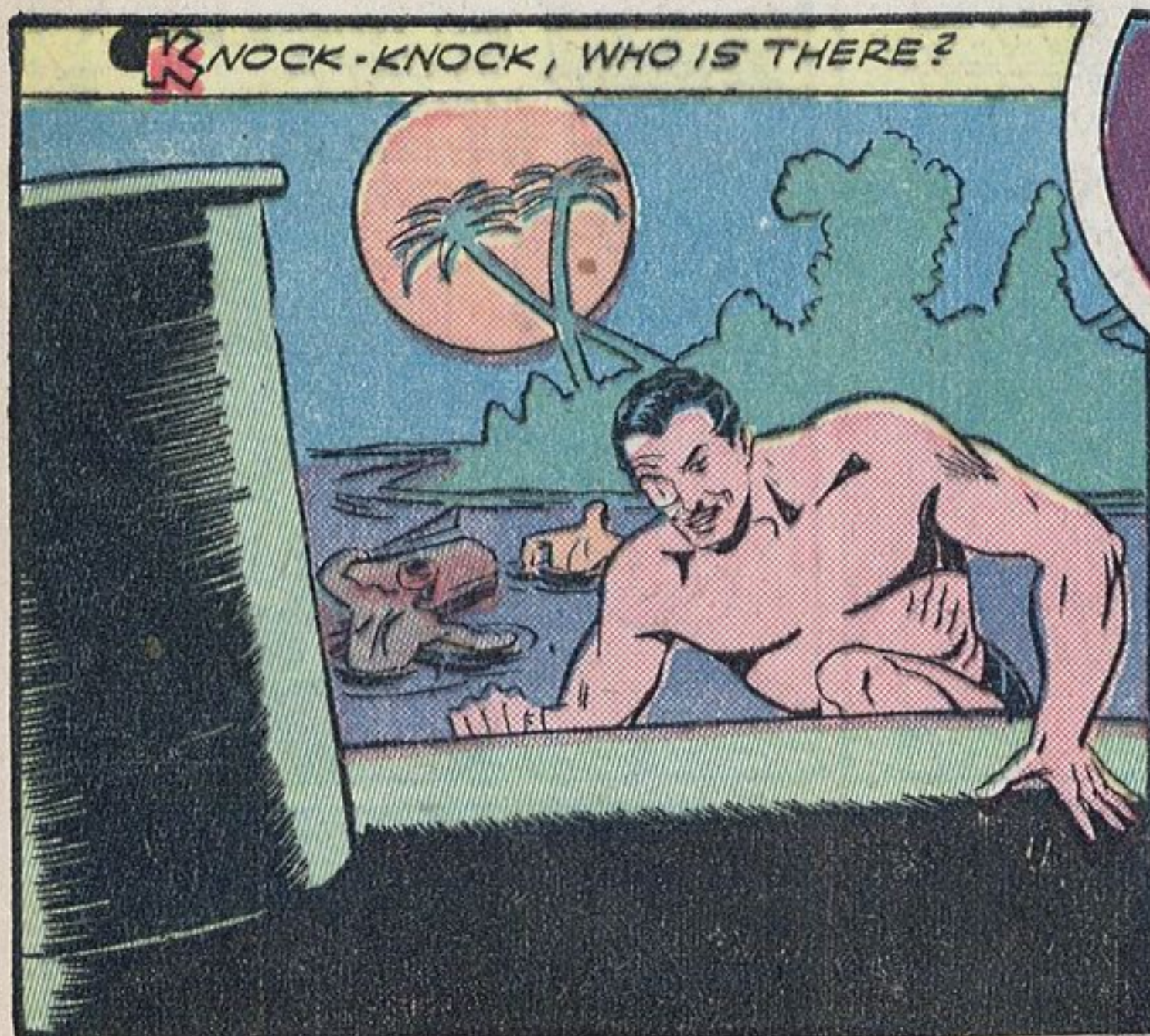
早来
未至
*!

SO! THIS SUB
IS A FLOATING
WIRELESS
STATION!

* TRANSLATION: "MISTER
CAPTAIN, PLEASE, I
SWIM TO SEE IF LITTLE
BIRD BRING NEW
MESSAGE TO SEND!"



FOLLOW AND
DEAL WITH HIM!
I'LL CALL ON THE
CAPTAIN!



FOLLOW THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF BLACK X IN EACH ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS

Archie O'TOOLE

I'M TELLIN' YA ONE SMALL, SILLY ANIMAL AIN'T ENOUGH TO RUN A ROYAL ZOO ON! YA GOTTA SPEND MONEY!

IT DOES SEEM LIKE A SMALL NUMBER!

ZOO
BUT WHERE CAN YA BUY A MENAGERIE FER THE ONE NICKEL I OWN?

CAN YA SPARE A NICKEL FER A GUY WOT AIN'T WORKED IN SIX MONTHS?
YEAH - BUT WHAT DO YOU WORK AT?

MAGICIAN! BUT THAT RACKET'S ALL WASHED UP!

PEOPLE ARE SICK O'SEEIN' ME JUST PULL RABBITS OUTTA HATS!

WHY DONTCHA TRY PULLIN' SOM'THIN' ELSE OUT?

HMM - NEVER THOUGHT O' THAT!
GOOD IDEA!

T'ANKS FER TH' TIP, BUD!

ONE NICKEL'S WORTH COMIN' UP!

THE

MARKSMAN

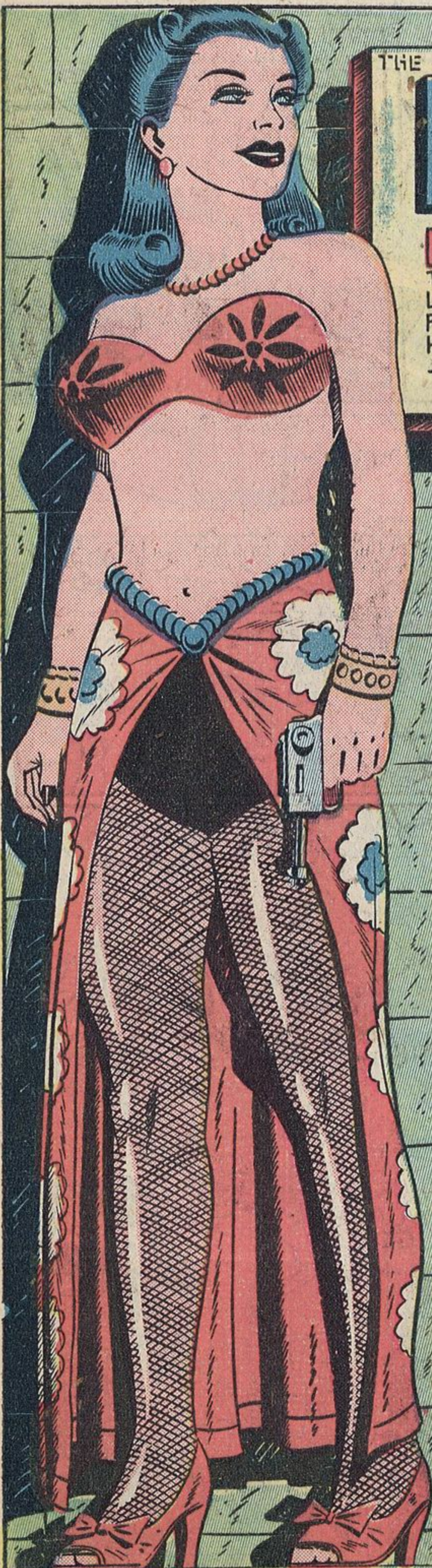
INTO EVERY LAND COMES A LEGEND.. A TALE OF A PAST HERO, WHO LIVES ON BECAUSE OF HIS GREAT DEEDS- THUS IT WAS IN NAZI-OCCUPIED POLAND, WHERE THE LEGEND OF *THE MARKSMAN* IS BREATHED BY PEOPLE FAR AND NEAR.. EXCEPT *THE MARKSMAN* IS NOT A HERO OF THE PAST. HE IS VERY MUCH OF THE PRESENT --- OR WAS UNTIL HIS DEATH NOTICE APPEARED!!

WONDER WHY THOSE NAZIS HAVE REPORTED ME DEAD? THEY MUST BE UP TO SOME NEW DIRTY TRICK!

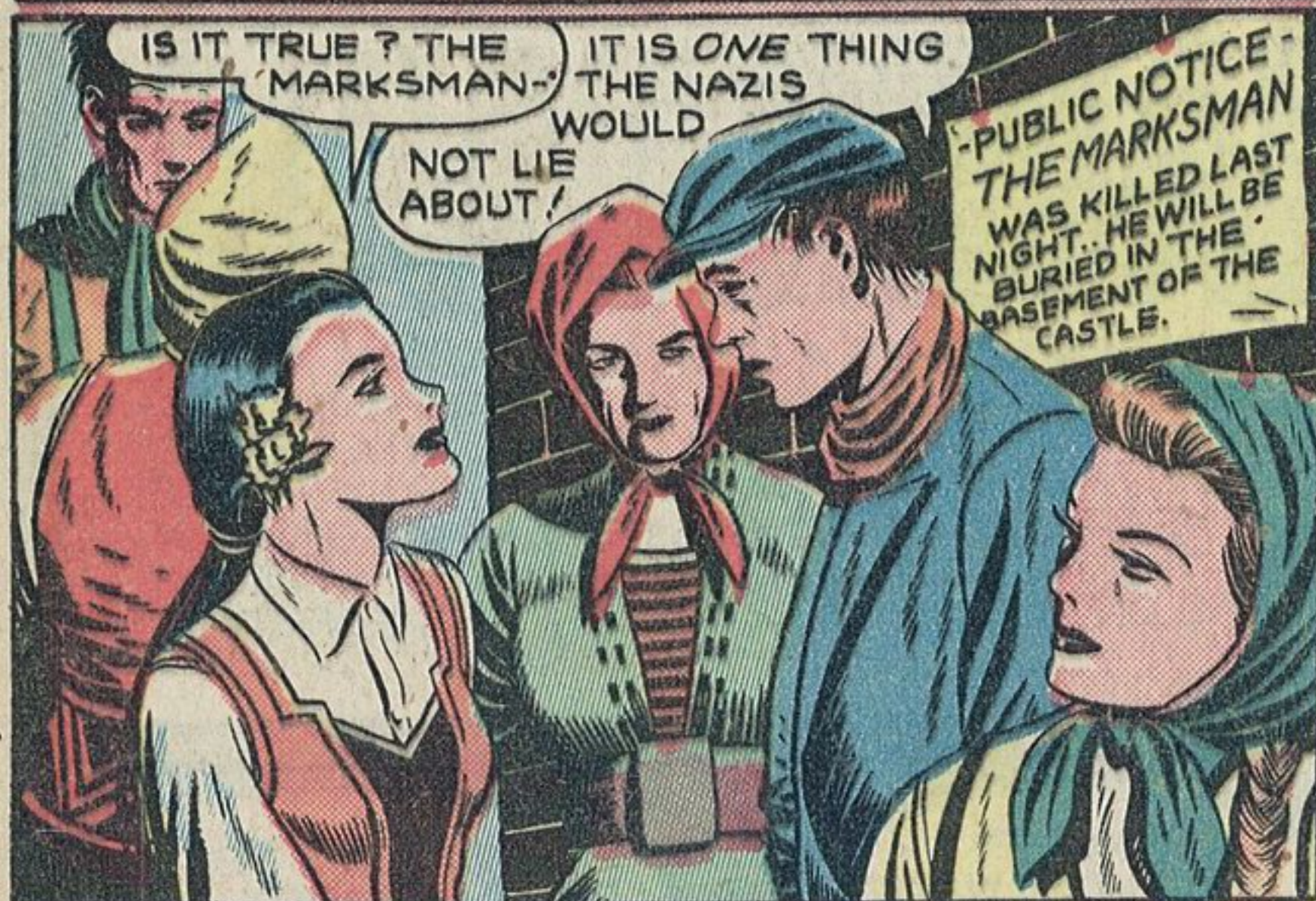
HMM-HOPE THEY DON'T SUSPECT I ALSO PLAY THE PART OF GERMAN MAJOR HURTZ!

NOW I'VE GOT YOU, MARKSMAN!

HERE LIES
THE MARKSMAN
HERO OF CONQUERED
POLAND



IN A POLISH MARKET PLACE, THE NAZIS TACK UP A NOTICE OF THE MARKSMAN'S DEATH...



OLD VORKA, THE MARKSMAN'S LOYAL SERVANT, IS THE LAST TO DEPART.



THE NEXT NIGHT FINDS THE NAZIS IN CELEBRATION..



WELL...WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE MARKSMAN?

NOTHING / THESE STUPID POLES WON'T TALK. HE'S STILL A MYSTERY...EVEN TO ME! HA! AND I CALLED MYSELF THE BEST SPY IN GERMANY!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM BEFORE MAJOR HURTZ RETURNS. OTHERWISE I'LL BE REPLACED. ER...WE CAN DO MUCH IN THIS LAND, IF I TAKE HURTZ'S PLACE!

WHAT ABOUT THE DEATH NOTICE OF THE MARKSMAN? THAT SHOULD BRING HIM OUT!

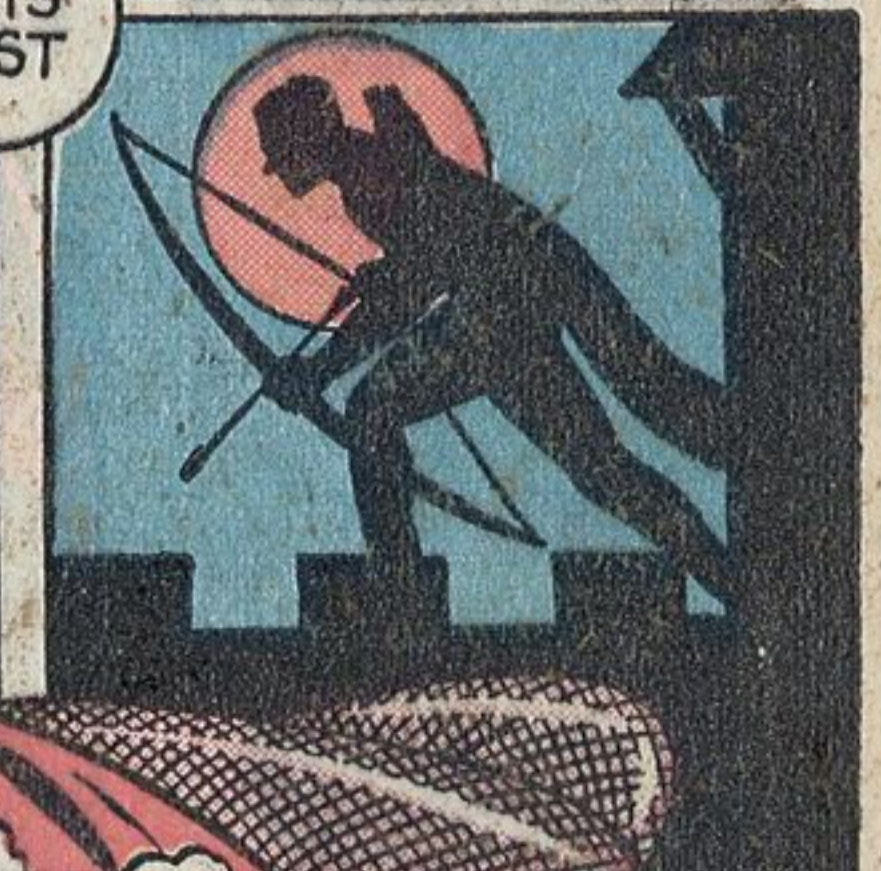
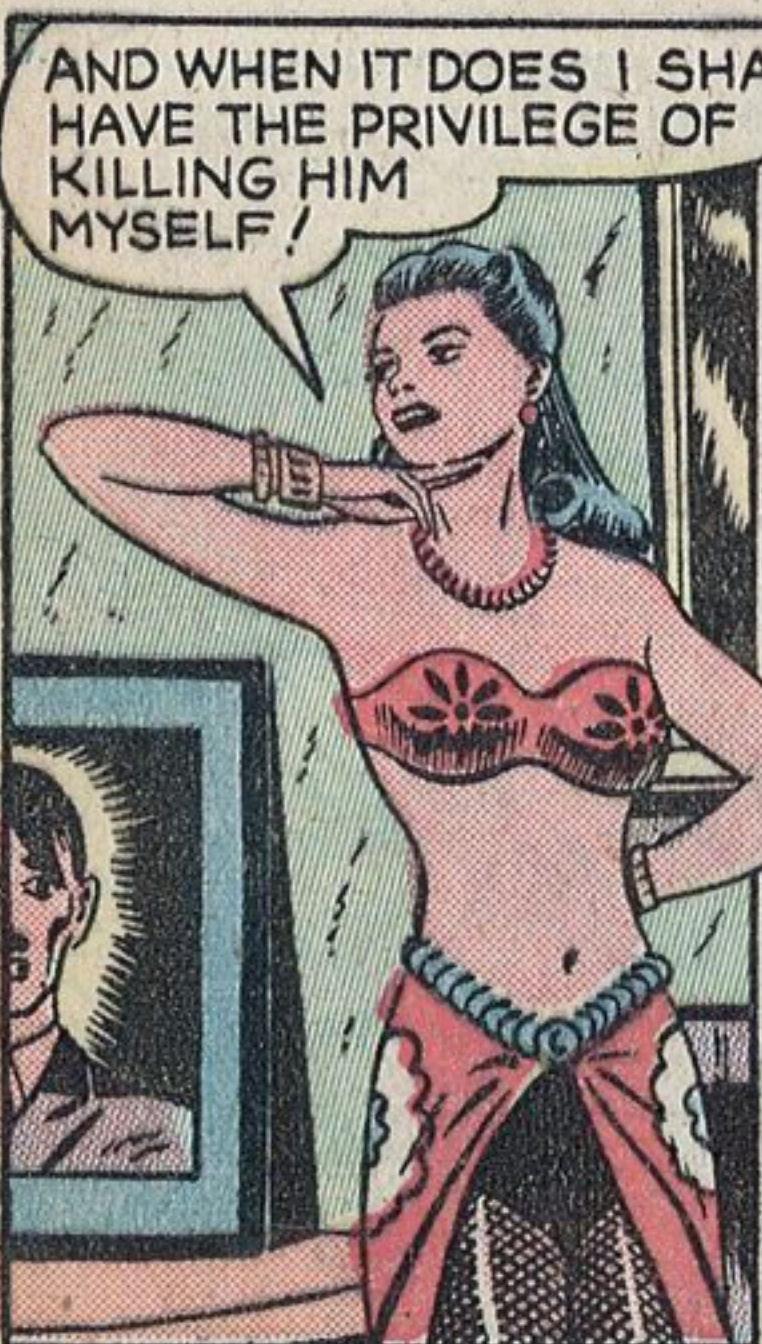


AND WHEN IT DOES I SHALL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF KILLING HIM MYSELF!

YOU SHALL REIGN WITH ME MY SWEET. YOU AND I SHALL RULE POLAND TOGETHER.

NO WORDS FOR THAT NOW, MAJOR GRUMMEL. IF THE MARKSMAN IS TO APPEAR AT THE CASTLE FOR HIS FUNERAL..IT IS ALMOST TIME. LET US LEAVE!

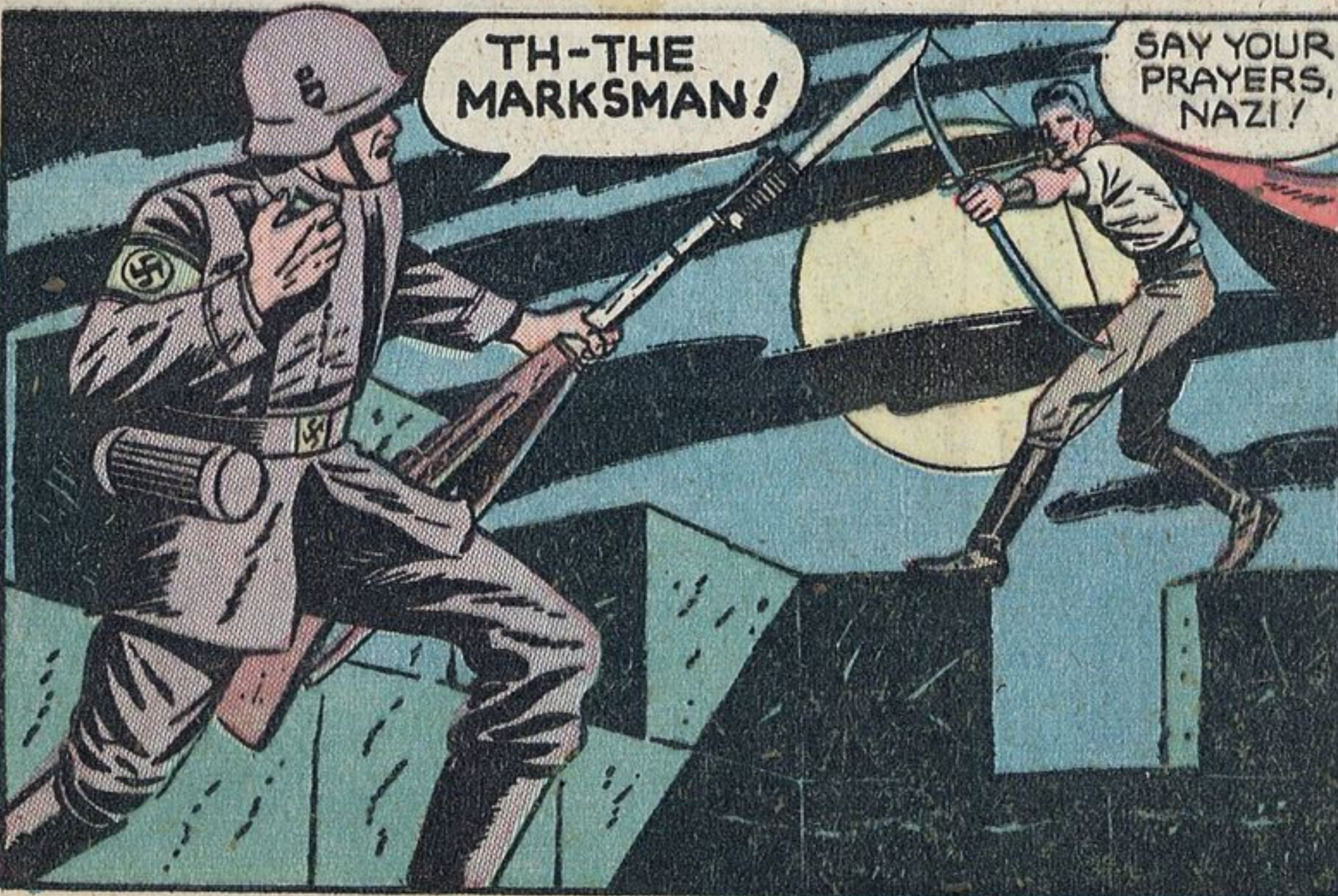
NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE ANCIENT CASTLE AND ALL IS QUIET. THEN WITH THE EASE OF A PANTHER A SHADOWY FIGURE CLAMBERS TO THE ROOF...



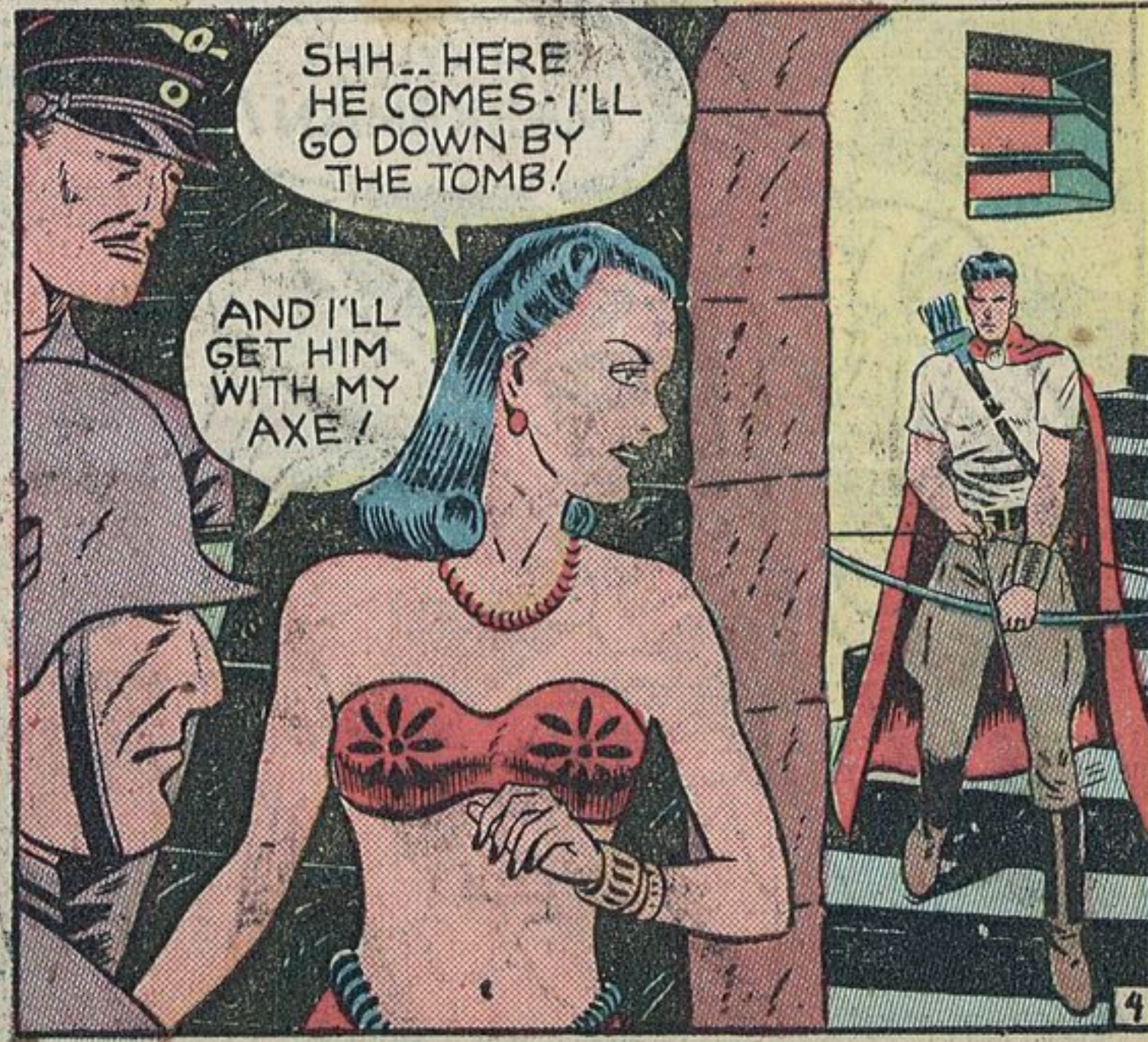
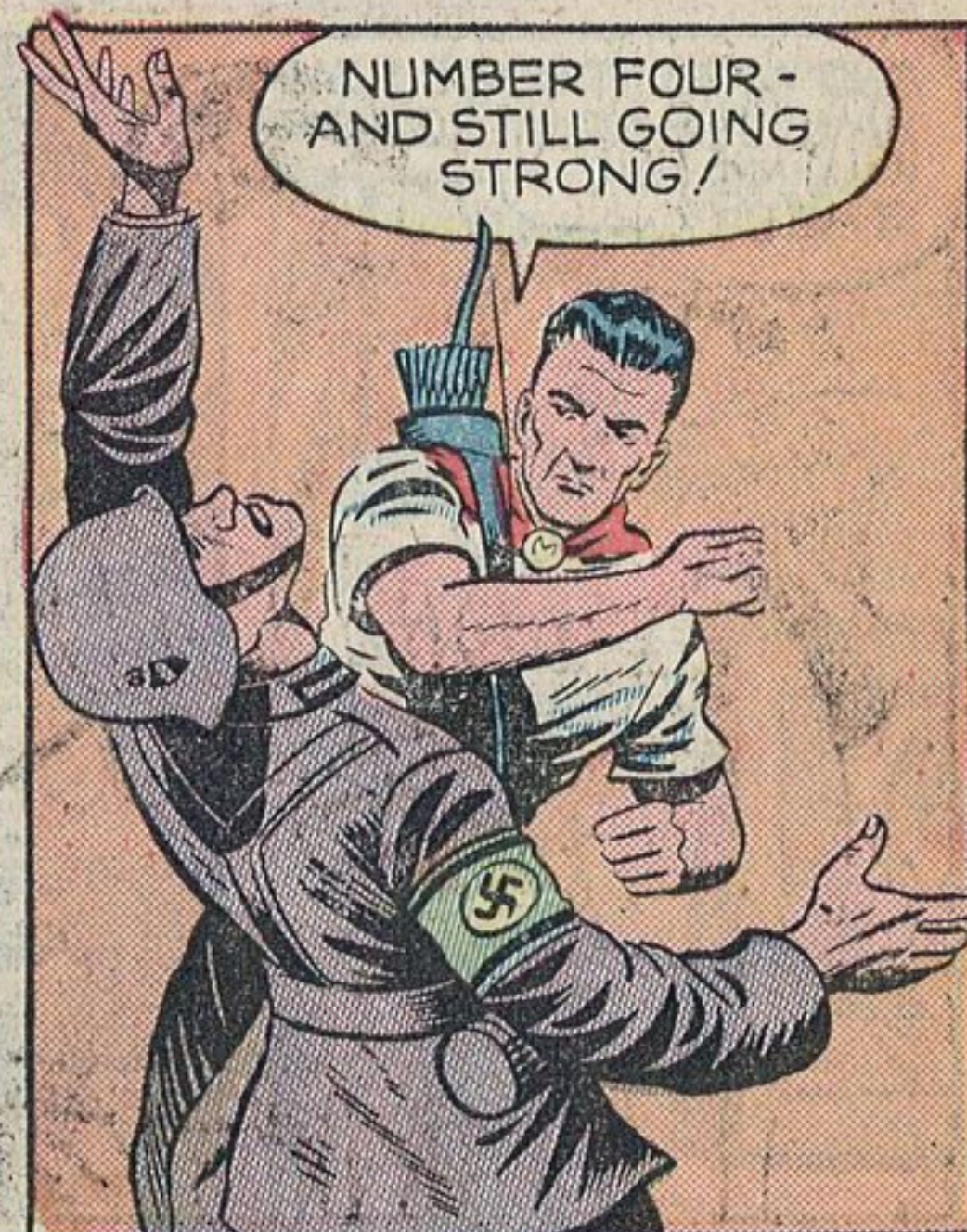
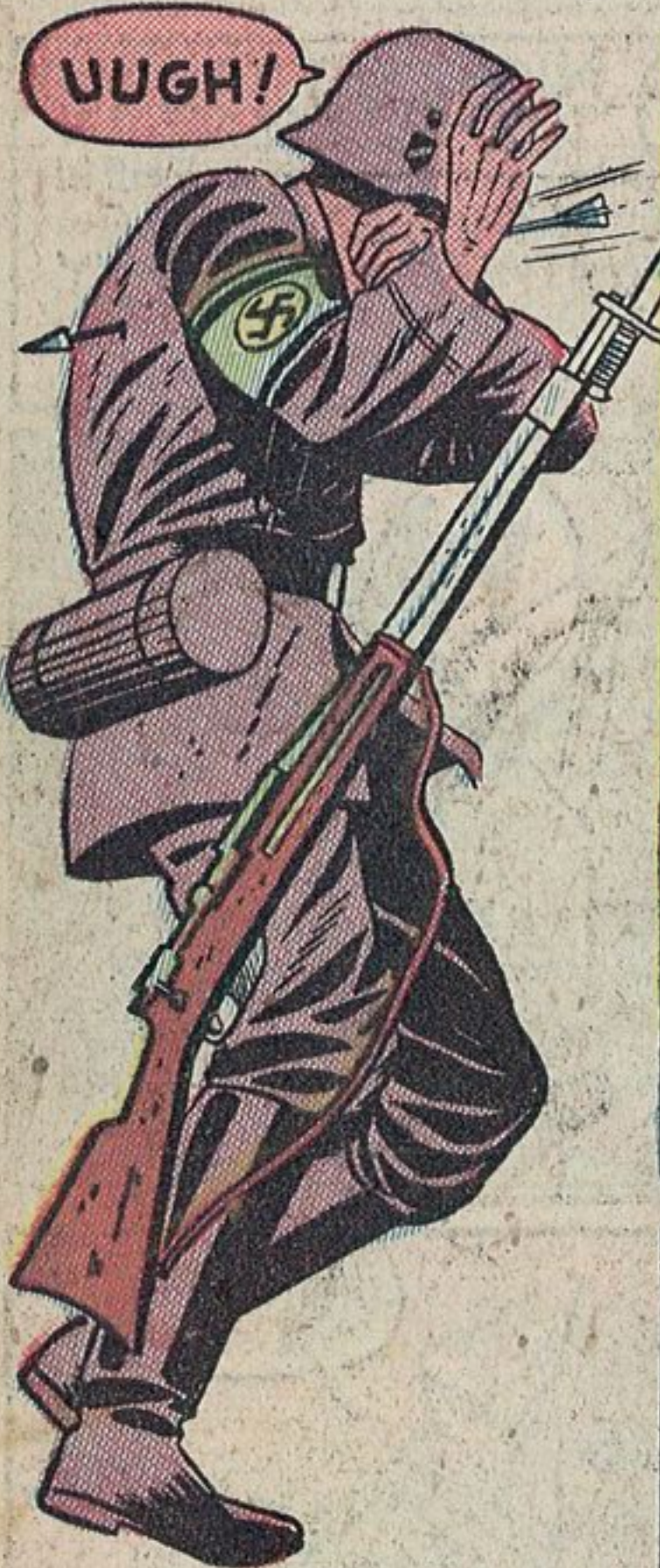
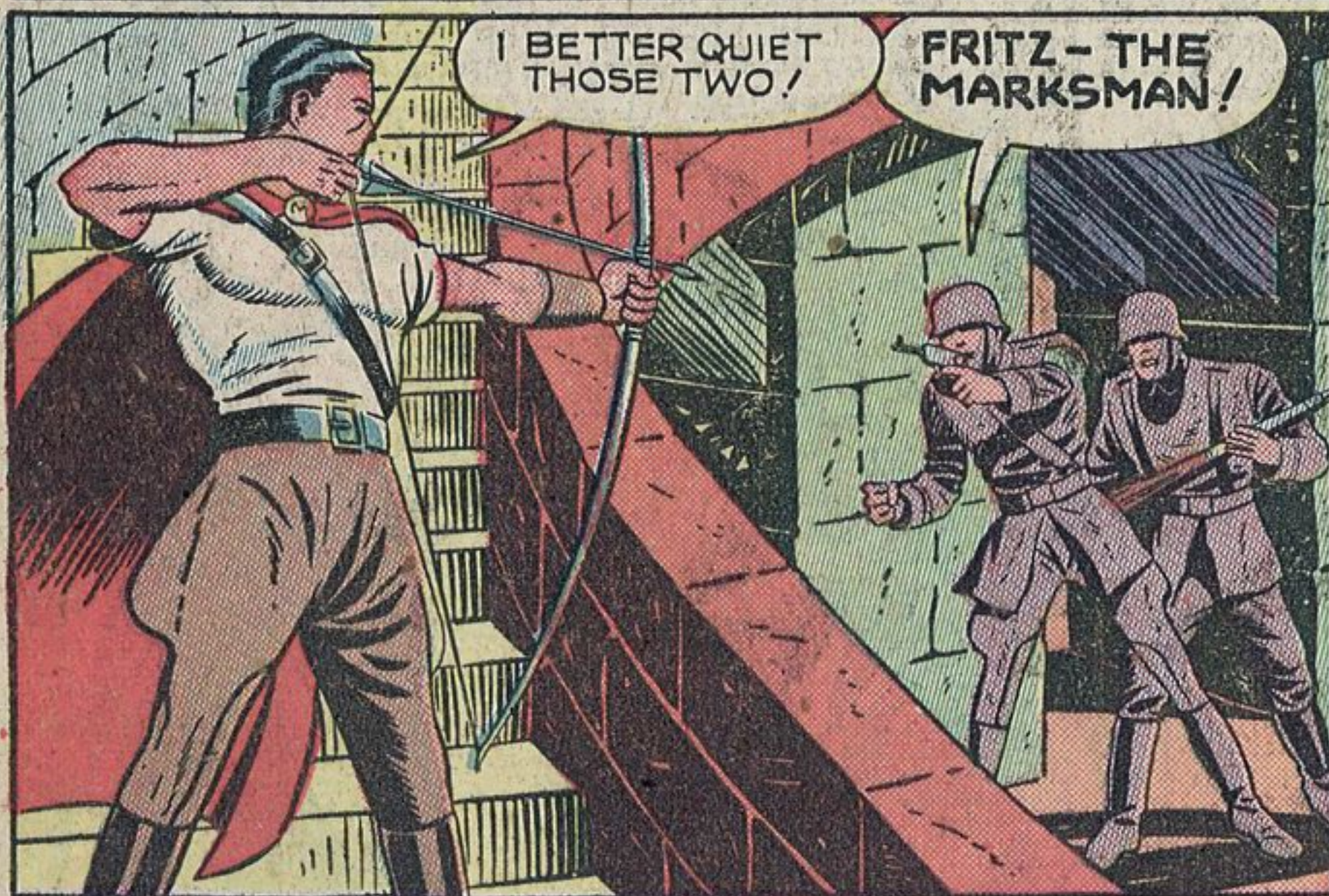
TH-THE MARKSMAN!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, NAZI!

AAGH!



INSIDE THE CASTLE, THE MARKSMAN ENCOUNTERS MORE SOLDIERS.





WHO COMES TO GRIEVE
AT THE GRAVE OF
THE MARKSMAN?



THE MARKSMAN!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU
WERE... WERE DEAD -
THE NAZIS SAID SO!



THE NAZIS LIED..
YOU MUST GET
OUT BEFORE
THEY COME !

IN HIS
EAGERNESS
TO KILL
THE MARKS-
MAN, THE
NAZI
AXE-MAN
SCRAPES
SOME
GRAVEL
ALONG
THE STONE
BASEMENT.



..THE NOISE WARNS THE
MARKSMAN JUST IN TIME.



THAT WAS
A CLOSE
SHAVE !



TURN AROUND-
WITH YOUR
HANDS UP!



WHAT TH- SO OUR
LITTLE DANCING
GIRL IS A HITLER
SPY!

I WAS SUMMONED FROM BERLIN TO GET THE MARKSMAN. IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES I SHALL WIRE HERR HITLER THAT I GOT MY MAN. IF YOU KNOW ANY PRAYERS... SAY THEM!



THREE SHOTS RING THROUGH THE DARK CHAMBER... AND THE MARKSMAN CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR..



REJOICE!! YOU'LL BE THE BIGGEST NAME IN GERMANY - AND YOU DON'T EVEN SMILE!

SMILE! OH, YES! I FORGOT. YOU SEE HE WAS A BRAVE MAN... AND HANDSOME!

COME MY SWEET! WE HAVE MUCH TO CELEBRATE!

YOU'RE RIGHT MAJOR GRUMMEL. I'M GLAD THAT I GOT HIM!



ARE ALL THE PRETTY SPEECHES FINISHED?!

WHO'S THAT?!

I DON'T KNOW WHO DID IT, LOVELY LADY, BUT YOUR GUN HAD BLANKS IN IT!

BLANKS! IT CAN'T BE! WHO-

SLY MAJOR GRUMMEL WHIPS OUT HIS LUGER...





ROOKIE RANKIN

FRANK T. HALL
 President, New York State
 Bar Association
 1100 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

Figure 1

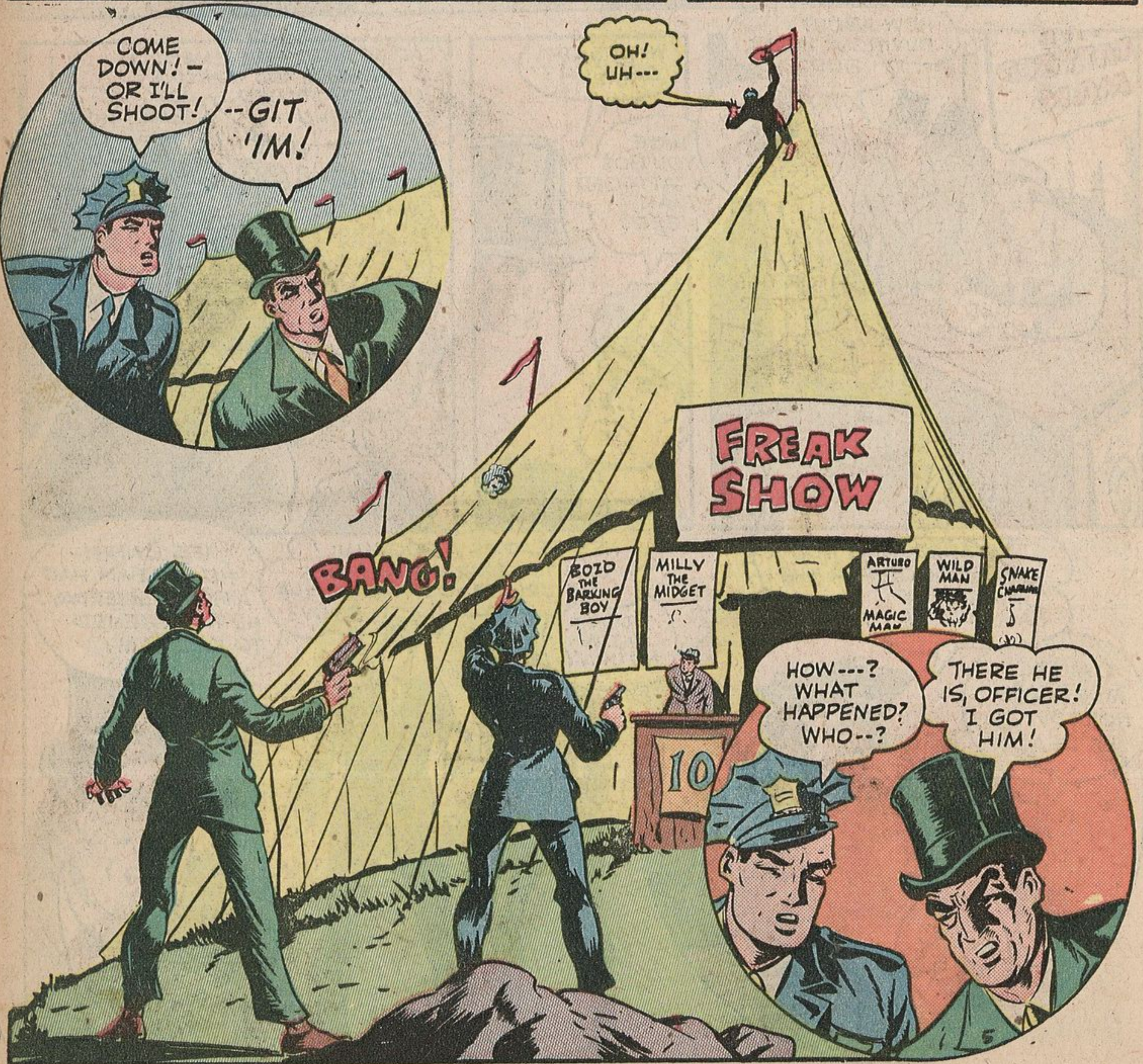
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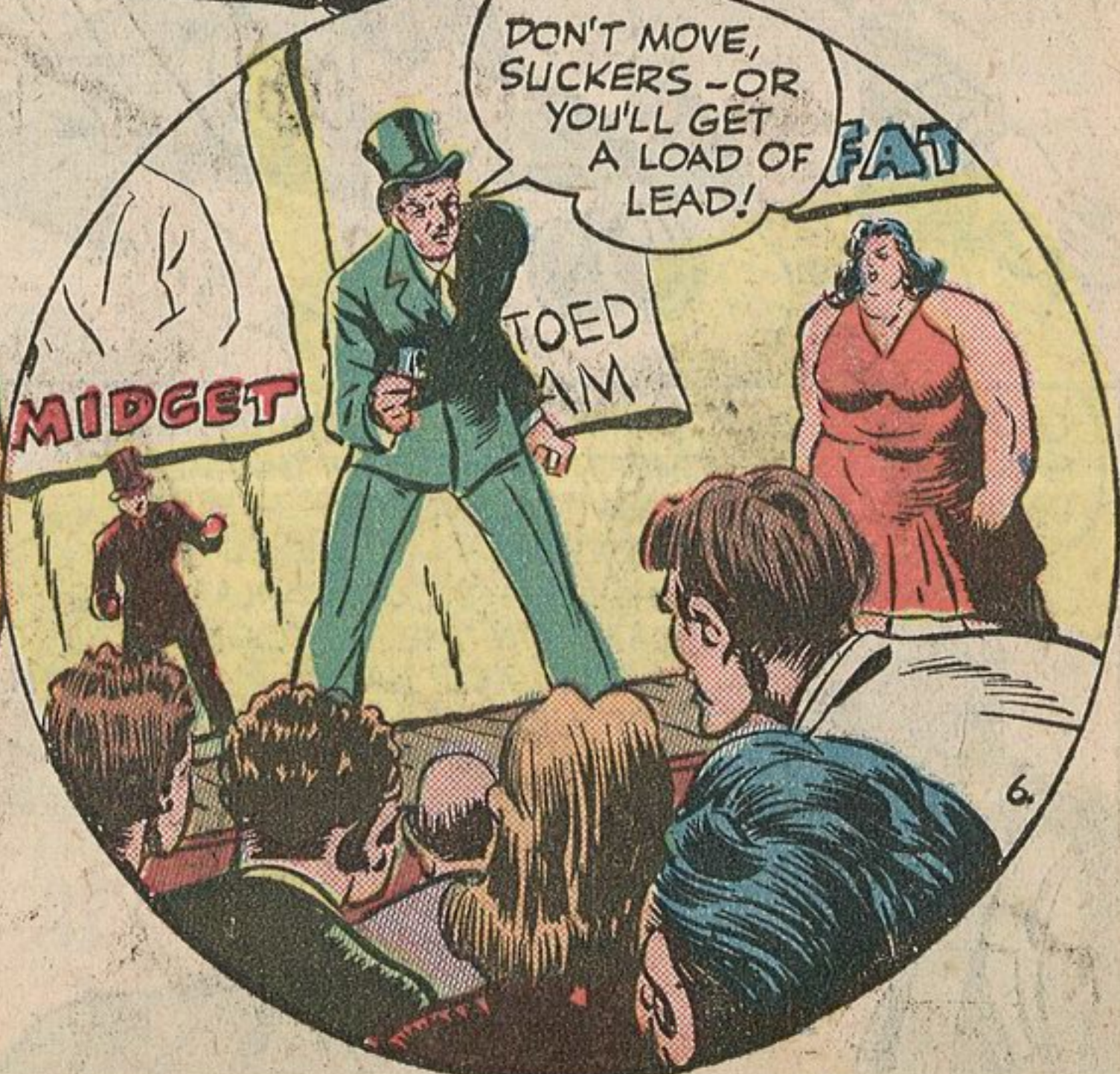
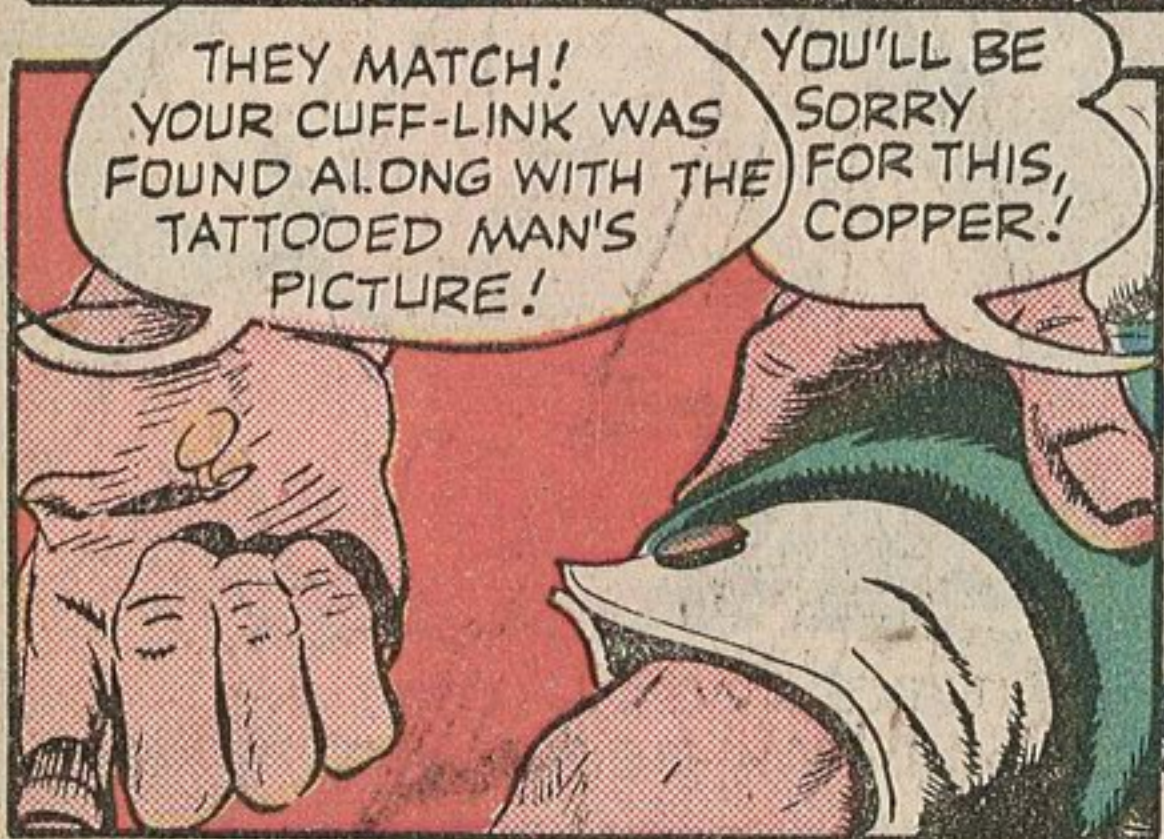
James M. Smith, 38, 1111 N. 1st St., and his wife, Mary, 38, 1111 N. 1st St., are the owners of the property. The property is located in the city of St. Louis, Missouri. The property is a single-family home with a lot area of 10,000 square feet. The property is currently vacant. The property is being offered for sale at a price of \$100,000. The property is being offered for sale by the owner, James M. Smith. The property is being offered for sale by the owner, James M. Smith.













YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, COPPER! STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

WATCH OUT, PEOPLE!



COME ON, GANG! I'VE GOT HIM!



I'LL TAKE THIS! YOU'RE TOO CARELESS WITH FIRE-ARMS!



TAKE -- HER ... OFF! I - I'M BEING CRUSHED!



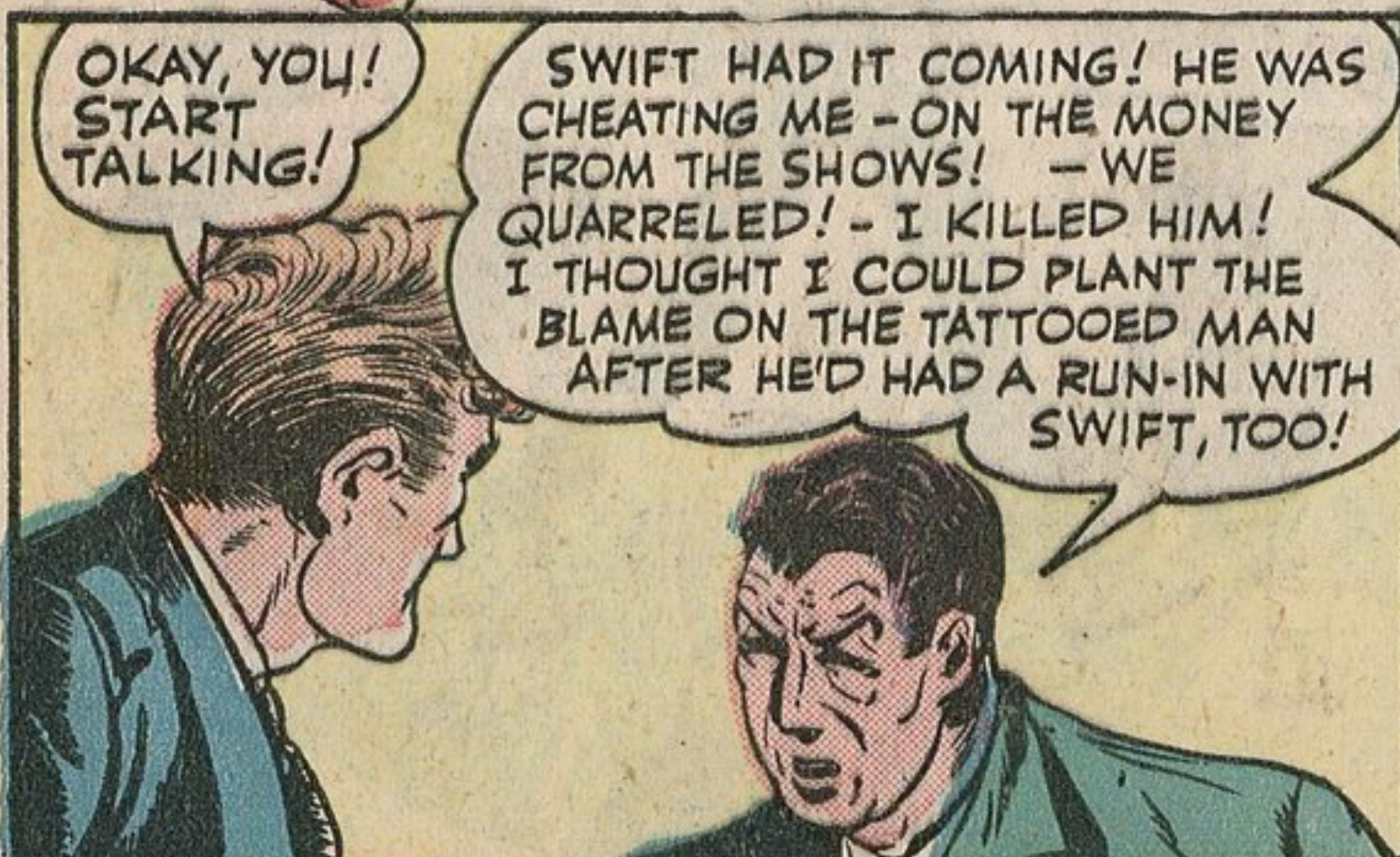
HOW'S THIS?

PUFF!



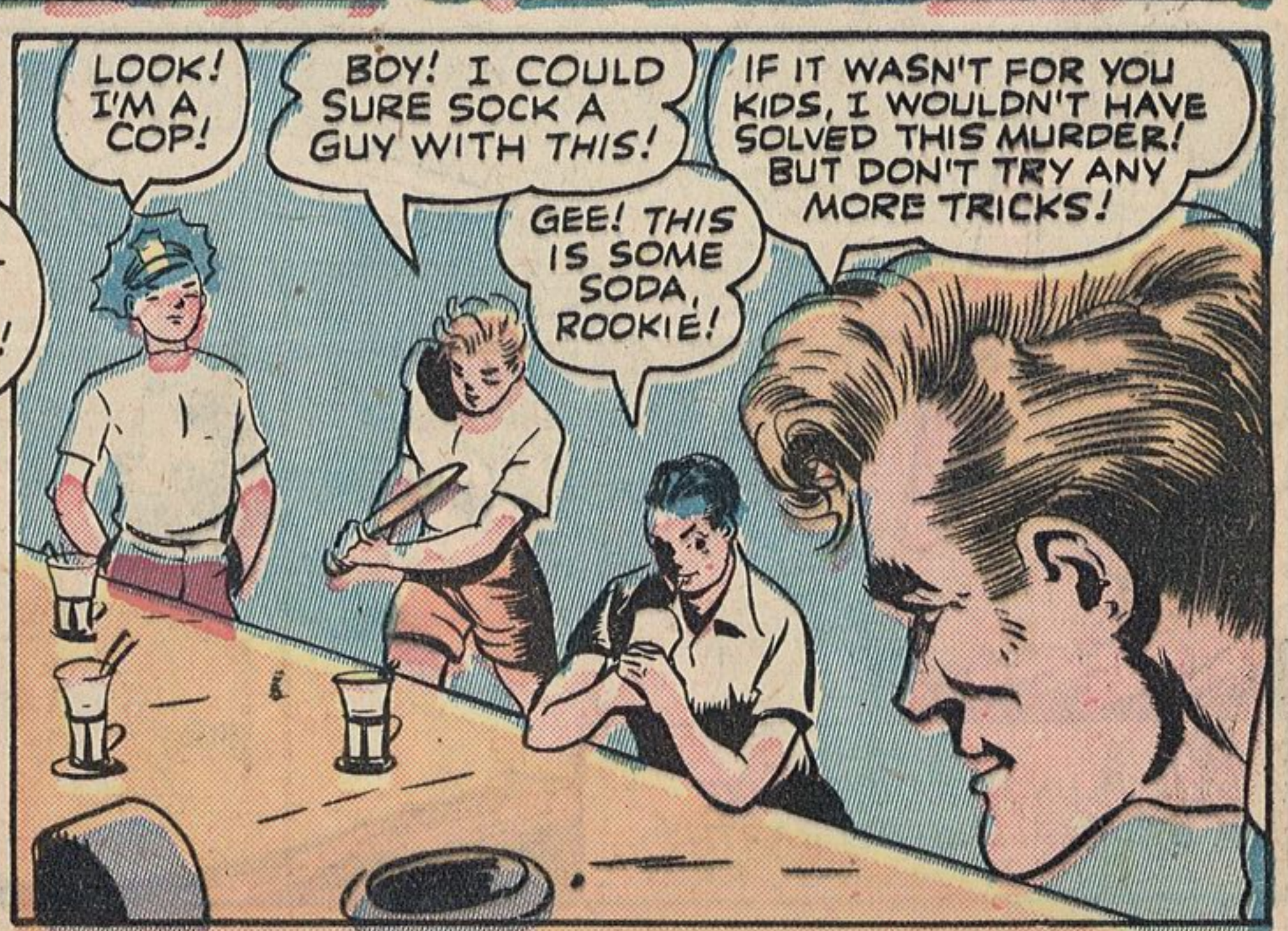
WE GOT A RIOT CALL! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

IT'S OKAY, CHIEF! THIS MURDERER LOST HIS CUFF-LINKS -- AND I'M GIVING HIM A NEW SET!



OKAY, YOU! START TALKING!

SWIFT HAD IT COMING! HE WAS CHEATING ME - ON THE MONEY FROM THE SHOWS! - WE QUARRELED! - I KILLED HIM! I THOUGHT I COULD PLANT THE BLAME ON THE TATTOOED MAN AFTER HE'D HAD A RUN-IN WITH SWIFT, TOO!



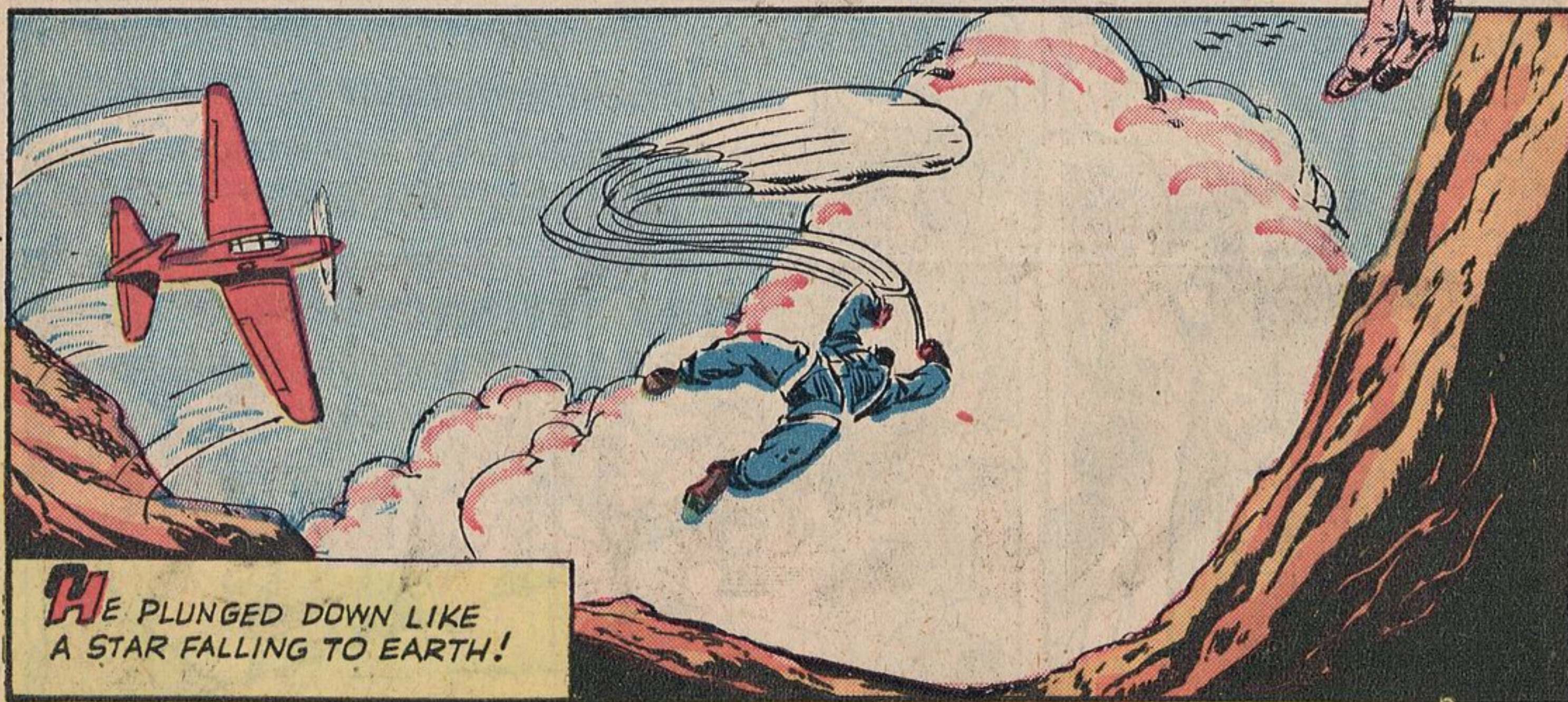
YANKEE EAGLE

BY
AL
GABRIEL

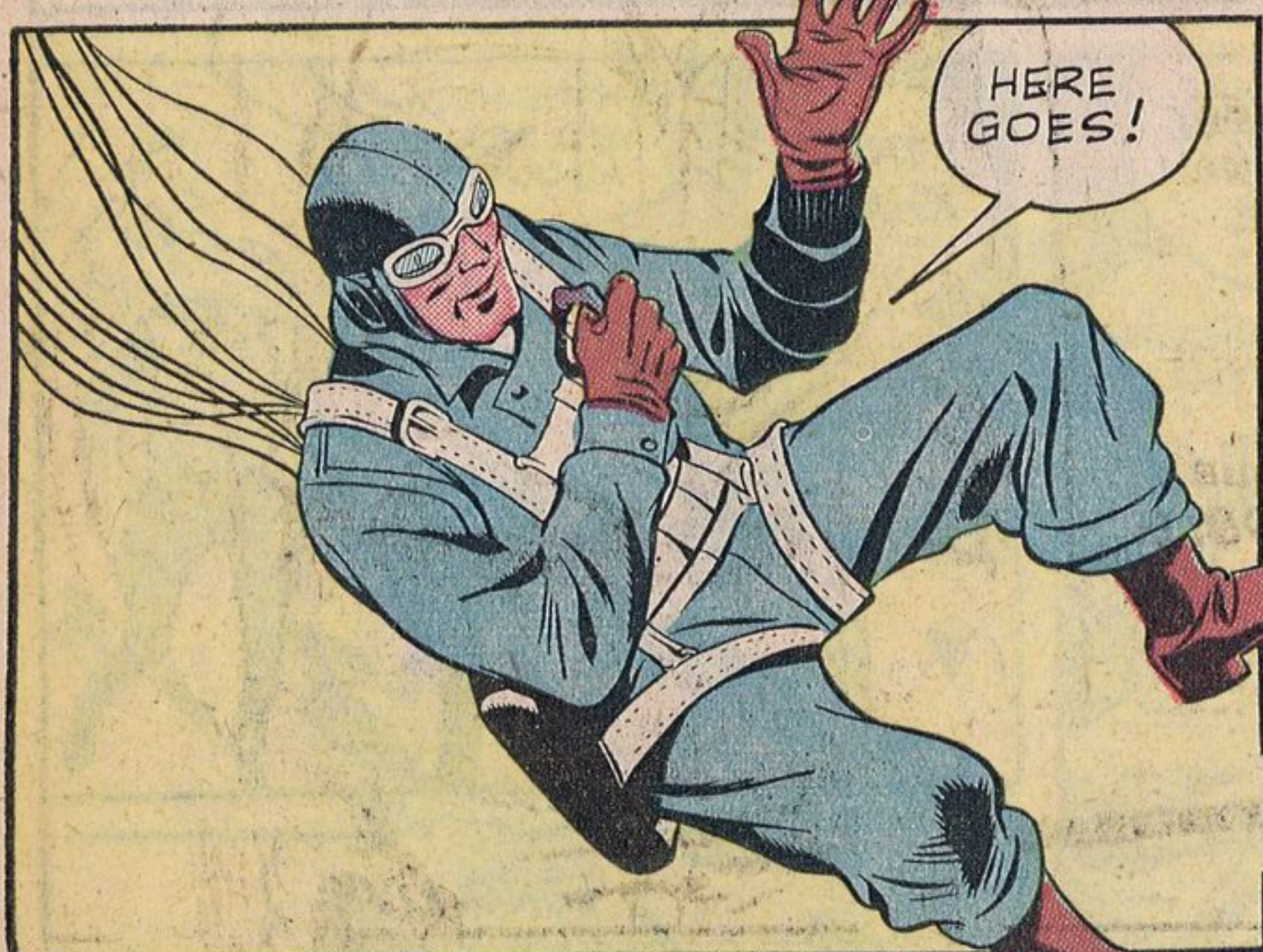
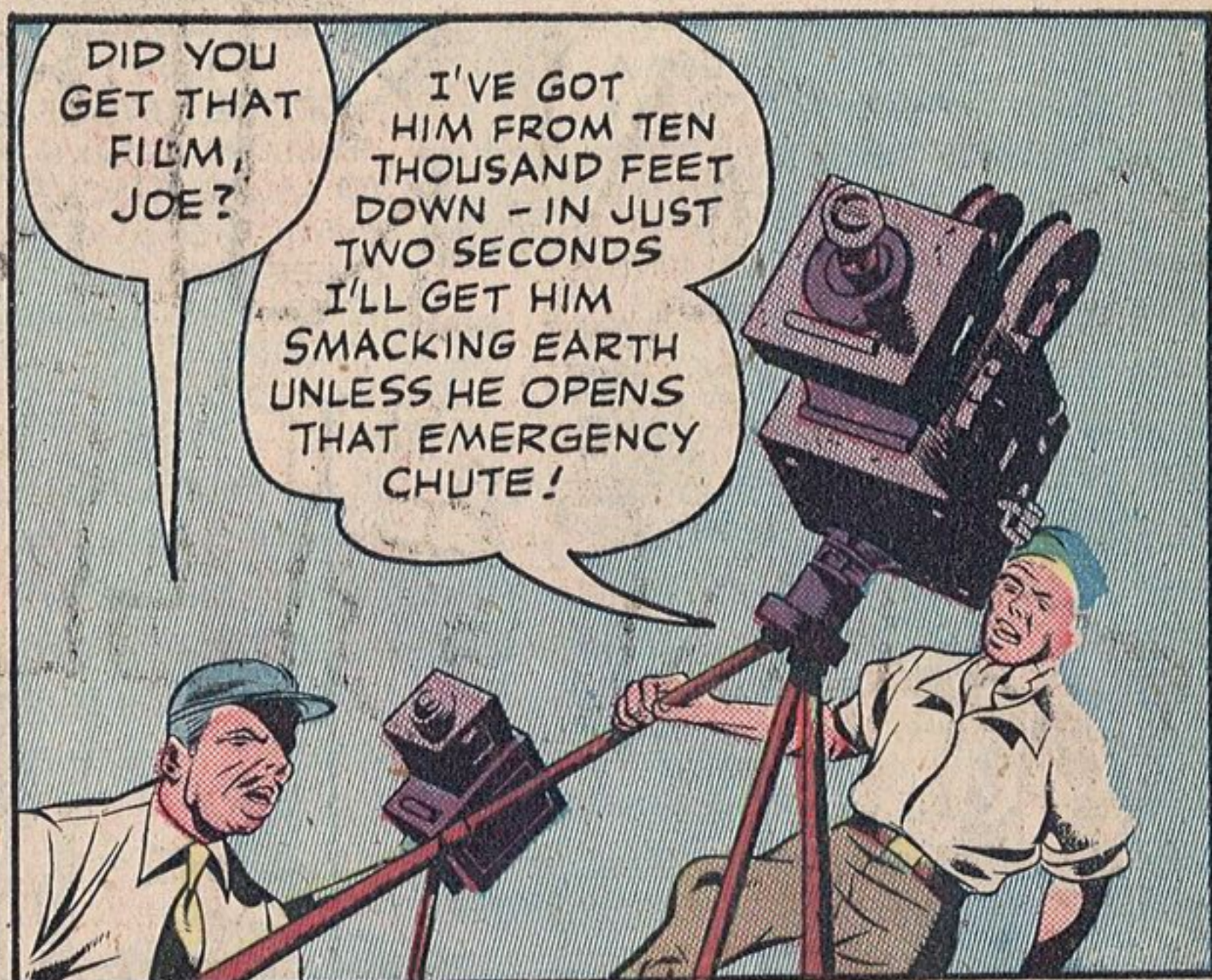
"**I**N XANADU DID KUBLA KHAN
A STately PLEASURE DOME DECREE;
WHERE ALPH, THE SACRED RIVER, RAN
THROUGH CAVERNS MEASURELESS TO MAN,
DOWN TO A SUNLESS SEA."

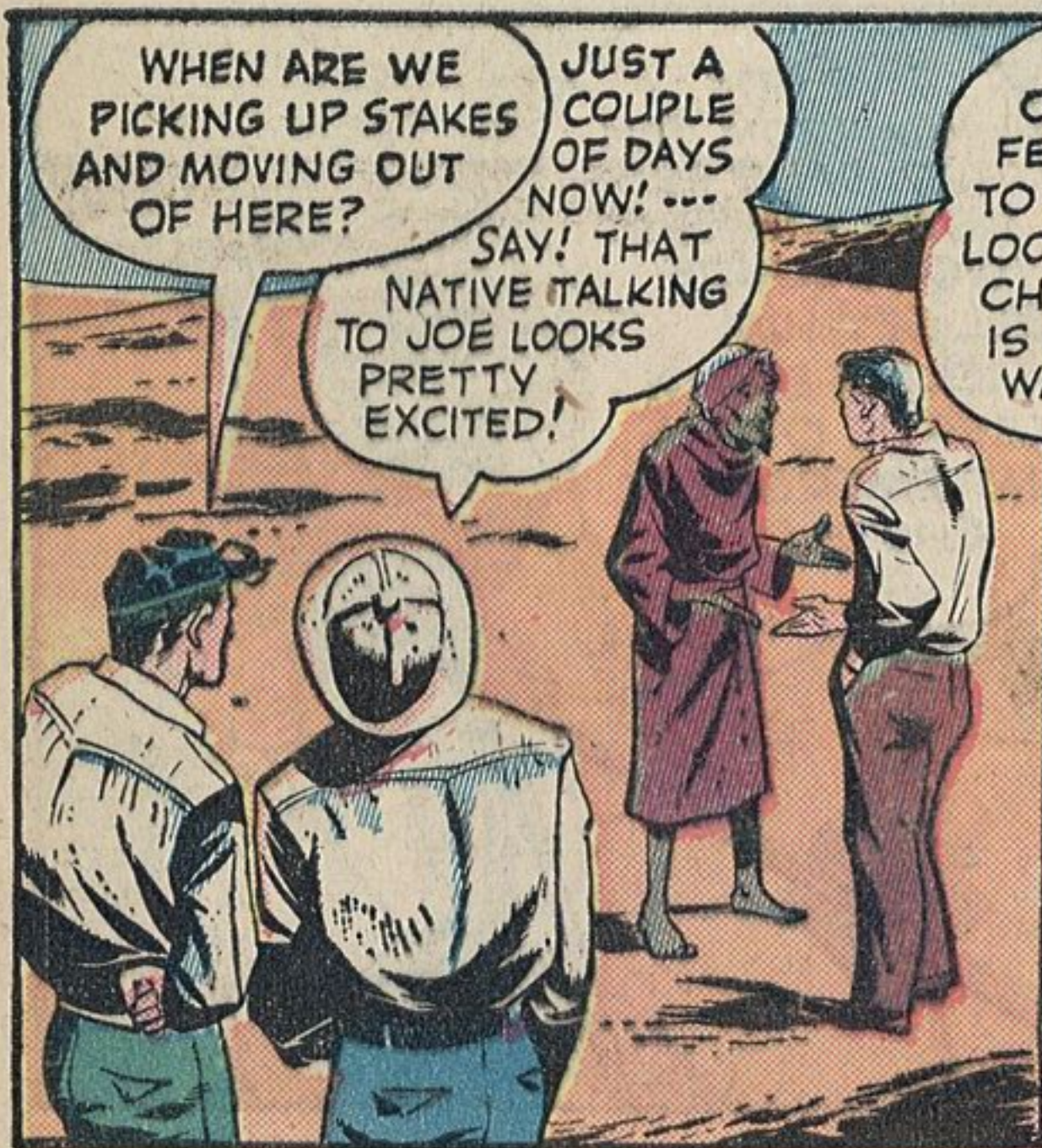
SO WROTE SAMUEL COLERIDGE OF THE
MYSTIC LANDS OF THE EAST!...

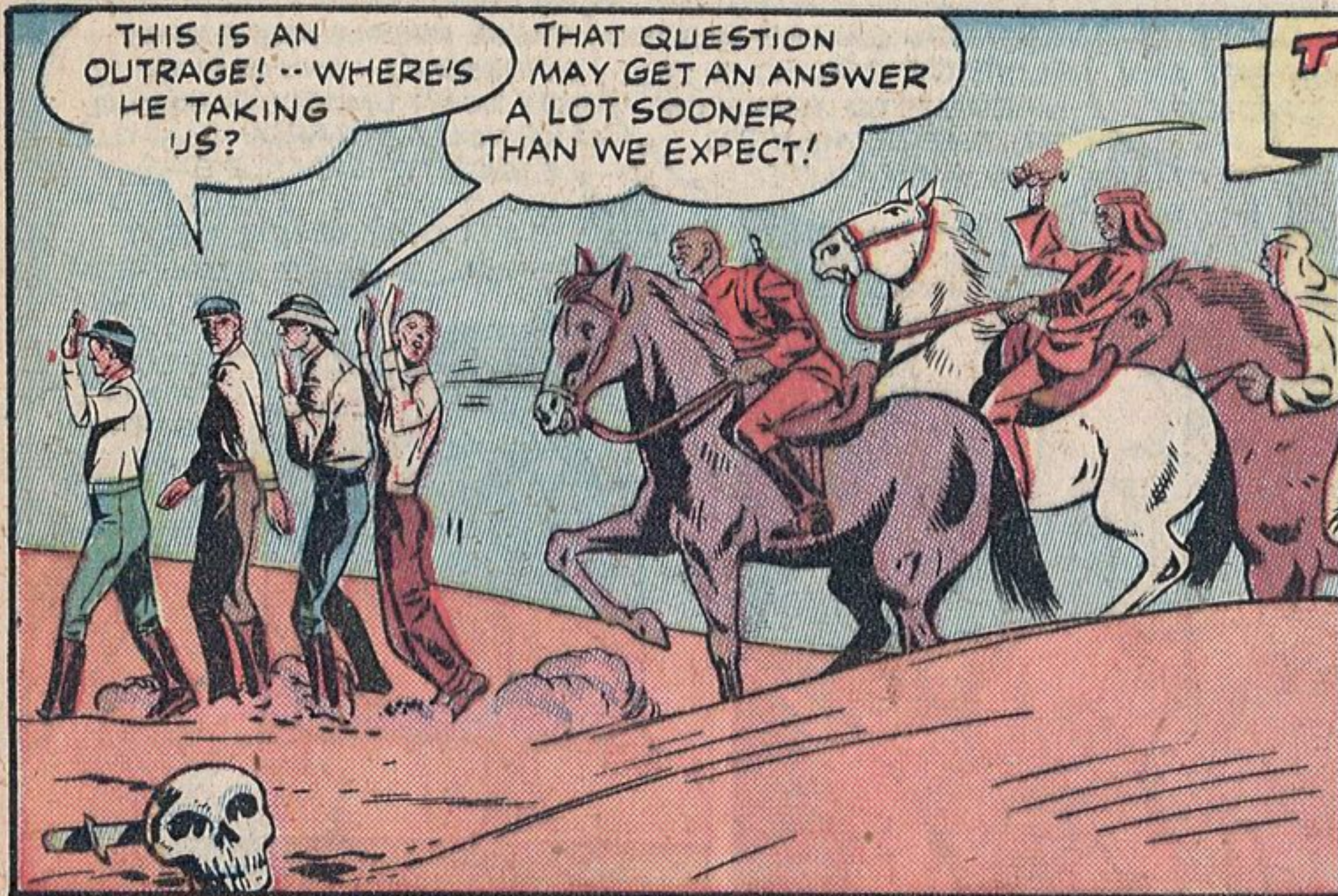
TO THIS FAR HALINT OF INTRIGUE
AND MYSTERY GOES **LARRY NOBLE**
TO FIND A CARAVAN-FULL OF
TROUBLE!



HE PLUNGED DOWN LIKE
A STAR FALLING TO EARTH!



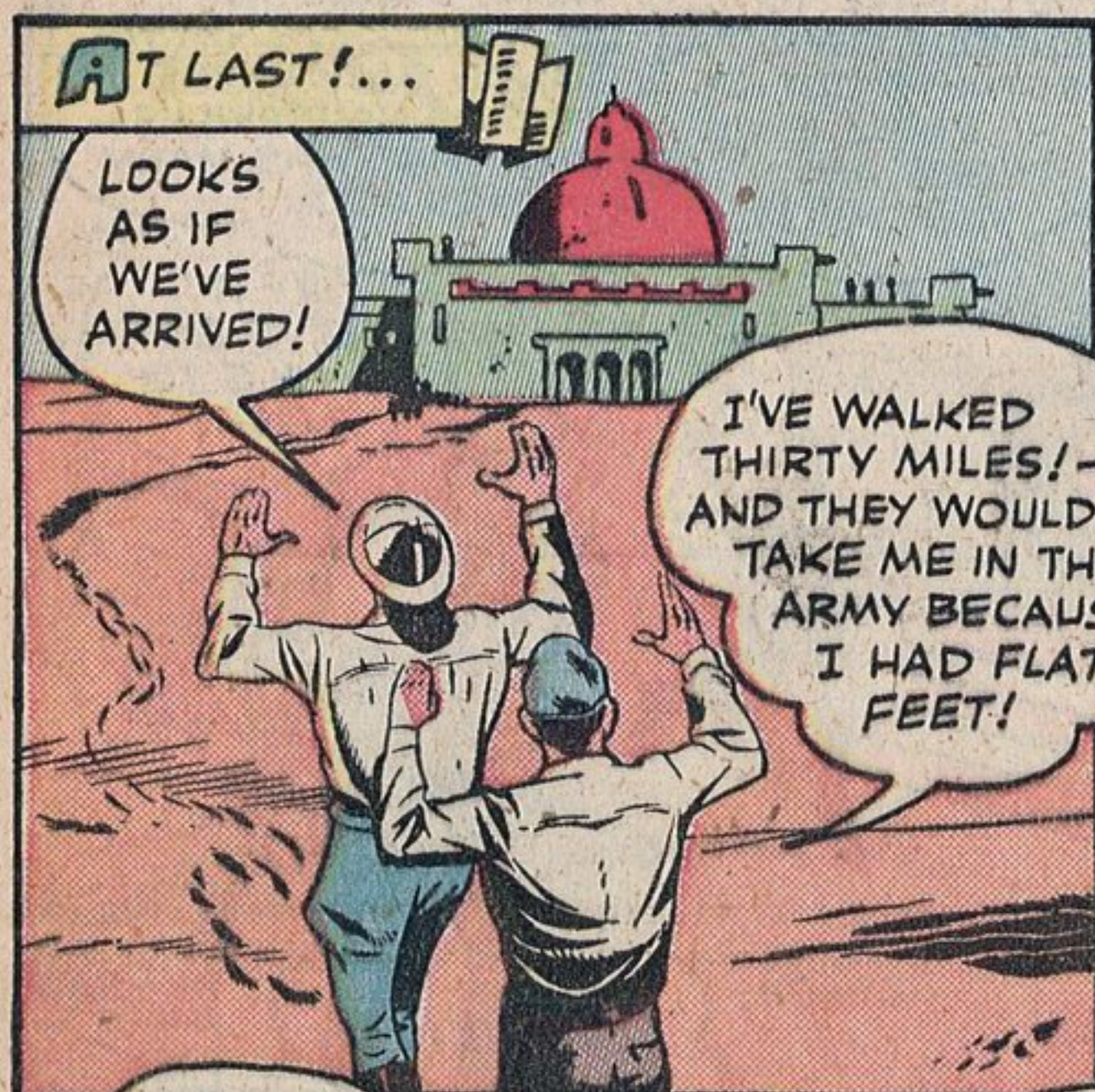




THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! -- WHERE'S HE TAKING US?

THAT QUESTION MAY GET AN ANSWER A LOT SOONER THAN WE EXPECT!

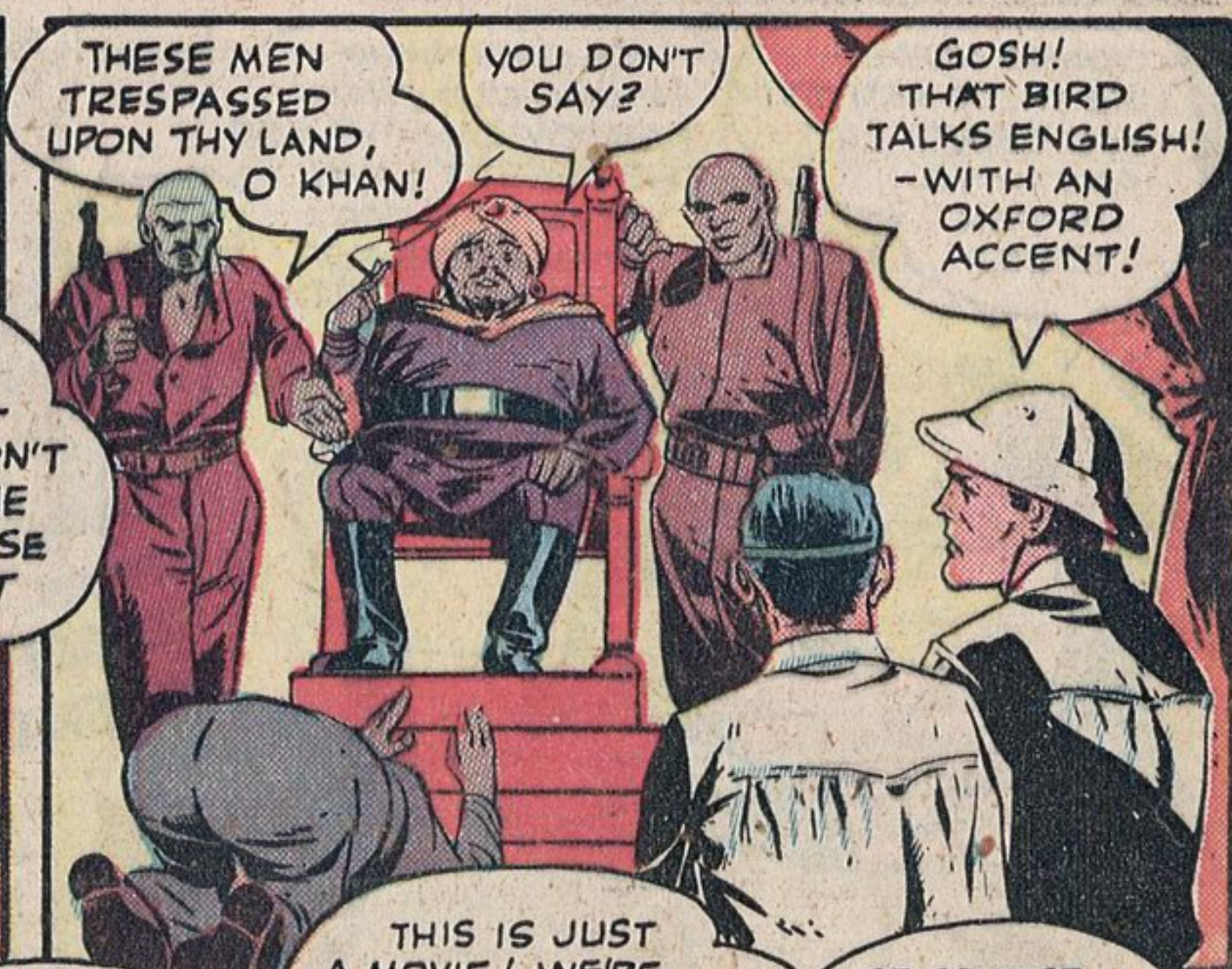
THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT THE STRANGE PROCESSION WINDS ITS WAY...



AT LAST!...

LOOKS AS IF WE'VE ARRIVED!

I'VE WALKED THIRTY MILES! -- AND THEY WOULDN'T TAKE ME IN THE ARMY BECAUSE I HAD FLAT FEET!



THESE MEN TRESPASSED UPON THY LAND, O KHAN!

YOU DON'T SAY?

GOSH! THAT BIRD TALKS ENGLISH! -- WITH AN OXFORD ACCENT!



BEGONE! I SHALL SPEAK TO THESE INFIDELS ALONE!

O KHAN! THY WISH IS LAW!

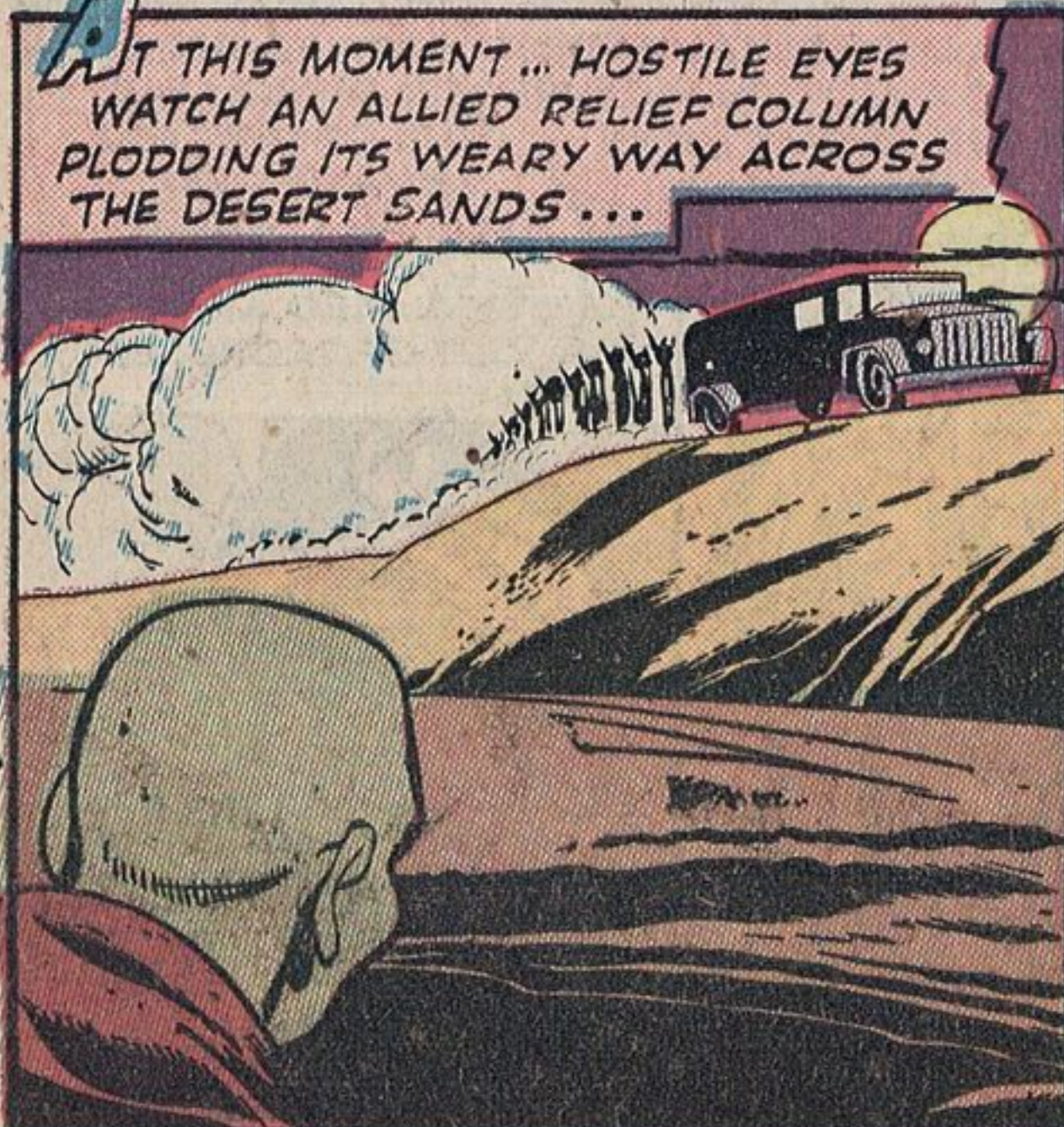
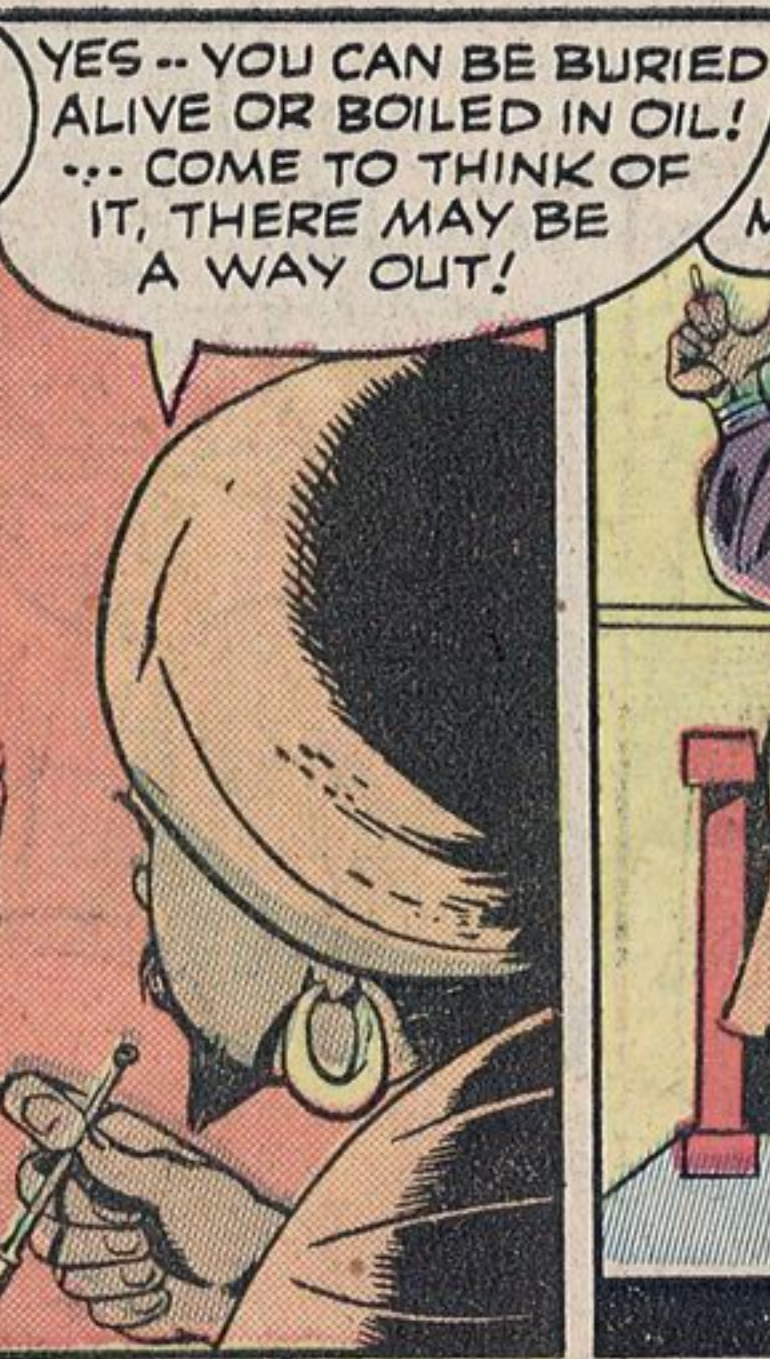


THEY'VE GONE -- I CAN SPEAK FREELY! -- AND I DON'T MIND SAYING YOU'VE GOT ME INTO ONE HECK OF A MESS!

THIS IS JUST A MOVIE! WE'RE FILMING BACKGROUNDS AND INCIDENTAL ACTION FOR A MOTION PICTURE! WE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!

OF COURSE NOT, BUT THESE NATIVES INSIST ON PATROLLING THE DESERT FOR ME! AND I LET THEM DO IT -- JUST TO KEEP THEM OCCUPIED AND OUT OF TROUBLE!

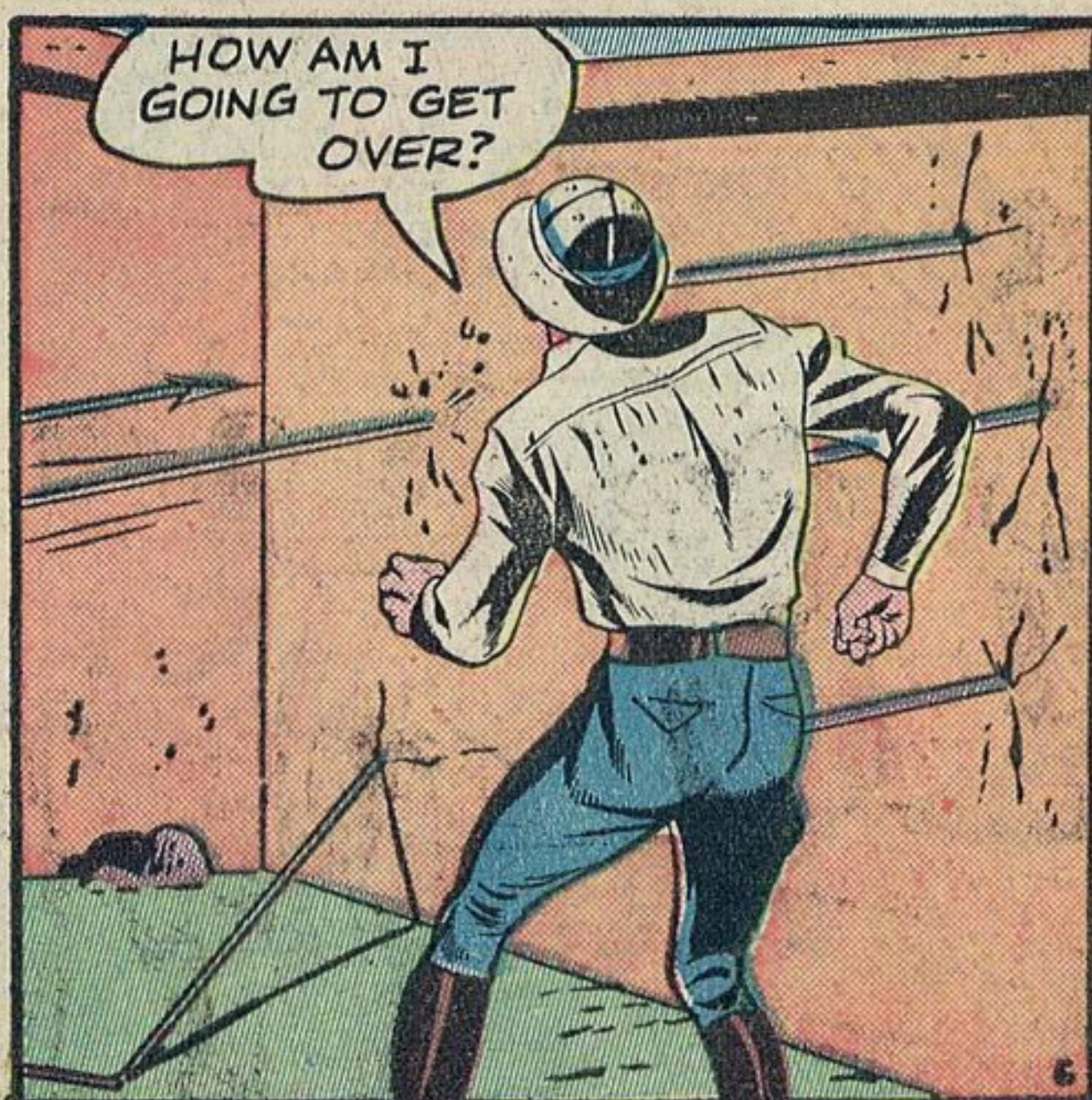


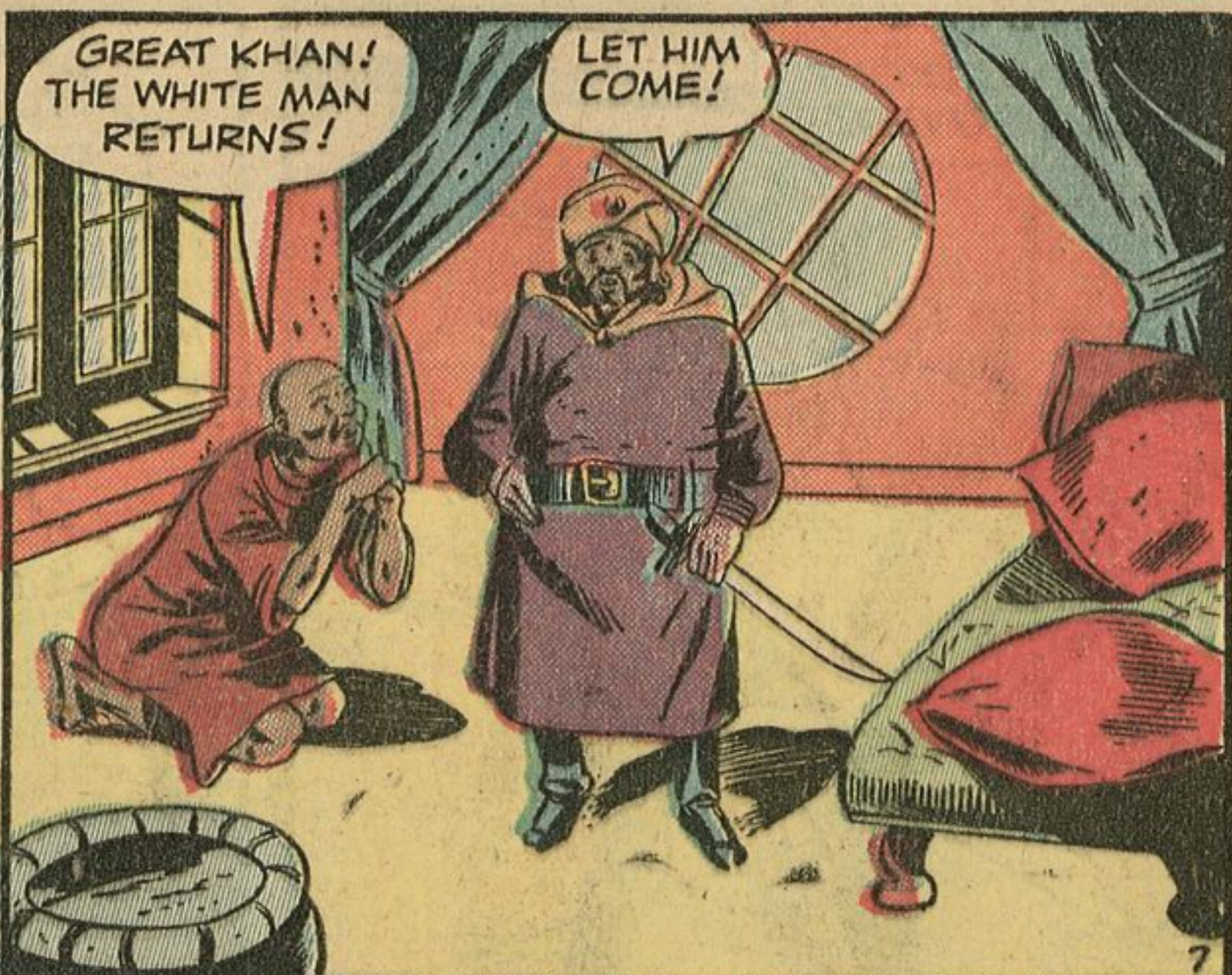


SOON, WORD OF THE EXPEDITION IS BROUGHT TO THE KHAN ...



HMMM!







YOU RETURNED
IN TIME TO WATCH
YOUR FRIENDS'
PERFORMANCE! FOR
YOUR SAKE, I HOPE
IT WILL BE
GOOD!



♪♪
THE BELLS ARE
RINGIN' - THE BOYS
ARE SINGIN' ...

FOR ME AN' MY GAL! ...



JUST TWO
MINUTES TO NOON!
I HOPE THAT GUNNERY
SERGEANT KNOWS HIS
BUSINESS!

THE PERFORMANCE
ISN'T MAKING A
HIT! CAN YOU
THINK UP
SOMETHING
BETTER?

I'M
READY
KHAN!



TELL THE NATIVES
TO STAND BACK FROM
THE CENTER OF THE
COURTYARD! I SHALL
PERFORM A MIRACLE! IN
JUST A MOMENT I SHALL
CAUSE THE EARTH TO RISE
UP OUT OF THIS SPACE! ...

A NOISE LIKE THUNDER ACCOMPANIES
LARRY NOBLE'S WORDS - AND THEN
THE MIRACLE COMES TO PASS!

LET IT
BE SO ...!



HE IS THE
SON OF ALLAH!

THEY'RE CONVINCED! YOU
CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU ASK!

ALL I WANT IS A SAFE
PASSAGE FOR MYSELF AND
THOSE ENGLISH SOLDIERS--
I HOPE THAT IS NOT
ASKING TOO
MUCH - FOR
THE SON
OF
ALLAH!

YOU'RE FREE!
-BUT HOW DID YOU
EVER MANAGE
YOUR
TRICK?

EASY! -
THAT ALLIED
RELIEF COLUMN,
JUST AN EVEN MILE
FROM HERE HAS A SPLIT-
SECOND-ACCURATE MORTAR
THAT CAN FIRE THAT FAR!
-IT WAS JUST A
MATTER OF GOOD
TIMING AND BULL'S-EYE
SHOOTING!

YANKEE EAGLE
WILL BRING NEW THRILLS
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

MADAGASCAR *interlude*

JIMMY CHRISTIAN sat up with a start. He had heard a scream, distinctly. It had sounded like a scream of mortal agony, or terrible fear. Whether voiced by male or female, he did not know. It had torn him out of a deep sleep.

"Funny place for me to be hearing a scream," he told himself. "Maybe I was just hearing things."

But he doubted that. Too long he had been a jungle adventurer. He slept lightly at best. It was a scream, all right. But who had voiced it? Why?

The Madagascar jungle was silent and dripping with moisture. The heat was like a flame, even this late at night. Jimmy glanced at his wristwatch: 2:35 in the morning. He had been sleeping a good four hours.

He was dog-tired, from a fifteen miles' march that day, through impenetrable jungle and carrying a heavy pack. He glanced at the other members of the party: Toby Sanders, Agut, the native trailer, Jenkins and Petree. All four were sleeping peacefully, evidently having heard nothing.

Jimmy wondered a bit at this. At least Agut should have heard the scream—if there had been a scream—being a native of the jungle. Natives always had more acute senses of hearing than civilized men. But Agut slept on. . . .

A twig snapped not far off in the bush. Jimmy became instantly alert. Was it marauding beasts on the lookout for a meal? Or some enemy?

"Just in case," said Jimmy to himself, drawing his pistol from the bedroll. He lay back then, listening, every sense keyed to the highest pitch. The Madagascar bush is no place to take chances. And now that the British had invaded the huge island, there were enemies galore lurking everywhere.

Something—something—coughed softly in the darkness. It sounded to Jimmy like a tiger. He reached over and shook Jenkins' shoulder.

"Mmmm-huh!" muttered Jenkins, rolling over and instantly going for his gun.

"Shut up!" warned Jimmy in a whisper. "And listen."

Jenkins listened, yawning silently. "W-what y'hear, lug?" he asked after a moment.

Jimmy told him.

"Silent as a tomb now," commenced the young Britisher. "Maybe you been hearing something that didn't make any noise, eh, Jimmy?"

"Don't be stupid, Vale," said Jimmy a bit hotly. "I wasn't raised just yesterday."

"Oh, sorry, old chap," said Jenkins. "Didn't mean a slap at your woodcraft."

Another twig snapped, closer this time.

"There, what did I tell you!" whispered Jimmy.

Jenkins did a rash thing then. He lifted his pistol and fired into the jungle in the direction of the sound. Instantly there was a terrific crash of brush and a huge body sailed over their heads, to go thrashing into the darkness at the other side of their small camp.

By this time every member of the party was awake and all talking at once. What had happened? Who had fired the shot? And at what?

Jimmy explained.

Jenkins said, "I figure some wild beast was stalking us. But he's on his way now."

"Yeah," said Jimmy. "And have you any idea how many enemies heard that shot, you galoot?"

Agut had come to life. He said, "Better we leave this camp now. Hear shot long ways tonight.

Enemy hear shot, all right. We must move."

There was plenty of dissent from the group. None of them was eager to crawl out of their bedrolls at this hour and make tracks through the dripping bush. But nevertheless in something like five minutes they were on their way, going slowly so as not to make more noise than was necessary.

"This is all your fault, Vale," gritted Jimmy after they had wormed their way through thorny thickets an hour. "Firing that gun—"

"Aw, take it easy, old fellow," grinned the young Englishman. "I'll take the blame. But after all, it relieved our minds to know that it was an animal and not enemies who were stealing up on us, eh?"

Jimmy didn't answer. He was tired and sleepy. He wondered when the enemy would strike at them. It was a cinch that they knew their whereabouts.

They fought through the heavy tangle of brush for another two hours, then came to a small natural clearing where it was decided to pitch tents and make camp.

At four o'clock that evening, two French planes flew over their camp. They were too high up to have observed the location of the camp, unless they used field glasses, and Jimmy wondered if it was just a routine flight or that the planes had been sent to spot them.

"We'll be in a fine jam if they start laying eggs on the camp," he told Jenkins.

Jenkins nodded. "I don't think they intend doing anything like that, Jimmy. I have the idea they'll try to capture us and use us as hostages."

As it turned out, Jenkins was right.

They got going the next day at dawn, moving now with a

little more speed since the jungle had thinned somewhat and they were on higher ground.

Jimmy took notes of the terrain as they marched along. This trek was for the purpose of mapping the best route through the jungle so the British, if they were forced to send task forces into Madagascar to rout the French, could move fast.

Jimmy wanted to reach the coast—and radio facilities—soon as possible in order to relay information about the trail to the British war office. But it was a long ways to the coast from where they were now.

Toby Sanders and Petree were several yards ahead of the others, breaking trail, when it happened. A half hundred natives rose out of the woods, encircled the group. Behind them were several French officers, with rifles raised.

One of the officers said, with a grin, "Ah, monsieurs, this is indeed a pleasure. You will turn over your arms and come with us, Jacques!" he called.

A young second lieutenant stepped forward and systematically relieved them of their weapons.

"What's up?" Vale Jenkins demanded. "We're—"

"You were mapping a fine trail for the British, no?" said the officer. "Well, the British will never hear of it, I can assure you. Now come, Monsieurs!"

They were forced to march straight north. The French officers were courteous, but non-committal. They set a fast pace and about five in the evening arrived at a stockade, field headquarters for a small staff. The natives' huts were nearby, in a clearing.

Under heavy guard, Jimmy and his friends were given a good dinner, then conducted to a stoutly-built cell at one edge of the camp.

"Make yourselves as comfortable as possible, Monsieurs," the French captain told them sardonically. "I can promise little better in the way of quarters—as yet."

here," he stormed. "we are neutrals. You have no proof of anything and I warn you that there will be reprisals if we are harmed in any way!"

"Yes?" said the officer. "We have enough proof to know that you are spies. I believe you all know the fate of spies!" With that he marched off, after securely locking the door of the cell.

"So that's that!" said Jimmy. "They intend to shoot us!"

"The blighters!" Jenkins snapped. "They can't get away with this."

"But they can, if they see fit," Jimmy told him. "However, maybe we can beat them to the punch yet."

Sanders and Petree had been inspecting their cell, finding it a thoroughly impregnable prison, even though constructed of wood.

"We can't crack out of this cubby without a knife in our pocket," said Petree. "They took everything we had. This is as good as steel so far as we are concerned."

Jimmy knew that what Petree had said was true. The cell was a real prison, and without tools of any kind—

Toward midnight, a large force of French military arrived at the camp. And a few minutes later a heavily-decorated General visited them. He talked through the single window:

"You perhaps know your fate," he told them. "It is the only fate possible under the circumstances. You will all be shot at dawn. If there is any messages—" He went on, reciting the ritual. Then left them.

Jimmy got busy then. There was a length of bamboo in the cell. He splintered this and, using a rawhide lace from one of his boots, constructed a fair bow. Other splinters were fashioned into arrows.

"What's that for?" Jenkins kept asking. "Who or what are you expecting to shoot, Jim?"

Jimmy explained. Then he set to work making a fire-drill, such as Boy Scouts fashion. After a full hour of hard labor, he had the drill spinning between his hands and a moment later started a little flame in a cupped bit of wood. By careful fanning, they got a fire started.

"The magazine, I noticed, is about a hundred yards from this cell," he said. "We'll leave that for last. Keep the fire going against those wood bars over the window, Toby."

After about an hour they had burned the bars through and crawled outside. Jimmy fitted an arrow into his makeshift bow, set fire to the arrow's end, and fired it pointblank at the magazine shed. They ran for the edge of the jungle. As they entered the trees, there was a terrific explosion which threw them flat on their faces. Bits of debris showered down all around them. The French were screaming behind them. But by now Jimmy and his little group were well on their way.

By dawn they reached the coast and knew that they would be able to find a town where Englishmen resided.

It had been a close squeek. But there are many ways to outwit even astute military authorities—if one uses his head. Jimmy Christian always used his head.

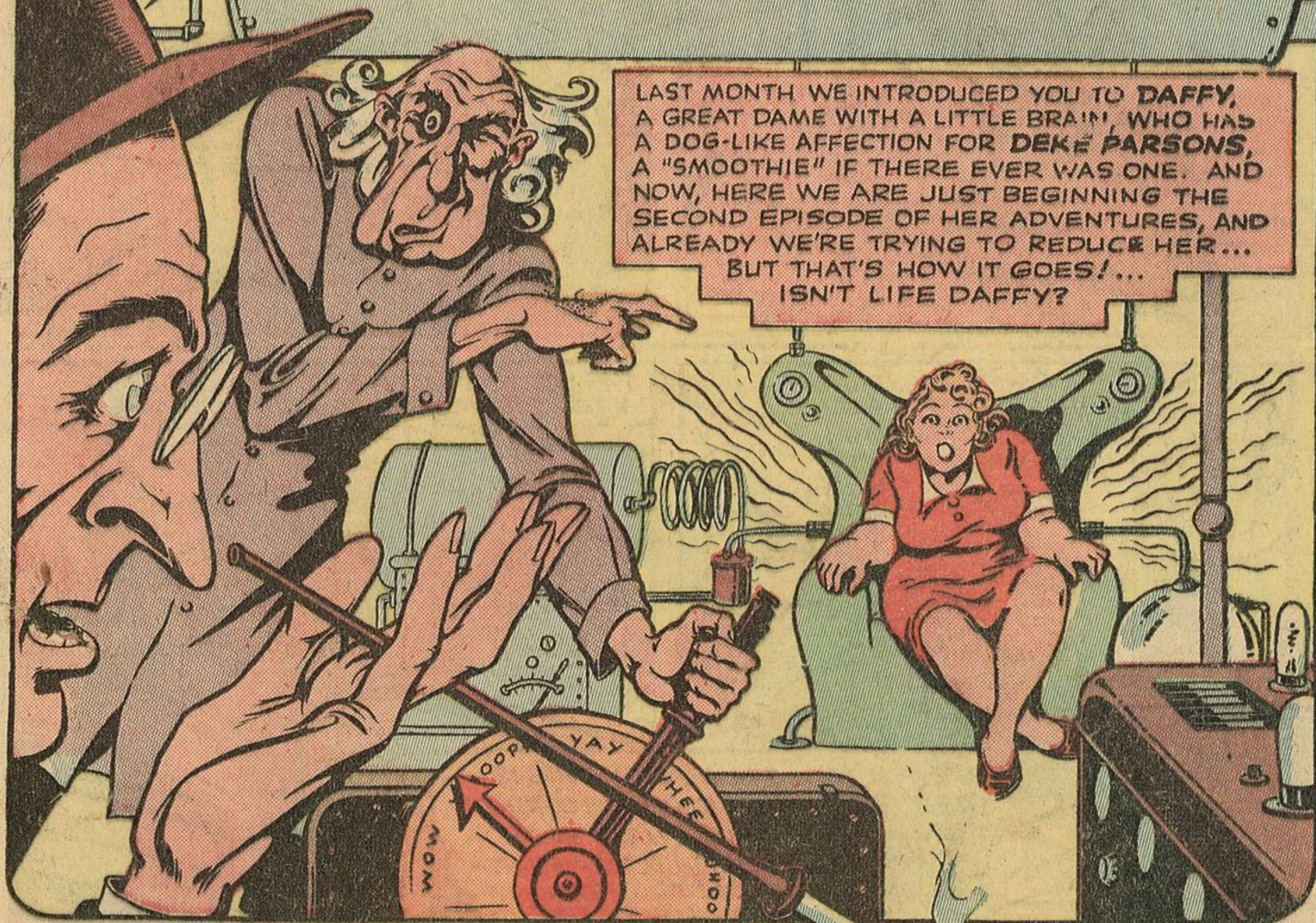


Jenkins was furious. "Look



DAFFY and DEKE

LAST MONTH WE INTRODUCED YOU TO DAFFY, A GREAT DAME WITH A LITTLE BRAIN, WHO HAS A DOG-LIKE AFFECTION FOR DEKE PARSONS, A "SMOOTHIE" IF THERE EVER WAS ONE. AND NOW, HERE WE ARE JUST BEGINNING THE SECOND EPISODE OF HER ADVENTURES, AND ALREADY WE'RE TRYING TO REDUCE HER... BUT THAT'S HOW IT GOES!... ISN'T LIFE DAFFY?



IT'S NOT THAT YOU'RE TOO HEAVY, DAFFY! IT'S JUST THAT YOU MUST HAVE GLAMOUR FOR NEW YORKERS. EVEN A WOMAN WRESTLER HAS TO HAVE EYE-APPEAL!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, DEKE!

AHH-H-H! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO TAKE YOU DOWN A KEG!

NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF, YOUNG LADY! YOU WON'T FEEL A THING-AND YOU WILL LOSE THIRTY POUNDS EACH TREATMENT!

WAIT FOR ME, DEKE!

I'LL BE RIGHT OUTSIDE.



DR. SMATT STARTS THE REDUCING MACHINE...

NOW RELAX IN
THAT ARMCHAIR,
YOUNG LADY!

YOU SEE, LITTLE ONE, YOU
DON'T FEEL A THING! —
IT'S PAINLESS REDUCING!

GEE! ... IT'S SURE
WONDERFUL -- THESE
NEW-FANGLED
INVENTIONS!

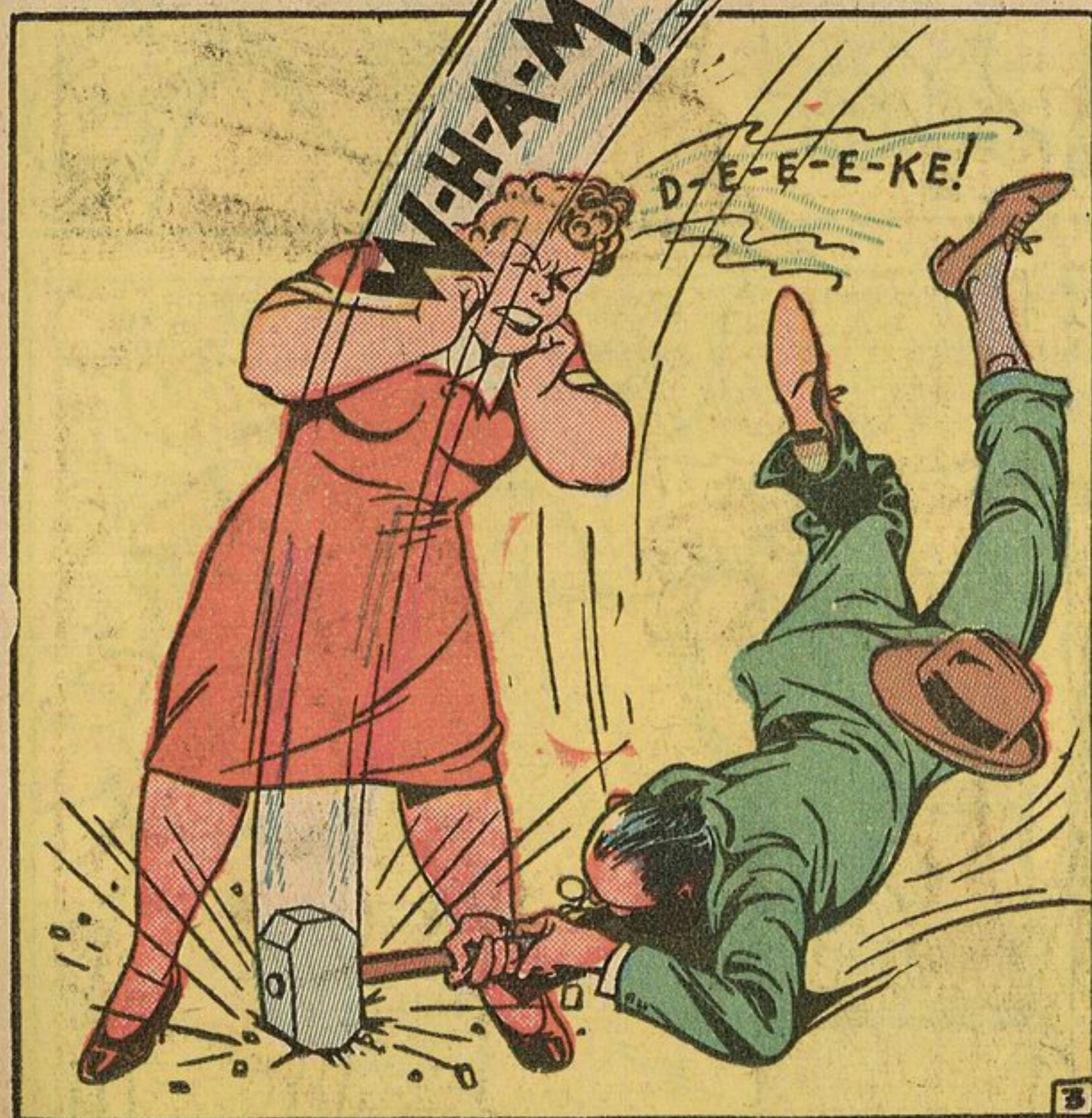
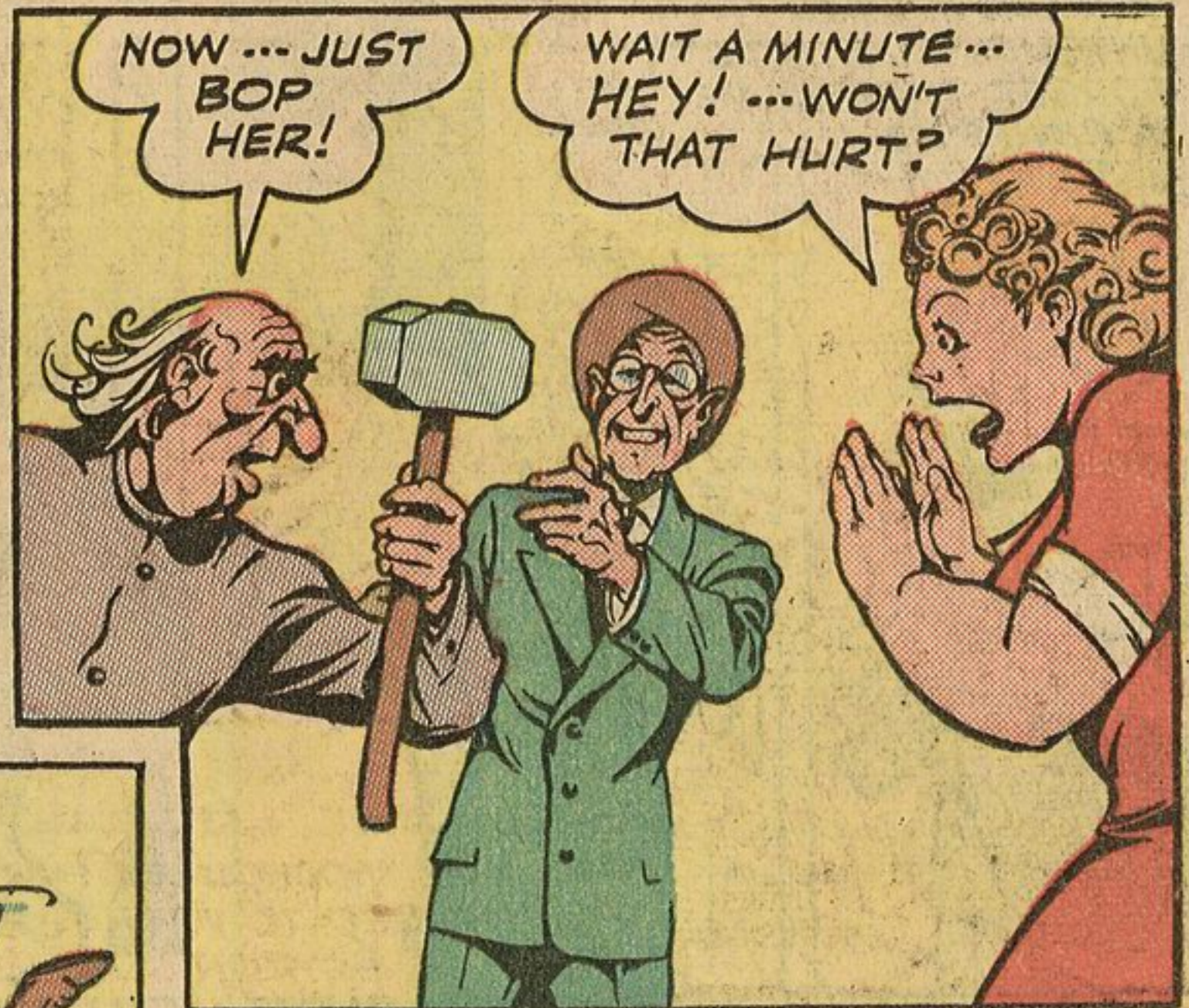
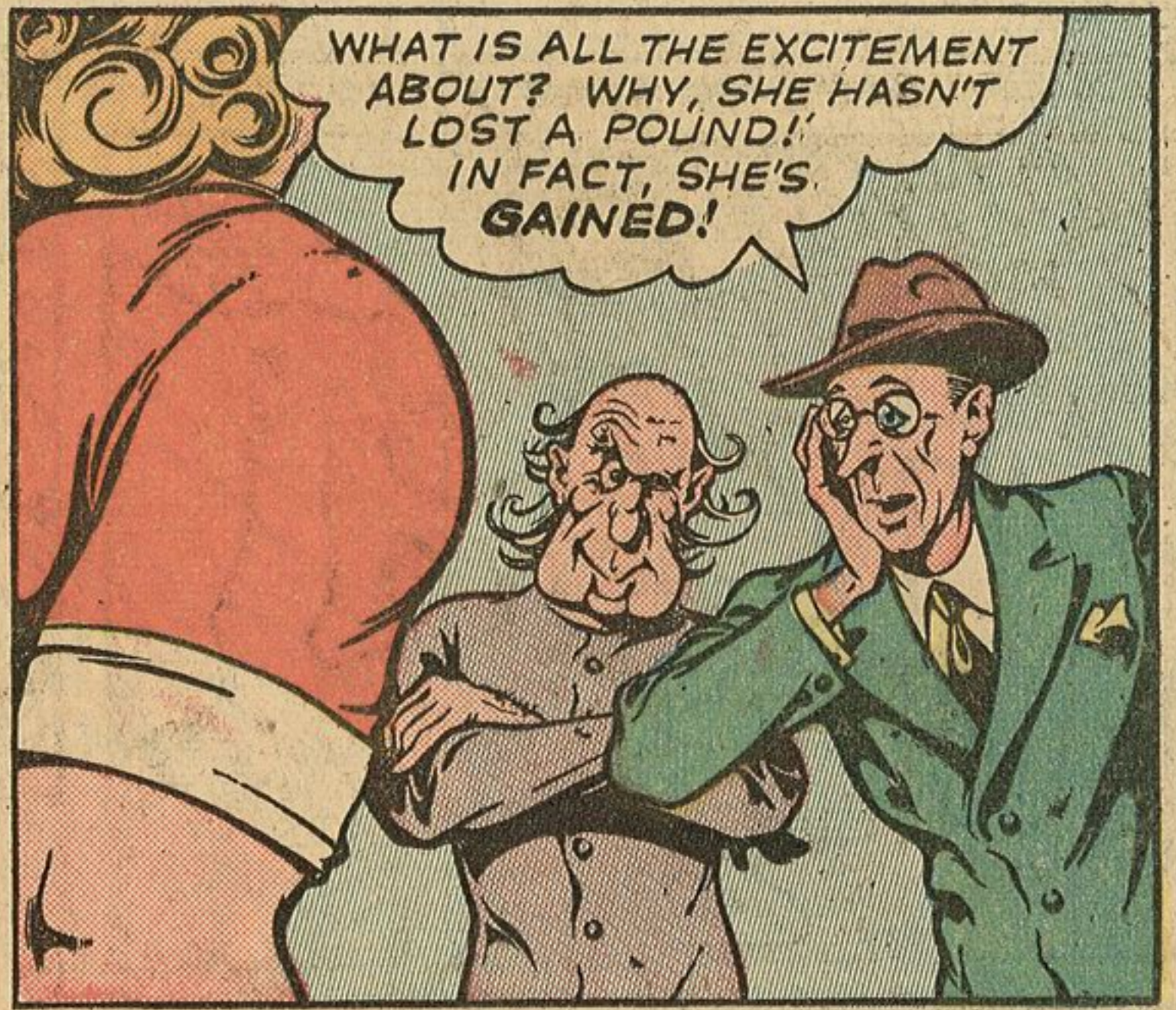
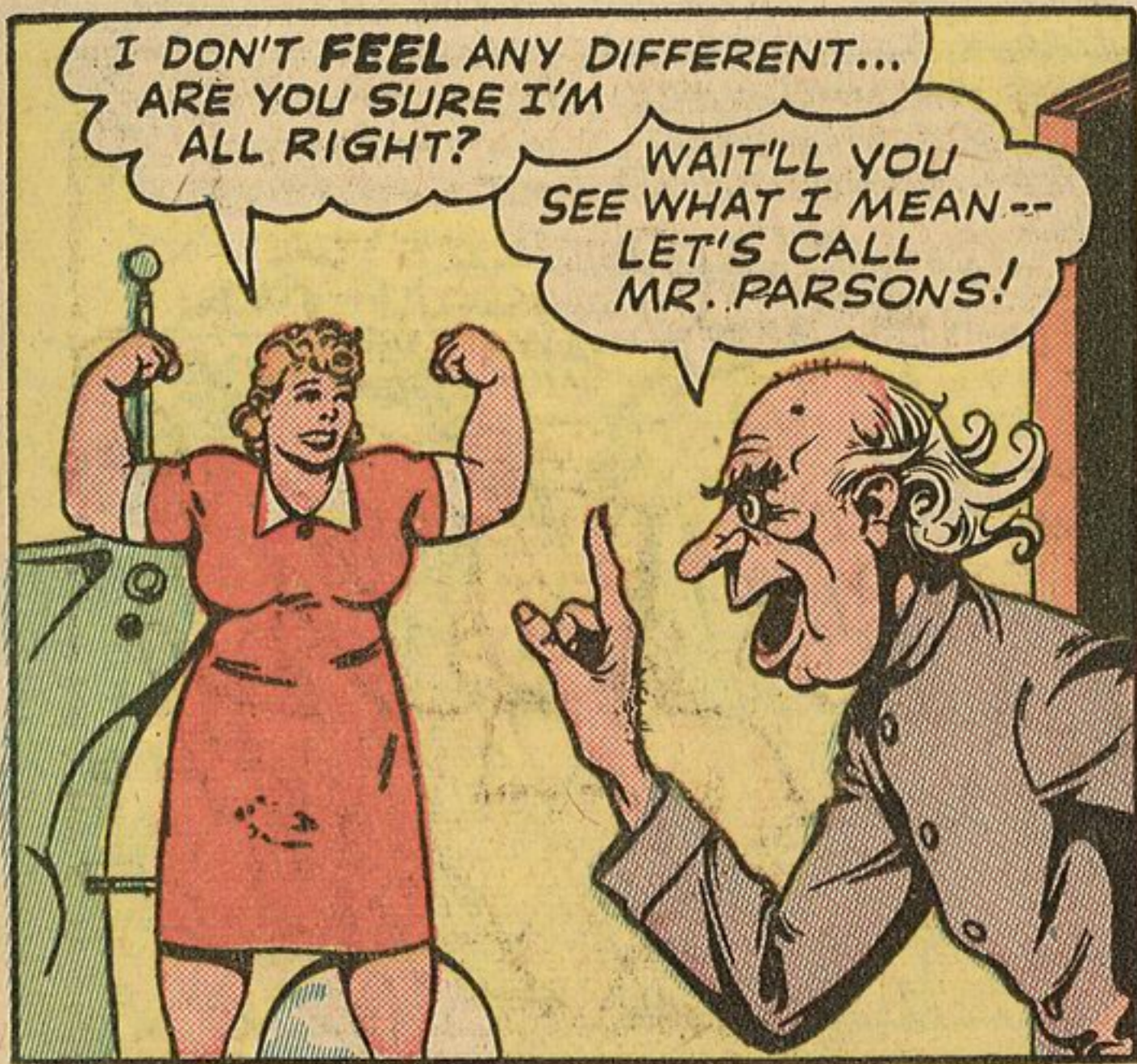
HMMM-M... VERY FUNNY...
THESE GAUGES AREN'T
REGISTERING! ...

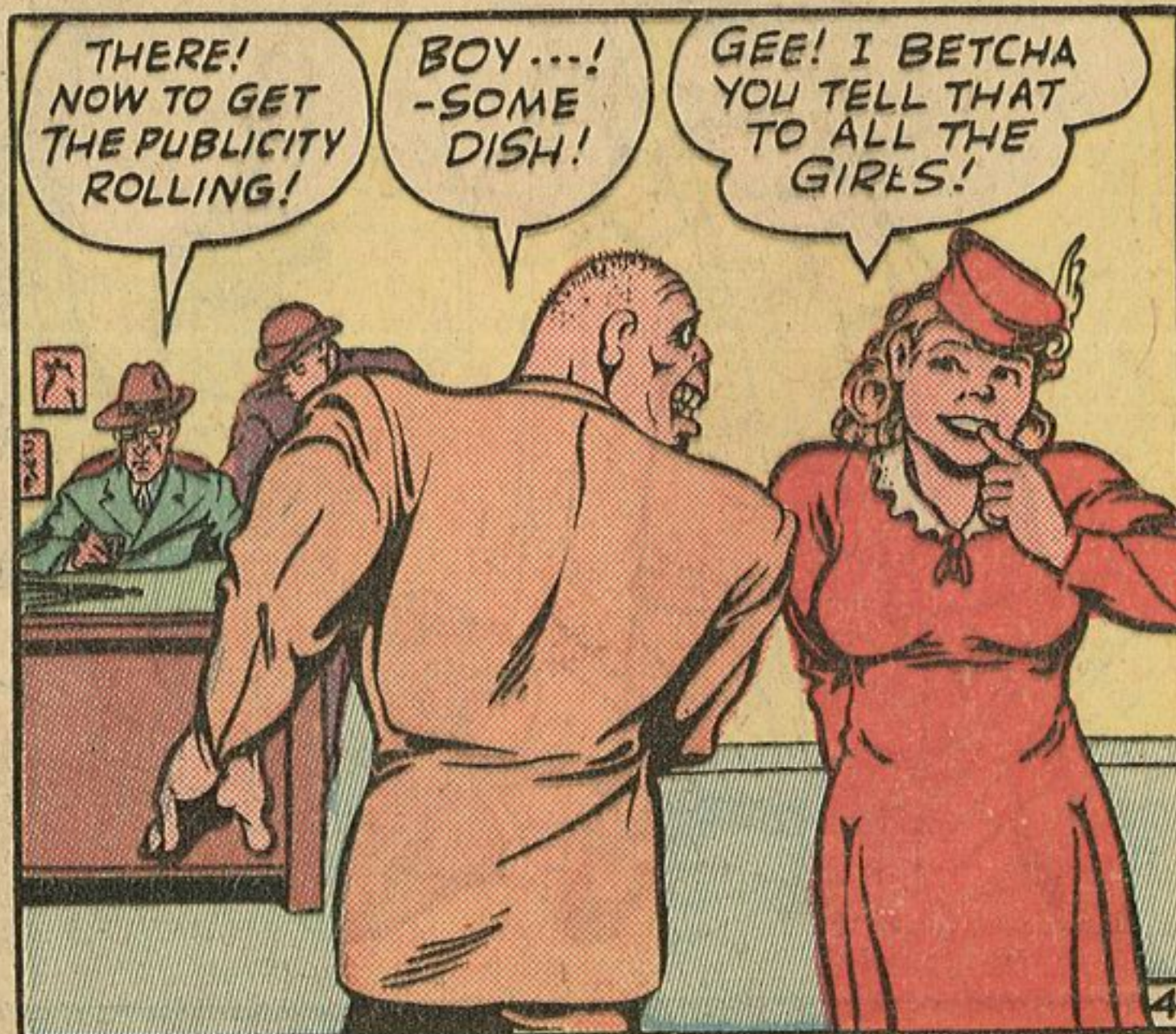
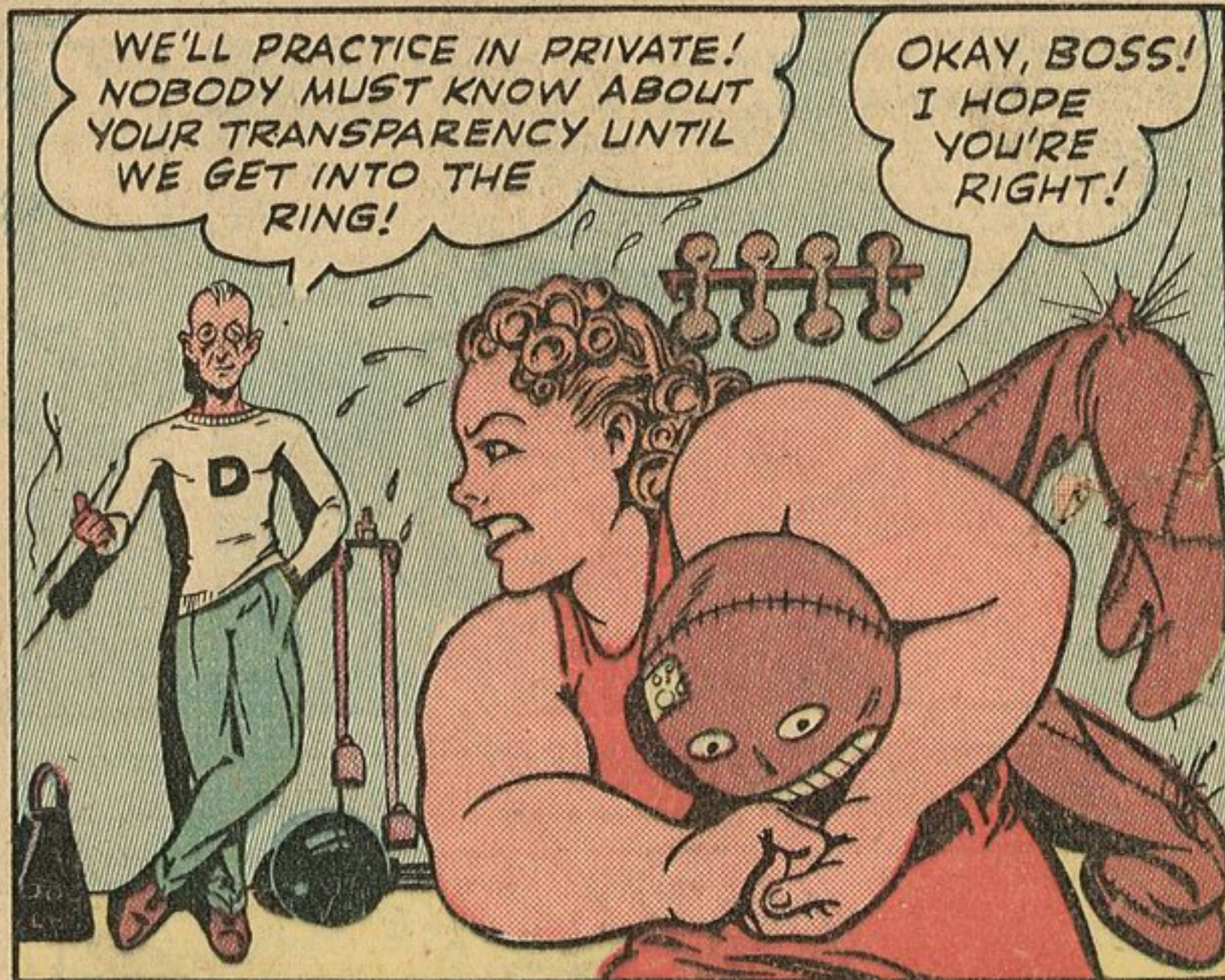
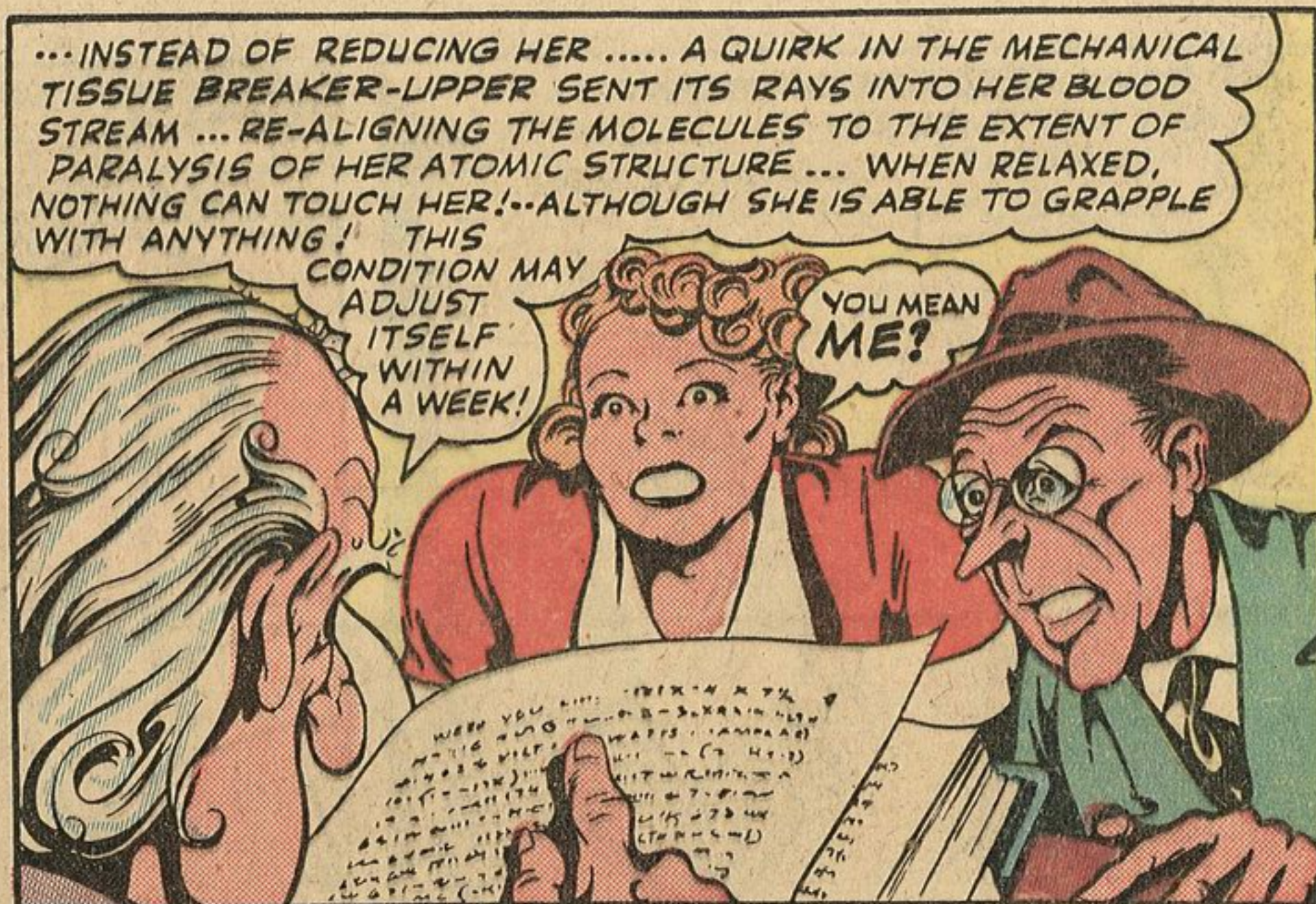
THE DOCTOR TEARS MADLY THROUGH HIS
PRECIOUS VOLUME OF SCIENTIFIC MAGIC...

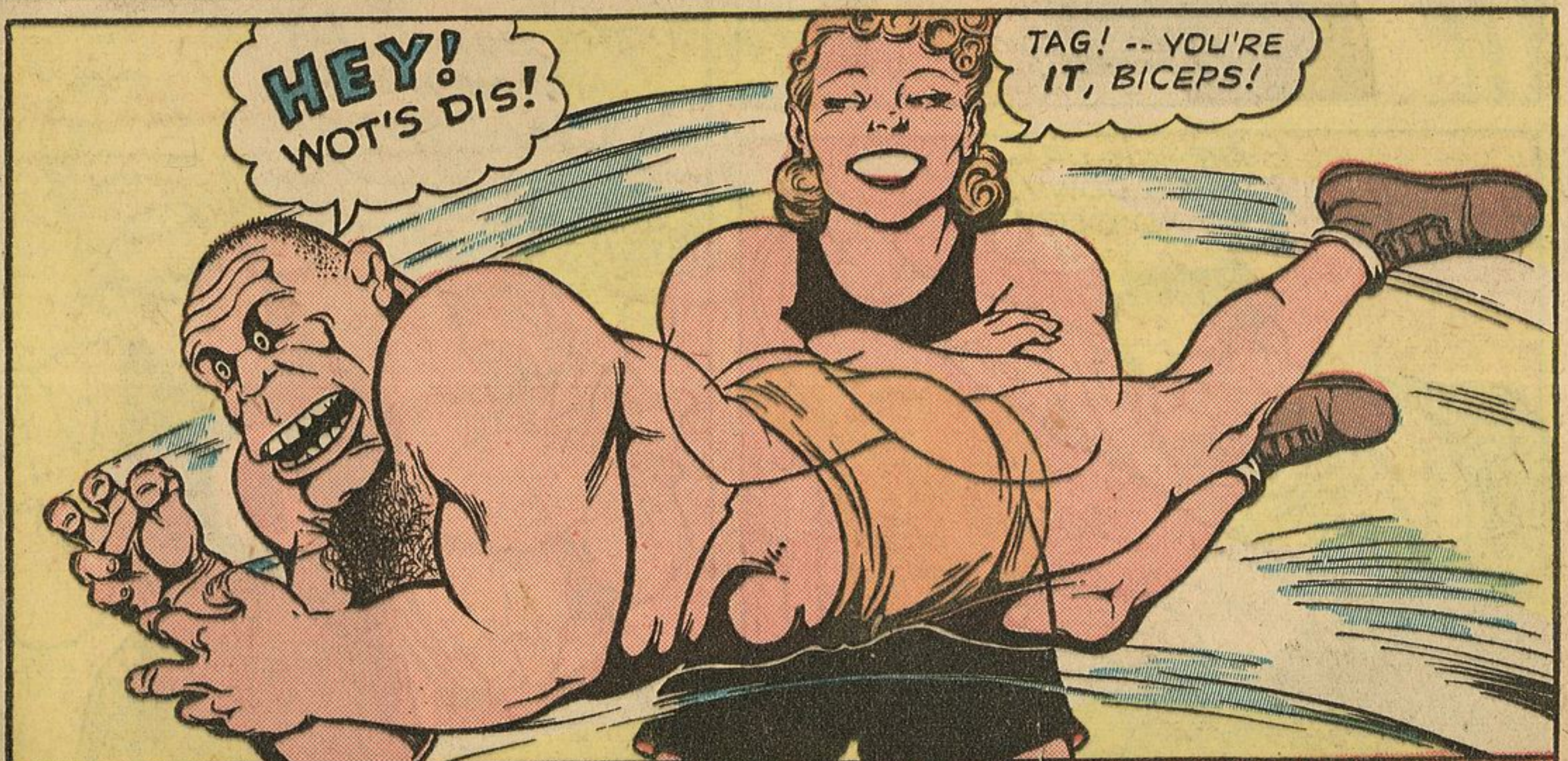
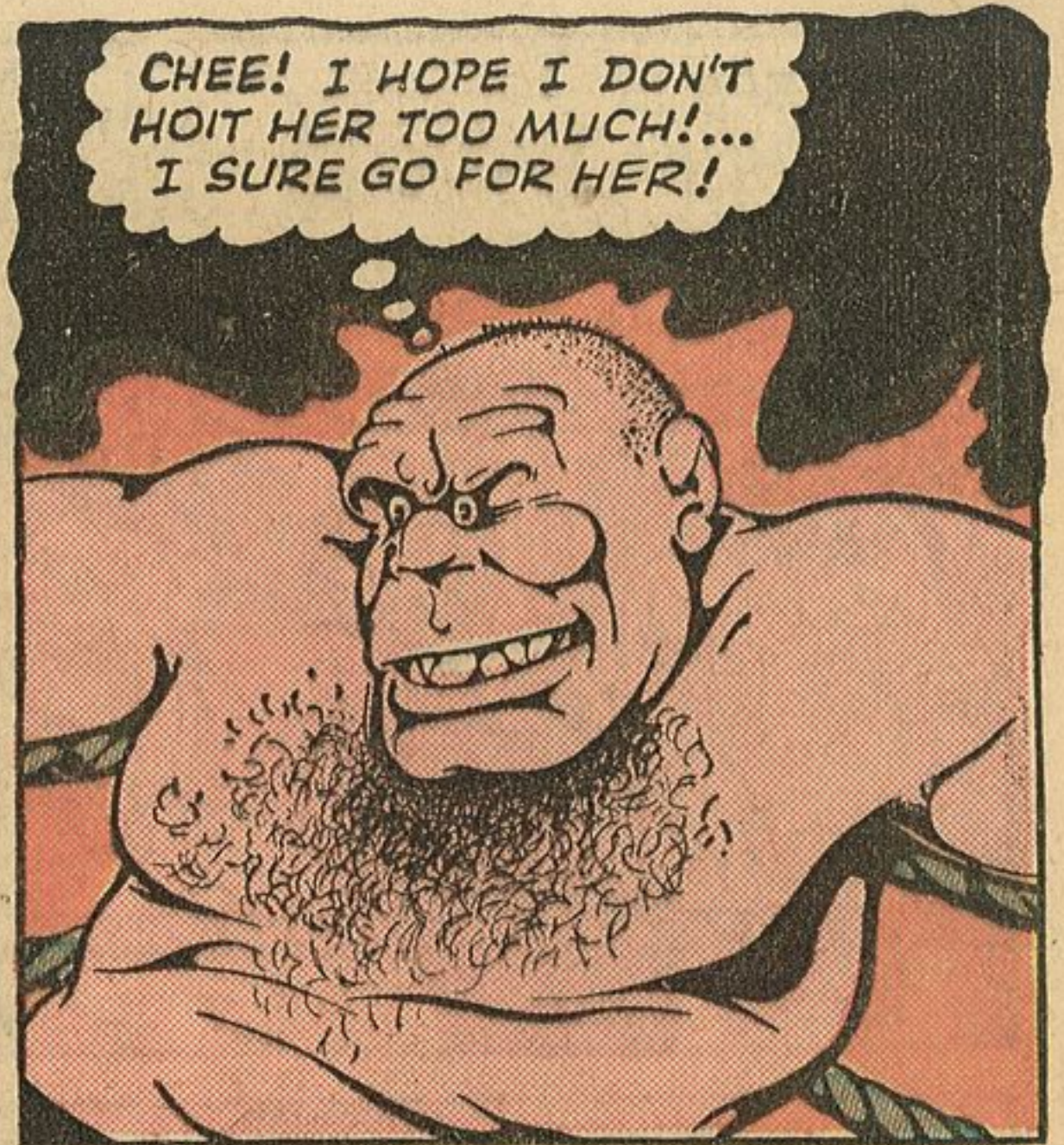
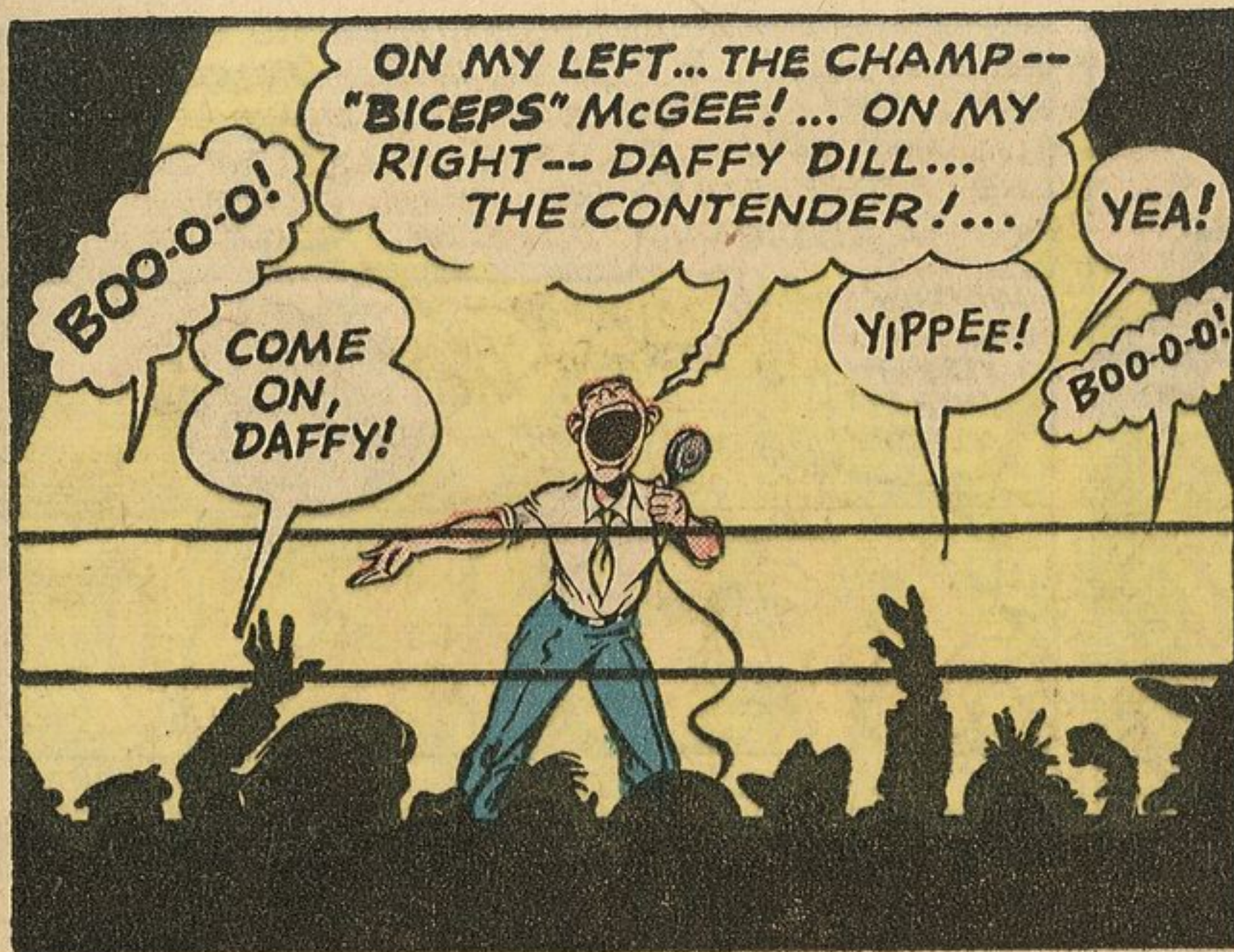
I'VE GOT IT! ... I'M MADE! THIS IS
TERRIFIC! IF THAT GAUGE IS CORRECT,
THEN HER MOLECULES HAVE BEEN
REARRANGED TO WITHIN TEN-POINT-
SEVEN ELECTRONIC ADJUSTMENT
OF **COMPLETE INVISIBILITY!**

M'DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T A
MOLECULE LEFT IN PROPER
ALIGNMENT IN YOUR SYSTEM!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

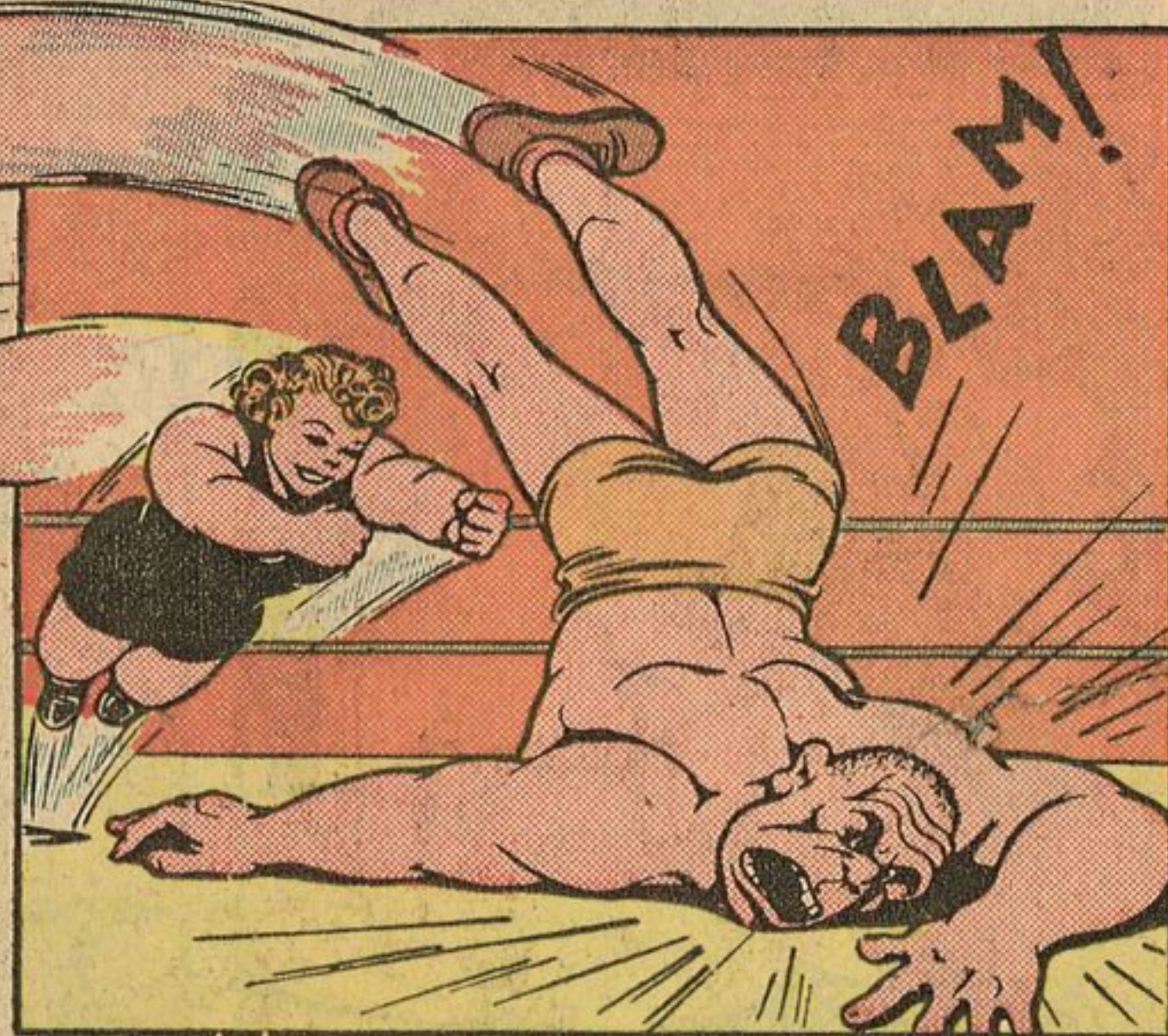
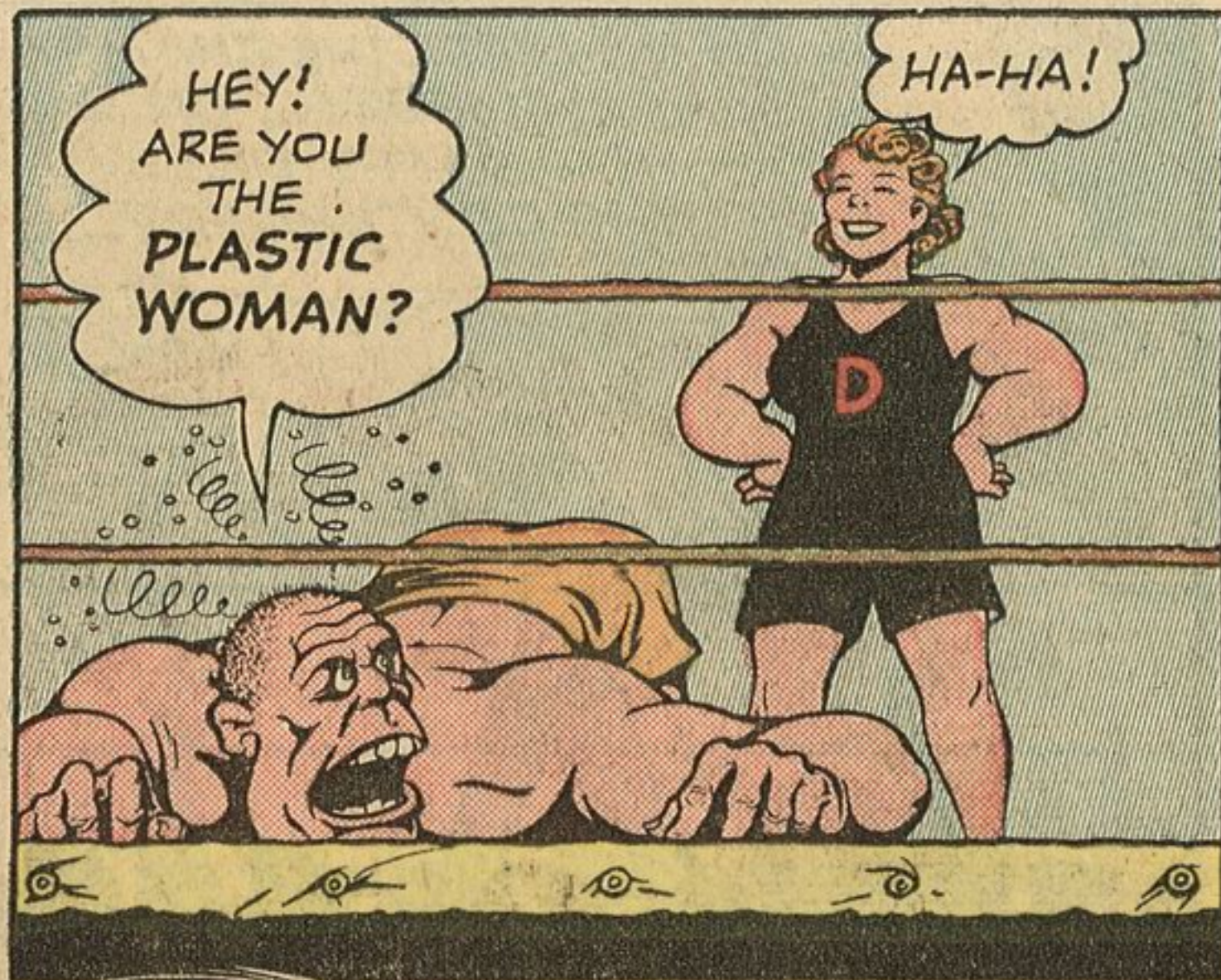
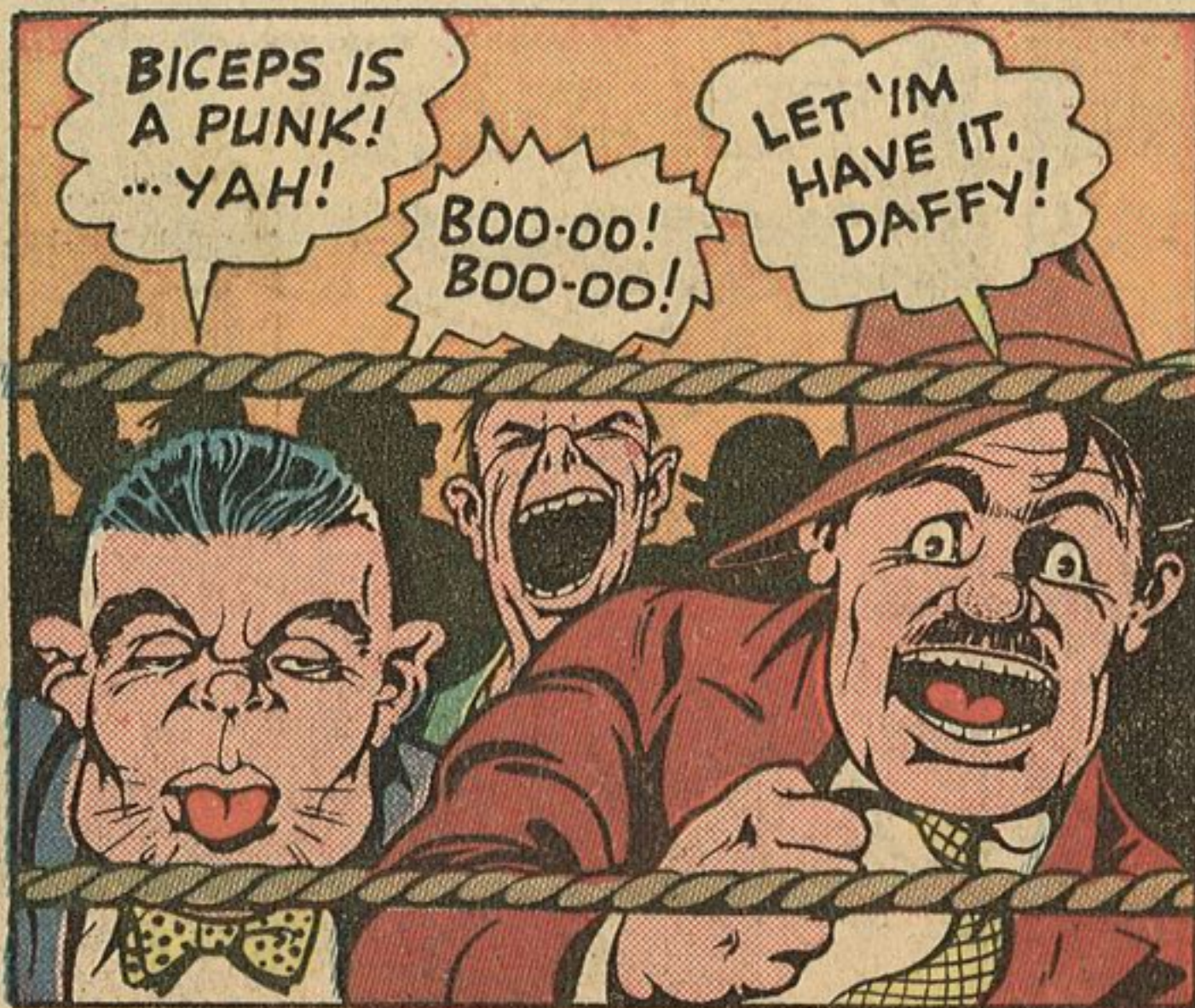
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
WITH MY MOLECULES?
OH, DOCTOR! ...
WHERE'S DEKE?...

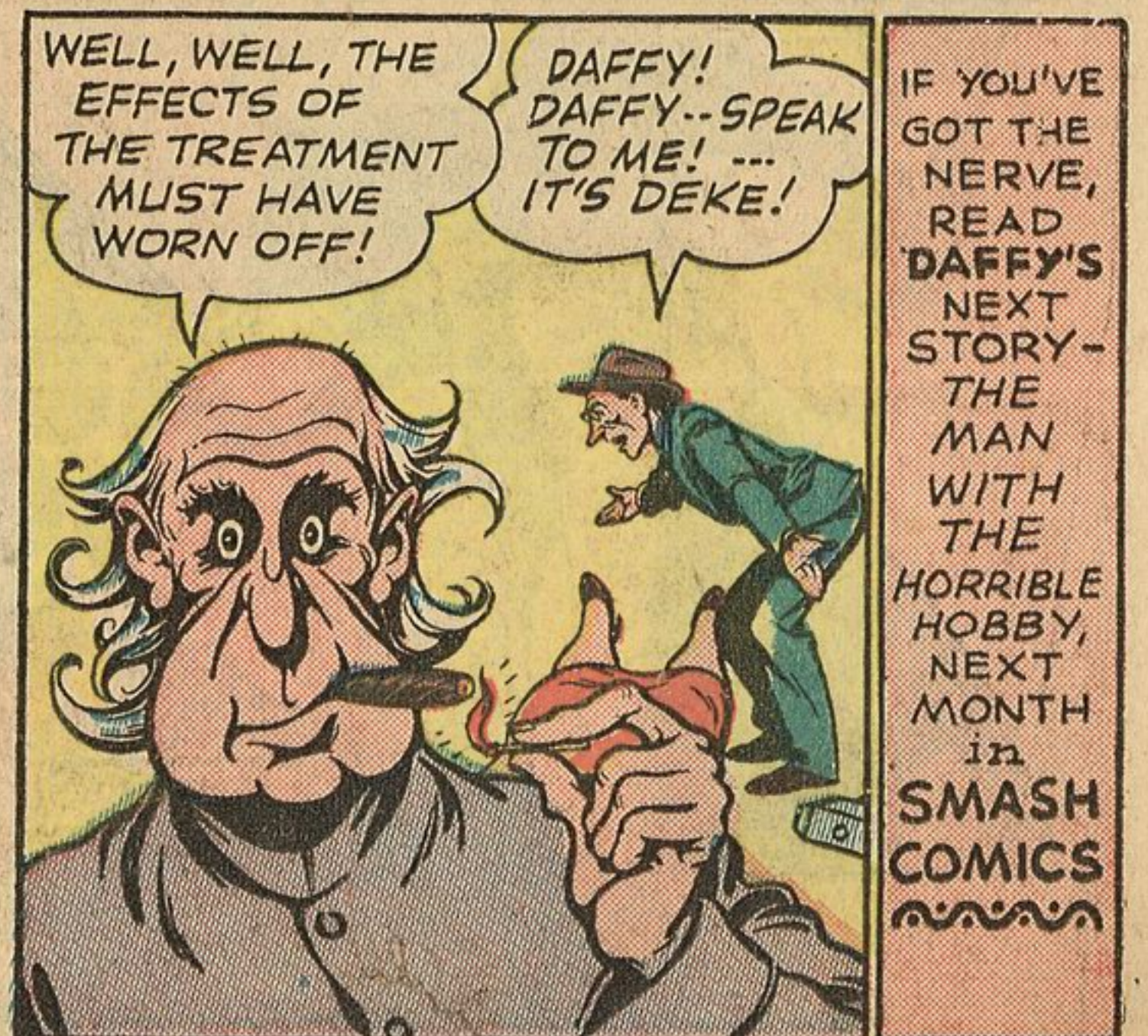
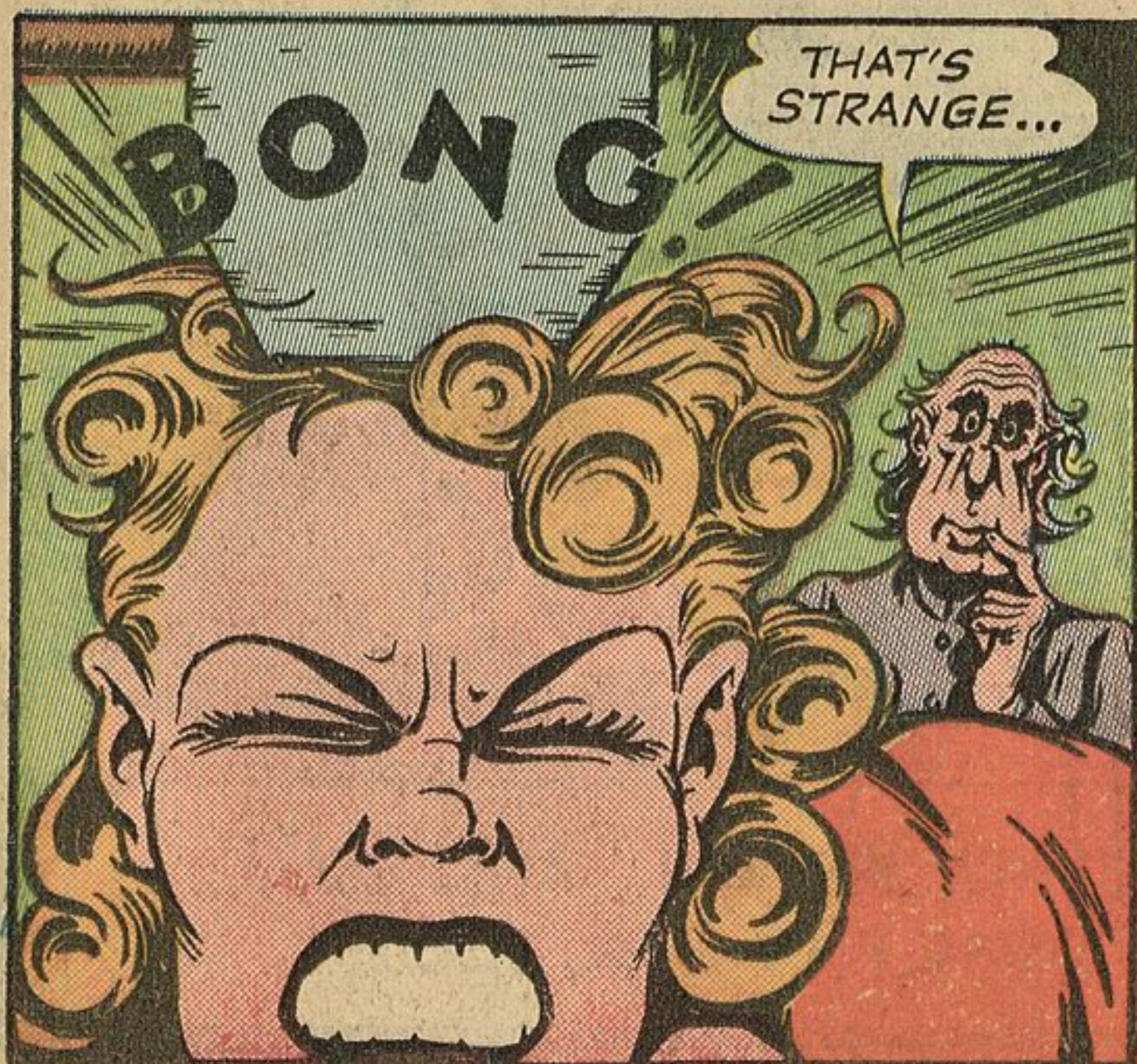
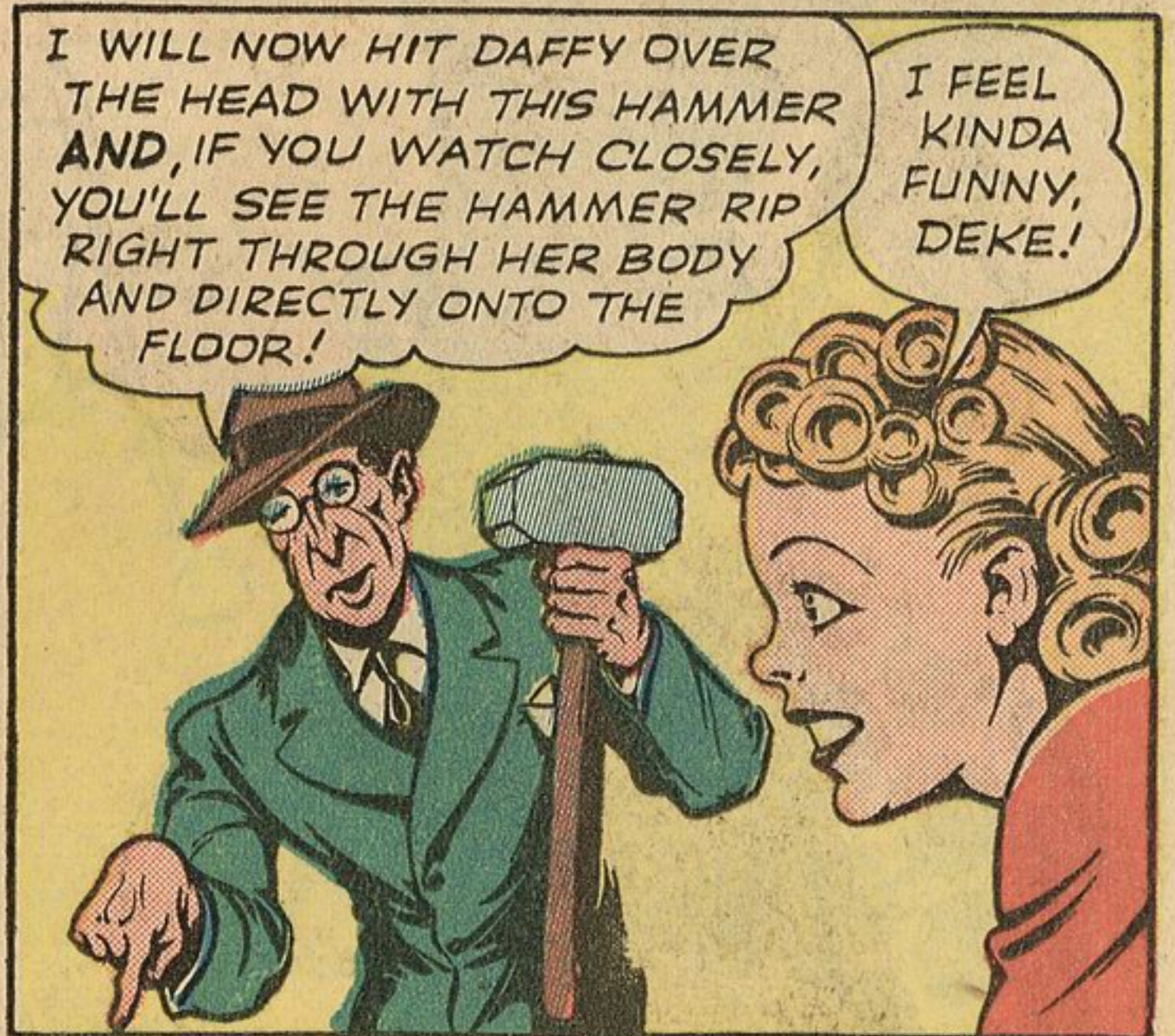
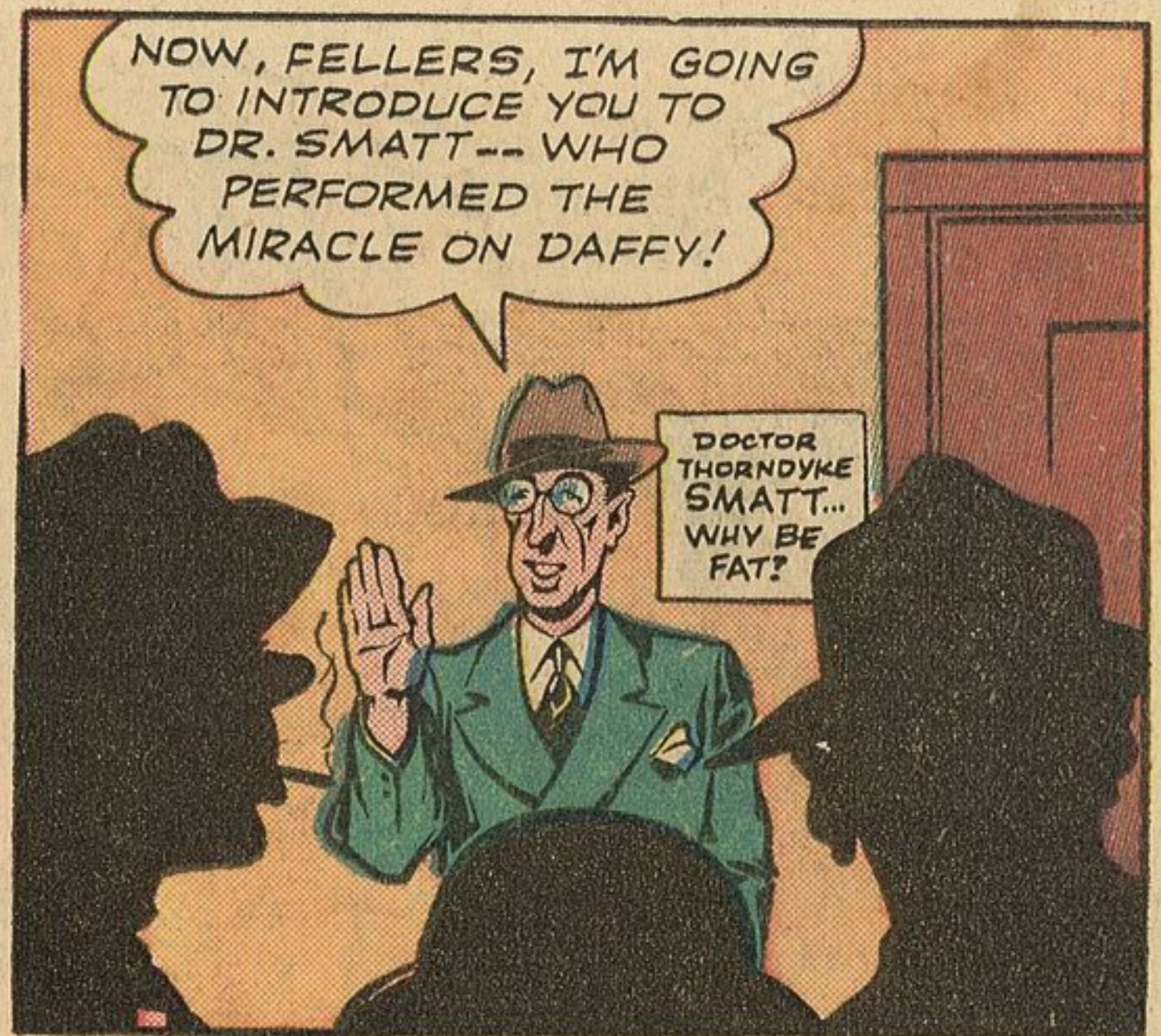






BICEPS' FIRST BODY-LUNGE AT DAFFY IS HIS LAST... AS HE PASSES RIGHT THRU HER!





THE JESTER

HA-HA!
JESTER--
YOU CAN'T
FOOL LADY
SATAN!
I KNOW
YOU'RE
ROOKIE
CHUCK
LANE!



This IS "LADY SATAN"... AND BOY!...
THE NAME FITS HER, TOO!

ONCE UPON
A MIDNIGHT
DREARY
AS HE
PONDERED
WEAK AND
WEARY
OVER
EDGAR
ALLEN POE'S
"THE RAVEN,"
THERE CAME
A TAPPING
AT
McGINTY'S
DOOR ...
!

WHO CAN
THAT
BE?

COME
IN!

HELLO,
INSPECTOR
McGINTY!

KNOCK-
KNOCK

LADY SATAN!
GET OUTTA MY
OFFICE -- YOU
CONIVING
FEMALE!

EUSTACE!
PLEASE!

NOW, NOW--
DON'T LOSE
YOUR
TEMPER!
I ONLY
CAME TO
SEE YOU
INDIRECTLY!

K-KEEP
AWAY FROM
ME!

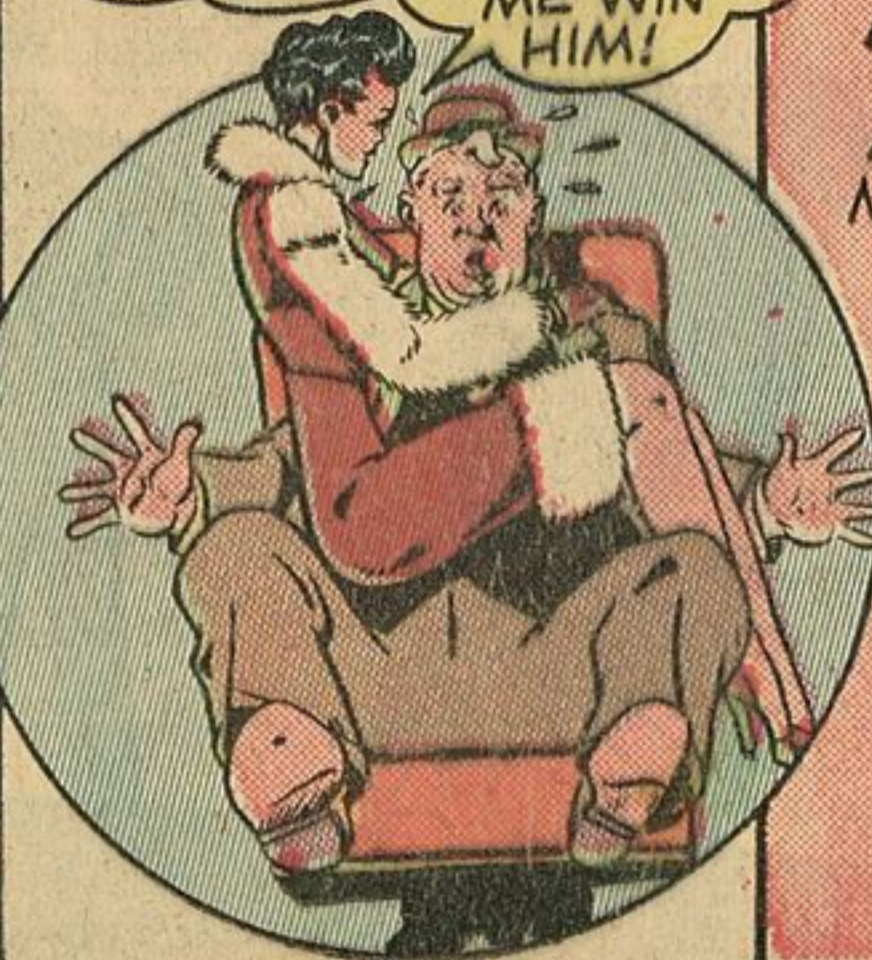
I WANT A DATE
WITH ROOKIE
CHUCK LANE!

WHAT?

YES! HE'S SO SWEET-
HANDSOME -- NOBLE --
THE IDOL OF MY
AFFECTION -- I'M MADLY
IN LOVE WITH HIM AND
YOU JUST HAVE TO HELP
ME WIN
HIM!

WELL
SPEAK OF
CHUCK
LANE
AND
A FEW
MINUTES
LATER
HE
APPEARS
!

GOOD!
McGINTY'S
STILL IN!





HIYA, MCGINTY!

HELLO, THERE, CHUCK! HOW'S THE BEST ROOKIE ON THE FORCE?



FINE, MCGINTY! OH! -- AND YOU, LADY SATAN, SCRAM, GAL, SCRAM!

SNIFF



YOU LONG-LEGGED DRINK OF WATER -- THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO A FRIEND OF MINE -- AND YOURS!

MINE? -- I'D TRUST HER LESS THAN I WOULD A JAP!



YOU WORM! HERE THIS POOR LITTLE INNOCENT GIRL COMES BEGGING FOR BUT A FEW HOURS' TIME WITH A LUNK-HEAD LIKE YOU AND THIS IS WHAT SHE GETS! THAT'S GRATITUDE!

GO ON, NOW -- AND TAKE HER OUT!

I WOULDN'T TAKE HER TO A DOG-FIGHT!



YEAH?? YOU'RE STILL ON DUTY AND WHEN I SAY TAKE SOMEONE OUT -- THAT'S AN ORDER!

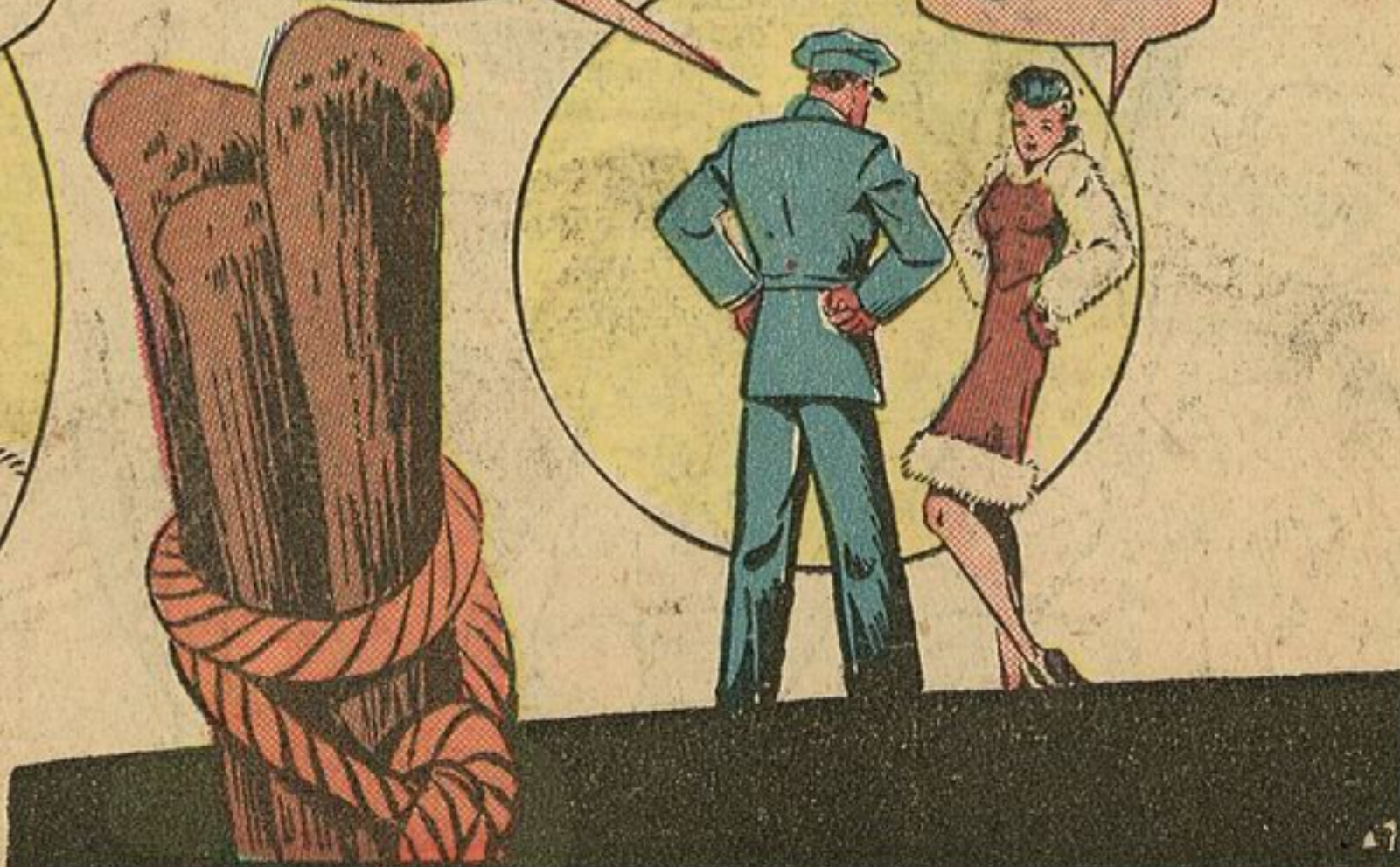


OKAY! C'MON, YOU! WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO?

BEHIND THOMPSON'S WAREHOUSE ON THE WATERFRONT! THE MOON GLITTERS ACROSS THE WATER THERE -- JUST LIKE SILVER!

HERE WE ARE -- NOW, LET'S GET THIS NECKING PARTY OVER WITH!

HA-HA-HA! IF I'D WANTED TO NECK, I'D HAVE PICKED UP A BABOON AT THE ZOO, INSTEAD OF YOU





WAIT A MINUTE, SISTER! WHAT'S THE GAG?

I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT I KNOW YOU'RE THE JESTER!



I LIKE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR! NOW I'LL TELL ONE!

I LIKE -- YOURS, TOO AND NOW I'LL **SHOW** YOU ONE!



I'LL JUST REACH UNDER YOUR COLLAR -- AND HERE'S YOUR JESTER COSTUME!

WHY, YOU...



EH-EH-EH! YOU MIGHT DIE OF LEAD-POISONING AND I THINK YOU'RE TOO CUTE FOR THAT!

I T'INK SO, TOO! HAW-HAW!



WELL -- SO THE NOTORIOUS LADY SATAN IS ALL SET TO RUB OUT CHUCK LANE -- AND THE **JESTER**!



DON'T BE SILLY, CHUCK LANE! THE COP MAKES A MARVELOUS DECOY TO KEEP OTHER COPS AWAY! AND THE JESTER IS A PERFECT FALL GUY TO BLAME FOR THE JOBS I PULL, BECAUSE I KNOW THE COPS CAN'T CATCH HIM! AND I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T TELL MCGINTY ABOUT ME -- BECAUSE I'D TELL HIM ABOUT YOU!



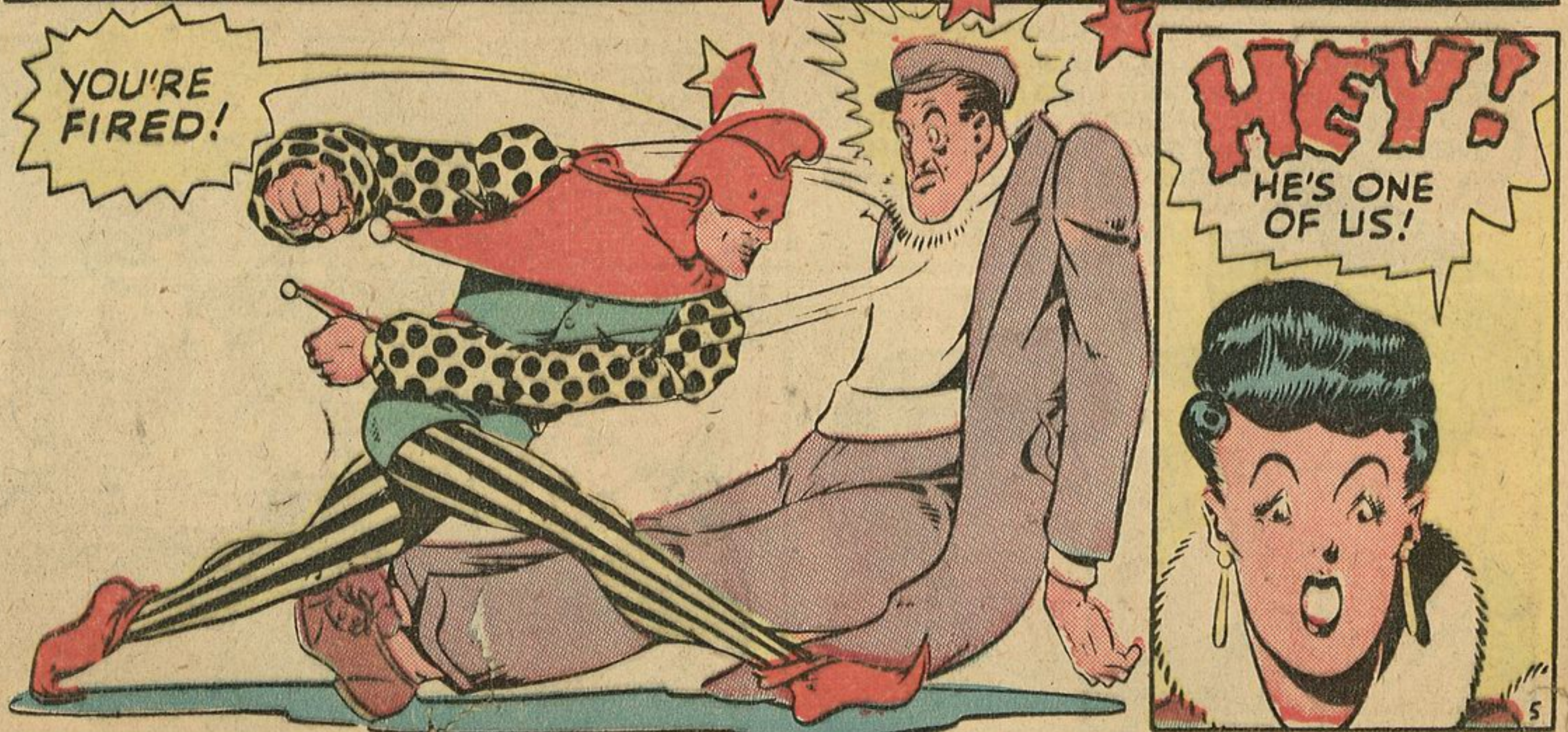
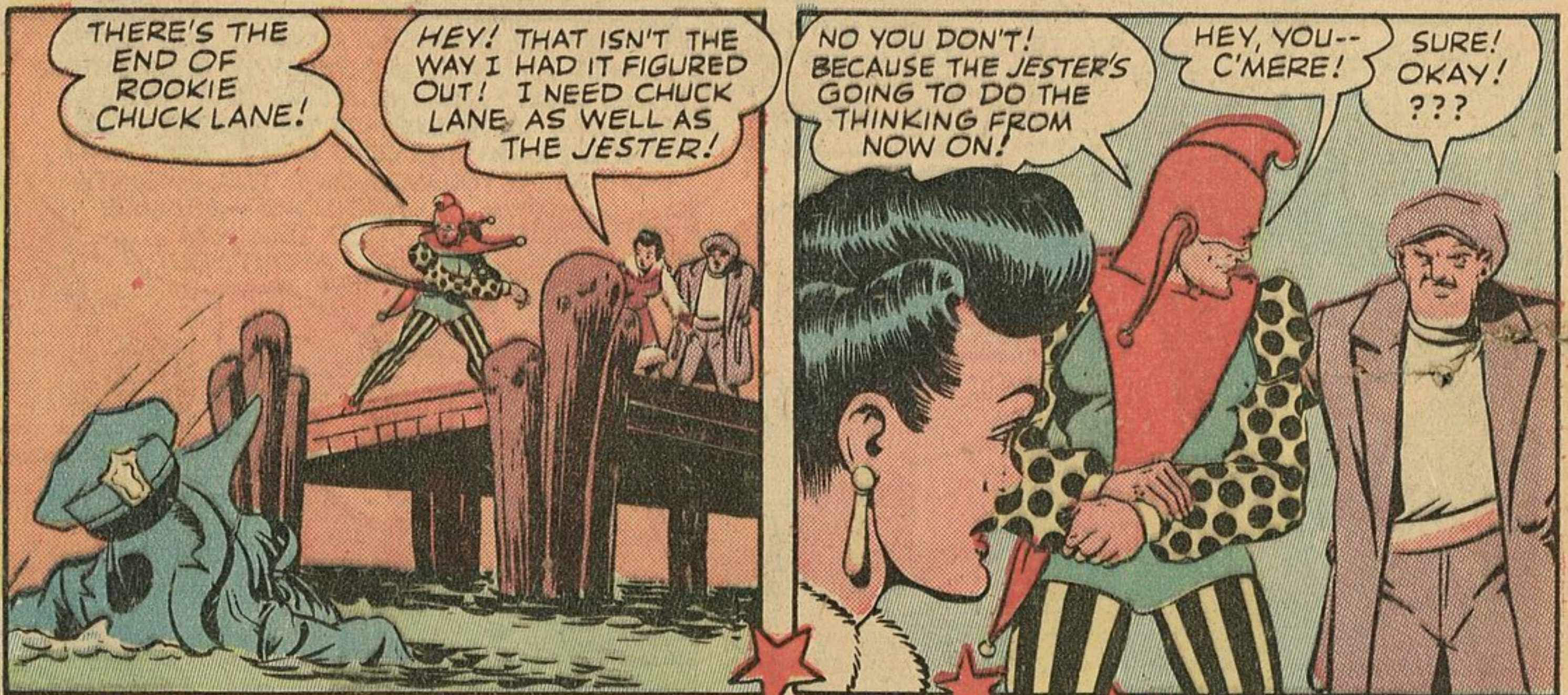
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'LL WORK?

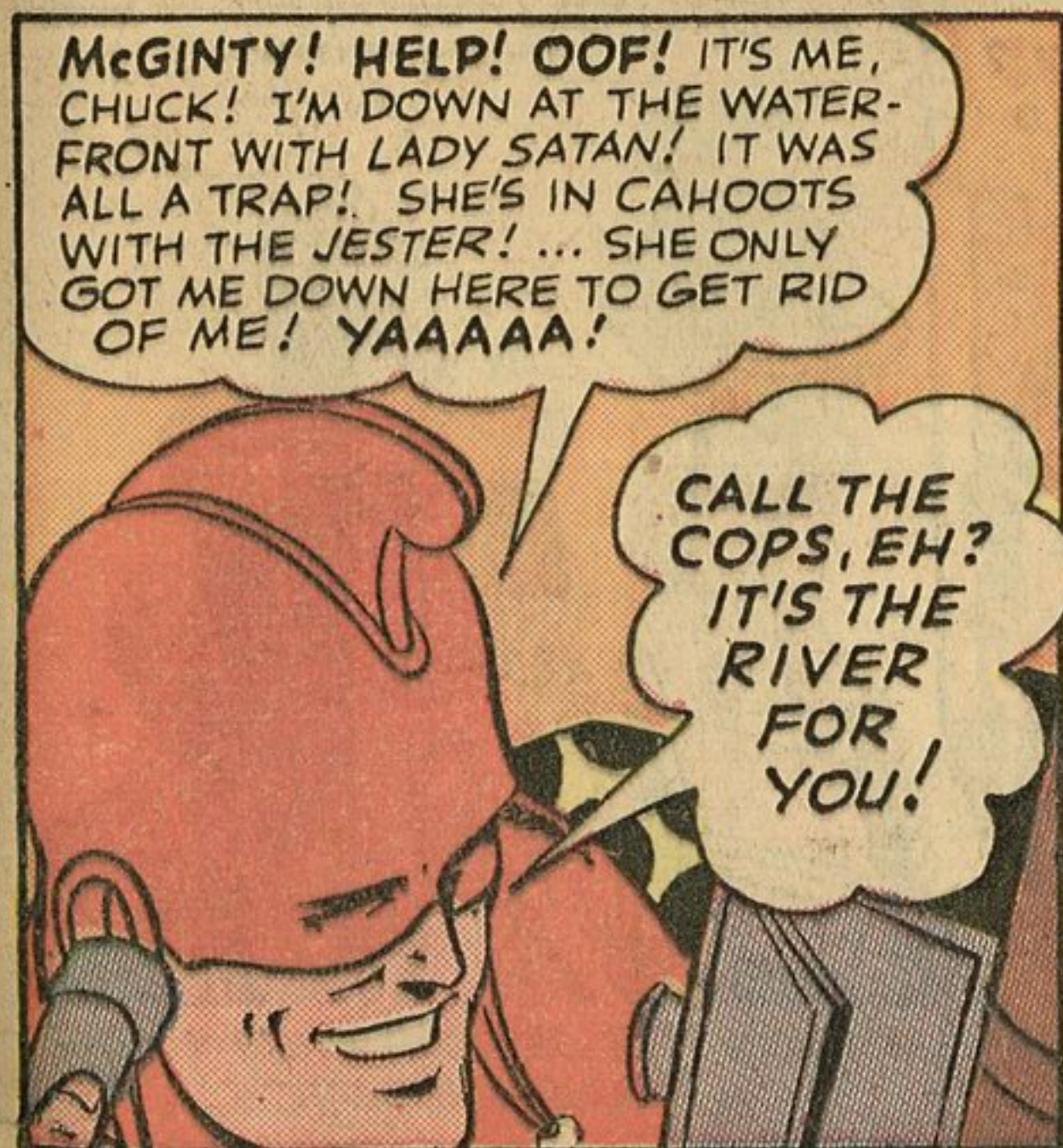
IT HAS! WHILE WE'VE BEEN STANDING HERE, THREE COPS HAVE PASSED -- SEEN MY BOYS EMPTYING THE WAREHOUSE ACROSS THE STREET -- SEEN YOU -- AND WALKED OFF, MINDING THEIR OWN BUSINESS!



YOU DIDN'T MISS A TRICK, LADY SATAN! OKAY, BEAUTIFUL! BEING A COP DIDN'T PAY MUCH, ANYWAY!

HUH? HAVE YOU GOT A FEVER?





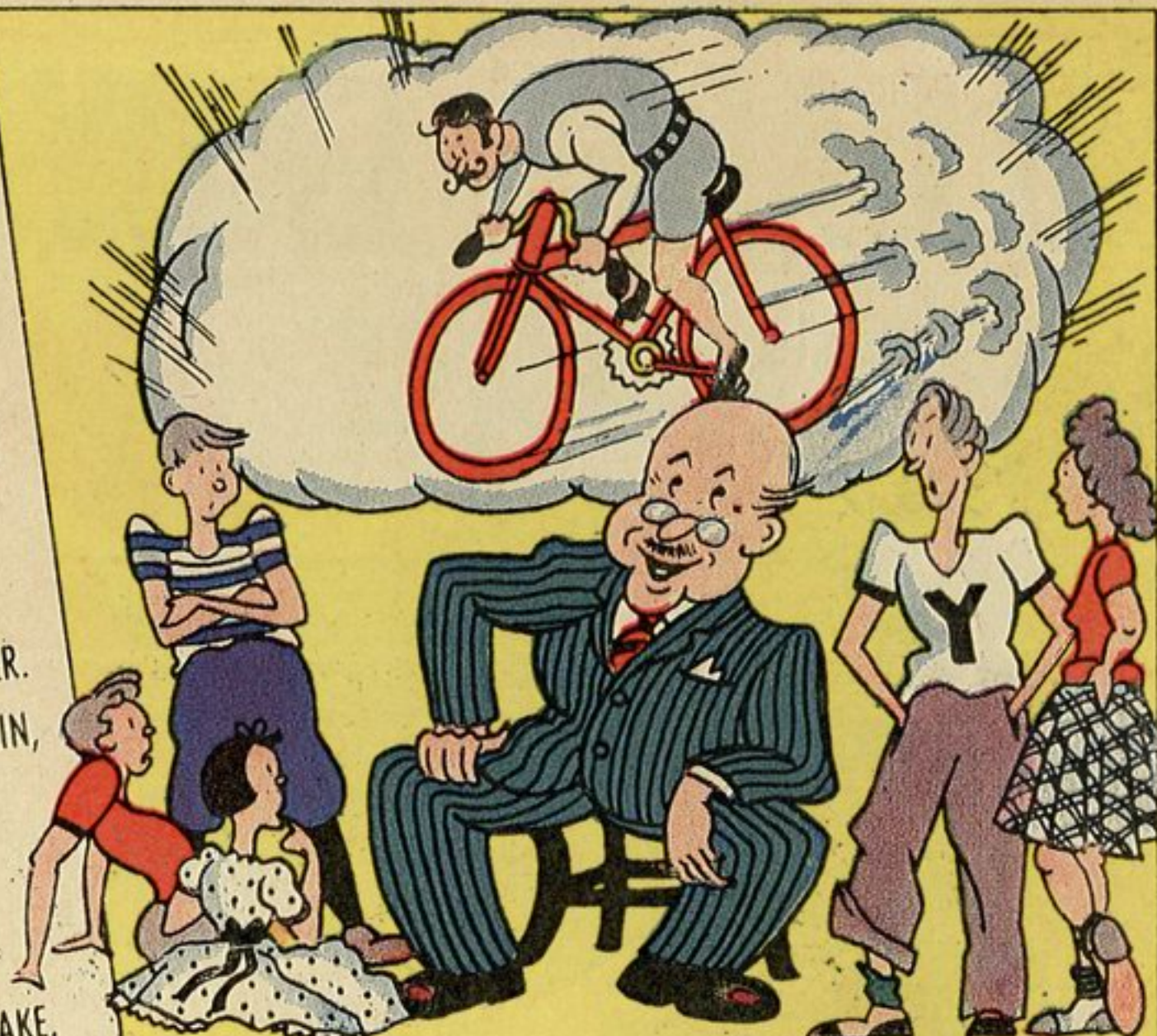


GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE.
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



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YOU COULD
STRETCH TOO,
FOR YOU'LL SPLIT YOUR
SIDES LAUGHING WHEN
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